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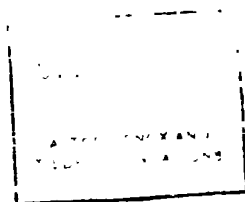
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Victorial

VICTORIA REGINA

HER COURT AND HER SUBJECTS

FROM HER ACCESSION TO THE
DEATH OF THE PRINCE-CONSORT

By FITZGERALD MOLLOY

Author of

"The Russian Court in the Eighteenth Century"

"The Sailor King," "The Romance of Royalty"

"Sir Joshua and his Circle," etc., etc.

WITH EIGHTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS IN-
CLUDING TWO PHOTOGRAVURE PLATES

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ASIDE FROM THE

1900

1900

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CHAPTER IX

A STIRRING time in the world's history was now approaching. Wholly unforeseen, swift in action, inspiring terror, a political earthquake convulsed Europe and shook its thrones. One of the first countries to feel its effects was Portugal. On being refused the rights guaranteed to them by their constitution, the Portuguese people broke into civil war. In imminent distress, Maria Pia the Queen of Portugal, apparently unaware of the limited powers of a constitutional monarch, appealed to Queen Victoria for her aid and intervention. These the English Sovereign was willing to give, not only because she had personally known Maria Pia, when as a young girl she had visited England, but because she had selected as her consort a cousin of Prince Albert, who was then the most unpopular man in Portugal. But as Queen Victoria was powerless to interfere without the advice and consent of her Foreign Minister, Palmerston was summoned to Windsor, when he found Her Majesty and the Prince "very anxious and uneasy." His view of Portuguese affairs differed from that of the Queen, who had a

horror of revolutions, and a deep sympathy with her kinsfolk ; while Palmerston felt disinclined to support the Portuguese Government which had undoubtedly behaved in an unconstitutional and tyrannical manner. Palmerston was convinced that the trouble was primarily due to the evil counsels of a native of Coburg named Dietz, who had been sent by the Saxe-Coburg family to act as tutor and adviser to the King Consort ; a man, as Palmerston said, who "had set to work to secure himself, little caring for or foreseeing the danger in which he was involving the King and Queen."

A reply advising the summary dismissal of Dietz, which Palmerston insisted on as a preliminary to peace, as well as some unpalatable truths on the political conduct of their Portuguese Majesties, was not one which the English Sovereign desired to make Maria Pia ; and it was with considerable reluctance that she copied the words written for her by her Foreign Secretary. Though severe with the Portuguese Majesties, he was unwilling to see a country which was England's natural ally deluged with blood and financially ruined ; or to have Europe involved in war, as was threatened. England therefore intervened, civil war was suspended, the Portuguese Government was forced to give back a Parliament, and the people to lay down their arms ; when the political conflict was transferred from the field of battle, to the floor of the

assembly, and the Portuguese throne though shaken retained its balance.

A similar condition of affairs was taking place about the same time in Sicily, the people of which demanded the restoration of their constitution from their Sovereign, the King of Naples. While he was endeavouring by compromises to reconcile them, the French revolution broke out, encouraged by which the Sicilians declared they would no longer recognise the King of Naples as their monarch. In return he bombarded Messina and Palermo, and it was only after revolting cruelties had been enacted and many months had passed, that the revolution was suppressed. The insurrection of Sicily was followed by that of other Italian states. Venice overthrew the Austrians and proclaimed a republic; Lombardy drove the same enemy out of her dominions. The Grand Duchy of Tuscany was obliged to grant a liberal constitution to its people; King Carlo Alberto of Sardinia was willing to do the same for his subjects, but had scruples about doing so because of an oath exacted from him by his predecessor, that he would never grant a constitution. In his perplexity he laid his case before Pius IX. who sent him word that "a Pope had no powers to absolve from an oath made in the presence of God, but God does not accept oaths made against the welfare and happiness of men." In their turn the subjects of the Pope, enraged because he had refused to join in the

general effort to sweep the Austrians out of Italy broke into an insurrection, demanded that he should make war on the common enemy, and assassinated Count Rossi the Minister of the Interior, as he was about to enter the Chamber of Deputies. Joined by the whole National Guard, the populace surrounded the Quirinal and the houses of the Cardinals, and took possession of the city gates. Unwilling that blood should be shed, Pius IX., disguised as a servant of the Bavarian Minister, escaped from his palace and took refuge in the Neapolitan states. The Austrian people who had long been despotically ruled, had been also affected by the revolutionary wave, and in April 1848, had demanded liberal reforms. Before the year ended the insurgents had seized possession of the capital, which became the scene of carnage and cruelty. Eventually the Emperor Ferdinand resigned in favour of his nephew Francis Joseph.

An insurrection in Munich, March, 1848, obliged Ludwig I. of Bavaria to abdicate in favour of his son. The king of Hanover, the most absolute of all monarchs, was obliged to grant the demands of his subjects for a liberal constitution; while Leopold King of the Belgians believing the republican Government of France secretly incited his people to follow its example, feared for the safety of his crown. At the same time Switzerland, a country from which disturbance was least to be expected, by the disputes of its

cantons, and the ensuing civil war, at one time threatened to embroil all Europe in warfare.

In the struggle made for liberal reform by Prussia, the English Court took deepest interest. Aware of the discontent of his subjects, Frederick William assembled a Diet in Berlin in 1847, that he might hear their grievances. With every assurance of loyalty this body expressed the popular demand for freedom of the Press ; trial by jury ; and a national representative parliament. But that it should dictate to one who governed by divine right, was a presumption which greatly offended His Majesty, who declared he would never permit a constitution to stand between himself and his people. Though a lover of sounding phrases and a maker of fine speeches, he was in reality a timid man. The threatening attitude of his subjects, together with other complications made him desire to communicate secretly, as Queen Maria Pia had already done, with the English Sovereign on a political question. Writing a letter to her, he forwarded it to Baron Bunsen his Minister in London, directing that it should be delivered in a private audience to Her Majesty. On inquiring from Prince Albert how this should be done, Bunsen was commanded to Osborne in company with Palmerston. On learning that the King had communicated with Her Majesty, Palmerston bluntly told the Prussian Minister. "It was unheard of, quite unusual that a foreign Sovereign

should write to the Sovereign of England on politics." On the day of Palmerston's arrival at Osborne House, the Queen and Prince Albert discussed the King of Prussia's letter with him for two hours before their nine o'clock dinner. Its contents chiefly related to the German Confederacy which Her Majesty favoured. The answer, as Bunsen states in his *Memoirs*, was "written out fair by Prince Albert under Lord Palmerston's revision for the Queen who will write it herself to-morrow when the letter will be despatched by express messenger."

A story told by Bunsen, relative to their return from Osborne throws a sidelight on Palmerston's character. The yacht which carried them from the Isle of Wight, was unable on account of rough weather to enter Southampton harbour. To gain land they put off in a small boat, the helm of which Palmerston was asked to take, so that all available hands might be given to the oars. On landing safely Bunsen paid the Foreign Minister a far-fetched compliment about the vessel of the State and a common boat being steered with equal safety by the same man; when Palmerston said, "Oh, one learns boating at Cambridge, even though one may have learnt nothing better." On arriving at the railway station they found the last train to town had gone when Palmerston insisted that he must have a special train. The railway officials declared the danger of collision was too great

for them to undertake it ; but Palmerston insisted on having one saying, he was willing to take all risk on himself. In fear and trembling his commands were obeyed, and when the train after shooting past station after station, arrived in town without causing or receiving damage, the directors refused all payment, declaring they considered themselves lucky by their own escape from serious responsibility.

In Prussia the state of political discontent continued and was brought to a climax by the French revolution. Though hearing of this with amazement and horror, Frederick William little dreamt of its suggestive influence upon his stolid subjects ; and was only awakened to a sense of his peril when at noon March 13, 1848, the great square in front of his palace was suddenly filled with a stormy surging crowd loudly demanding liberal reform. As this threatened to become dangerous, the military were called out to suppress it, when a furious fight took place between the soldiers and the people. Though the latter were overcome they were not pacified and riots continued through the following week. The King seeing that two contemporary monarchs had abdicated, that thrones were shaking around him, that the people were everywhere demanding liberal government, forgot in his fright his claim to divine rights, and on the 18th of the month, by royal proclamation promised his subjects to grant their demands for a constitutional government, liberty

of the Press, and trial by jury. He also expressed the general wishes of the people, in his desire for the transformation of Germany from a confederation of States into a Federal State.

That they might hear the proclamation read, the people once more assembled, a black dense mass in front of the royal palace at Berlin. To receive their thanks and their homage the King appeared upon a balcony ; a tall grim figure, the representative in his own imagination of omnipotence ; but doubting the fulfilment of promises they had extracted from him through fear, and despising his weakness, their reception of him was not what he had expected. Hearing their expressions of disloyalty, the military suddenly rode among the people intent on scattering them, but were met with cries of defiant hatred and forcible resistance. A fierce fight followed which spread from the square to the adjoining streets, barricades were erected, shots were exchanged, civilians and soldiers met in desperate hand-to-hand encounters, the outbreak ending only at nightfall when blood flowed in the channels, sixty people were killed, and a great number wounded. That night the King more alarmed than ever, spent long hours in the composition of a letter to his beloved Berliners but intended for all Europe, in which he explained that mingled with the cries of joy which had greeted him from unnumbered faithful hearts, came the voice of a band of wicked men, peace breakers,

making bold and seditious demands ; that the square had merely been cleared by the cavalry "at walking pace and with their weapons sheathed" and "that two guns of the infantry went off of themselves, without thanks be to God, causing any injury." Without comment on the extraordinary behaviour of these guns, he continued : "My troops, your brothers and fellow countrymen, did not make use of their weapons till forced to do so by several shots fired at them. The victorious advance of the troops was the necessary consequence." He begged of them to avert a great evil, to return to ways of peace, to remove their barricades, and to acknowledge their fatal error. "Listen to the paternal voice of your King, ye inhabitants of my true and beautiful Berlin, and forget the past as I shall forget it, for the sake of the great future which under the peace-giving blessing of God is dawning upon Prussia and through Prussia upon all Germany."

Simultaneously with the publication of this, he changed his ministry. It may be mentioned that before the year closed the ministry was changed five times. Not only was His Majesty eager to make all concessions asked of him, but he desired his brother and heir, the Crown Prince who was detested by the people for his opposition to reform and his general absolutism, to quit the kingdom for a time. As a result Prince William, weary and cold from his journey,

his eyes wrathful under heavy brows, the collar of his military cloak reaching above his square chin, his figure upright and stern, presented himself unexpectedly at eight o'clock on the morning of March 27 at the door of the Prussian Legation, 4 Carlton Terrace London. Bunsen still comfortably in bed was thrown into confusion on hearing of the Prince's arrival, but dressing hurriedly went down to receive him.

At breakfast on the morning of his arrival, the hostess placed an arm chair for his royal guest at one side of the table, but he at once removed it saying, "One ought to be humble now, for thrones are shaking"; and then desired that she and her husband should sit on either side of him.

A series of dinner parties was arranged to enable him to meet the leading statesmen, whose hospitality he received in return. While he was at the Prussian Legation an incident occurred which shows Palmerston's high-handed treatment of Her Majesty in ignoring her, and that is worth mention as one of the causes that eventually led her to protest against it. On Baron Bunsen hearing of a political movement made by the Emperor of Russia in connection with the King of Denmark, he at once communicated it to Palmerston and at the same time to Prince William. When next day the latter paid a visit to the Queen he alluded to the important news confided to him, much to her surprise as she had never heard a word of it. As soon

as he had gone she sent for Lord John Russell, who was then at Richmond. He came up to town and went to the Queen, says the Clerk of the Council, who relates the story, when she "told him what had passed, describes her embarrassment, but said that she thought it better not to let the Prince know she was in ignorance of such a matter, and she had therefore pretended to be aware of it. By mere accident John Russell himself had received a box from Palmerston with this communication a few minutes before he went to the Queen; if it had arrived ten minutes later he would have known nothing about it either."

The Crown Prince of Prussia remained over two months in England. The study of her liberal institutions, the sight of her free and happy people, and above all the conversations on political subjects he had with Prince Albert, the Duke of Wellington, Palmerston, Peel and Russell, had their effect upon him, for on his return to Germany early in June, he entered the National Assembly as member for Wirnitz, and delivered a speech in favour of a constitutional Government.

By the time the revolutionary wave had reached England its fury was almost spent. But what it retained was sufficient to rouse excitement and cause alarm. In the early years of the reign the Chartists had agitated the country by their cry for manhood suffrage; equal electoral districts; vote by ballot;

annual Parliaments ; abolition of property qualifications for members of the House of Commons ; and payment of such members for their services. Though their meetings had then greatly disturbed the provinces, of late the movement had sunk into insignificance and comparative obscurity, and remained in that condition until news of the French revolution acted as a spark to set it aflame. The head and front of this movement was Feargus O'Connor. The descendant of an ancient Irish family, he was a member of the Irish Bar, and of the House of Commons, the editor and proprietor of *The Northern Star*, and founder of the London Democratic Association. From 1832 the date he left his native land, to take up his residence in London, he had thrown in his lot with the English Radicals. Tall and vigorous, with an athletic and swinging gait, red-haired and alert, handsome in appearance, aristocratic in bearing, and with a volcanic vocabulary of many-syllabled words, he soon captivated those who professedly despised but virtually followed leaders of position and breeding. And as the leader of the Chartists he found fame and lost his head.

Within a few days of the proclamation of the French Republic, a Chartist mob numbering between ten and fifteen thousand met in Trafalgar Square to protest against income-tax, to pass votes of sympathy with the French Government, and to shout "Vive la République" Interference by the police was stoutly resisted

by the people who tore up the wooden fence around Nelson's column then in the course of erection, and using it as weapons chased the police to their retreat in Scotland Yard. Later in the afternoon a threatening turbulent mass formed itself into a procession and marched for Buckingham Palace. But on seeing the guards turn out, they thought discretion the better part of valour, and wheeling past at a safe distance, directed their course to Westminster and their actions to raiding public houses and bakers' shops instead of the royal residence.

In the provinces the agitation was more serious, all the great towns holding meetings at which seditious language was freely used, and cheers given for the French Republic. At Manchester the police and the people had a serious encounter when blood was freely shed and rioting was general. Birmingham threatened to march in its thousands on the capital. Edinburgh and Glasgow made themselves conspicuous for their revolutionary gatherings. In the latter city the mob having shouted itself hoarse in crying "Down with the Queen and long live the Republic," broke into the gunsmiths' shops and arming themselves with swords, pistols, and guns, prepared to meet the military. Shots were exchanged, numbers were killed, over a hundred were taken prisoners, five hundred street lamps were smashed, and over fifty thousand pounds' worth of property stolen from jewellers. Every day,

nay almost every hour brought fresh news of seditious speeches and outrageous acts from the provinces to the Home Office. Up to this time the pusillanimous Government of Lord John Russell took no forcible steps to suppress such meetings. When it was announced that the Chartists would hold a monster gathering on Kennington Common, April 10, 1848,—at which it was stated one hundred and fifty thousand people would assemble to state their grievances, and afterwards to march to the House of Commons and present a petition signed by over five million sympathisers,—it was seen that some effective action to suppress it must be taken.

Hearing of the riots and robberies which had followed such meetings in the provinces, all London was thrown into a state of terror at the prospect of the Kennington Common assembly. This was increased by the rumour that the mob had been instructed by its leaders to arm themselves for defence. The Government which shared the general alarm held a Cabinet meeting on April 6th, at which the Duke of Wellington was asked to attend and state his plans for guarding the capital. On the morning of that date Charles Greville going to Apsley House found him in a state of great excitement. He was ready he said to answer for keeping everything quiet “if the Government would be firm and vigorous, and announce by a proclamation that the mob should not be allowed to occupy the town.” As

a result of the Cabinet deliberations it was announced that no opposition would be made to the constitutional right of the people to meet ; nor to their right to present a petition. The monster meeting would be allowed to be held ; but if it attempted to return in an organised procession, the Government would hinder so dangerous and illegal a proceeding by force of arms if necessary. A proclamation to that effect was issued April 6th, in which all well disposed persons were at the same time cautioned against attending an assembly which from its numbers and other circumstances tended to excite terror in Her Majesty's subjects. They were also called upon to aid the law in maintaining the public peace.

As the meeting was to be held on the south side of the Thames, it was easy to prevent its members from crossing the bridges and entering the west end of London in procession. This was to be done by the police ; the military being held in reserve until it was found necessary to call on them to suppress rioting and rebellion. But the police were to be strengthened by civilians sworn for the occasion as special constables, whose duty would be to protect property. Their number eventually mounted to one hundred and seventy thousand. Notwithstanding the precautions taken, the people were terror stricken. Those who were not afraid to leave their property quitted town ; those who remained armed themselves and barricaded their houses ; and all who

were acquainted with the Duke of Wellington assured him they looked to him for protection. All of them received a similar answer to that he made Baron Bunsen: "We have taken our measures, but not a soldier or piece of artillery shall you see unless in actual need. Should the force of law—the mounted or unmounted police—be overpowered or in danger, then the troops shall advance, then is their time. But it is not fair on either side to call them in to do the work of police; the military must not be confounded with the police, nor merged in the police."

Preparations were watched with silent apathy by the Prime Minister who was disinclined to discuss the impending danger even with his colleagues. When the Clerk of the Council, having heard information from the Home Secretary which he thought it was of importance that Lord John should be told at once, went to him, the latter received him "with one of his coldest and most offensive manners, said nothing, and did not vouchsafe to tell me they had made up their minds to do something, and that Grey was going to give notice of a Bill in a few minutes from that time. Nothing could be more ungracious, and I mentally resolved never to go near him again to tell him anything of use to him. I wrote to the Duke of Bedford and told him all this; and he wrote me back word that he was not surprised, and that nobody had more to suffer from John's manner than he himself; that John

is very obstinate and unmanageable, and does not like to be found fault with or told things which run counter to his own ideas ; all which he owned was very unfortunate and a grievous fault in his character." The Bill referred to was that brought in three days before the meeting, for the better security of the Crown and Government of the United Kingdom, and for the prosecution of persons who sought to accomplish seditious ends by open speaking.

As the day of the monster meeting drew near, the anxiety of the people increased especially as the leaders had declared they would march to the House of Commons and assert their rights even at the risk of their lives. A number of Yorkshire Chartist, brawny, determined-looking fellows poured into London. On the morning of the 9th the walls were found covered with placards bearing the words, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." Some of the worst characters of the French revolution were said to have crossed the Channel to aid in plundering the English capital. Troops arrived by every train from the provinces ; great carts of provisions were seen taking their loads to the Horse Guards and the Government offices, as if a siege were expected ; the Queen was said to be "very low and frightened at the state of things" ; Buckingham Palace bristled with horse, foot, and artillery ; all Government offices were barricaded ; the Bank of England was surrounded by a parapet of sandbags, while its boarded windows

were pierced with loopholes for the fire of defensive musketry. For weeks prayers had been offered up in the churches that peace might be preserved. It was a relief to many when the memorable day, April 10, 1848, arrived. The morning was bright with sunshine, a soft grey sky was flecked with vapoury clouds, the exhilaration of spring was in the air, and from an early hour the sound of hurrying footsteps was heard in an otherwise silent city, as crowds made for various central points whence they were to march across the bridges to Kennington Common. A great car decked with flags and drawn by six horses conveyed Feargus O'Connor and other leaders of the movement to that spot ; and this was followed by a magnificent vehicle guarded at each corner by a golden lion, and carrying a petition signed, it was alleged, by five million seven hundred thousand names.

To the sound of many bands, to vociferous cheering, to seditious cries, the Chartists to the number of about fifty thousand flocked in procession or in groups to Kennington Common which was reached before mid-day. The centre of interest was the chariot on which Feargus O'Connor stood, to approach which became the effort of every individual present in the excited crowd. At a moment when, erect and jubilant, he stood bareheaded waiting to address that vast sea of human beings whose excited passions he might be unable to control, a policeman of gigantic build was seen making

his way with strong efforts of his arms like a swimmer. As he reached the car, Feargus O'Connor alarmed at his appearance, bent down to receive a message from him. Mr. Mayne the Commissioner of Police begged that Mr. O'Connor would come to him at the Horns Tavern close by for a moment's conversation. Without hesitation the leader of the Chartist jumped down and prepared to follow his herculean messenger. As he went a cry was raised that he had been arrested, and a sudden violent movement was made in his direction. With some difficulty the crowd was pacified and O'Connor and his companion allowed to pass on their way.

On his reaching the Horns Tavern, the Police Commissioner stated to him that the meeting had been intentionally allowed to assemble on Kennington Common and that it would not be interfered with if its leader would guarantee its peaceable and orderly conduct ; but that in returning a procession would be stopped at all hazards and by adequate means. It is said that O'Connor was secretly pleased at the determination of the Government which relieved him of much responsibility. At all events he shook hands heartily with Mayne, promised that the meeting would be peaceful, and that he would endeavour to disperse it. On his return to the Common he was hailed with cheers and half carried to the car, mounting which he began a speech asking all present to return to their homes and avoid

encounters with the police, or disturbances of any kind. He was heard with surprise and indignation by the people, and with remonstrance by some of his colleagues. A few of these harangued the mob and expressed their determination to defy the Government. Their ardour was damped by the drenching shower that began at that moment, which scattered the crowd intent upon finding shelter. Banners dripped mournfully, flags were hastily furled, bands became silent, and orators were soaked. Taken from the guardianship of the golden lions, the petition was unceremoniously thrust into a hackney cab and driven to the House of Commons to be presented later in the day. When the shower ended the more courageous spirits of the crowd drew together, and shoulder to shoulder marched with bold front in two processions to the bridges where their endeavour to pass was barred. Some shuffling and struggling followed, attempts to force a way were tried, a few heads were broken, the police were hooted and threatened, but the people were not allowed to cross in greater numbers than ten at a time. By three o'clock the meeting had dispersed and there was no longer need for fear.

In this way the great Chartist demonstration ended in a fiasco. Then doors were unbarred, windows unshuttered, and those who had sought refuge behind them came out to laugh at their recent dread. The Cabinet was congratulated on having for once shown

firmness ; the Duke of Wellington was thanked for his successful plans in preserving peace ; and the Queen and the Prince were relieved that blood had not been shed. No sooner had the demonstration broken up than Feargus O'Connor drove to the Home Office and told Sir George Grey it was all over. According to Greville, the Chartist leader "thanked the Government for their leniency, assuring him the Convention would not have been so lenient if they had got the upper hand. Grey asked him if he was going back to the meeting. He said no ; that he had had his toes trodden on till he was lame, and his pocket picked, and he would have no more to do with it." The same evening he presented the National Petition to Parliament. Its prayer was read, after which the messengers of the House of Commons rolled to the table the immense sheets of parchment containing signatures. According to Feargus these numbered five million, seven hundred and six thousand. A day was then appointed to take the matter into consideration.

Meantime the Select Committee on Public Petitions undertook to count and examine the signatures. This was done by thirteen law-stationers' clerks who were engaged on the work for seventeen hours. The report of the Committee to the House of Commons was, that the total number of signatures amounted to one million nine hundred and seventy-five thousand four hundred and ninety-six ; that on numerous

consecutive sheets the signatures were in one and the same handwriting ; that among them were repeatedly found the names of the Queen, Prince Albert, the Duke of Wellington, Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Jack Shepherd, Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, and those of several heroes of modern fiction ; together with Pugnose, Flatnose, No Cheese, which the report said with becoming gravity "are obviously altogether fictitious." It added that there were "other words and phrases which though written in the form of signatures and included in the number reported, your Committee will not hazard offending the House and the dignity and decency of their own proceedings by reporting ; though it may be mentioned that they are obviously signatures belonging to no human being."

Conscious that the eyes of the House were upon him, conscious that its lips were curled in sarcastic laughter, Feargus O'Connor listened with scarce suppressed excitement to this damning and irrefutable report. No sooner had it ended than he jumped to his feet amid derisive cheers. Beginning by stating that he would not undertake to say the numbers given by him were absolutely correct, he hinted that certain practices might have been resorted to in supplying the distinguished and fictitious names to the petition. "It was an old saying that those who hide may find ; and perhaps something of the spy system had been resorted to with

regard to this great national undertaking." He had letters which showed that the number of real signatures affixed to the petition in England, Scotland, and Wales, was four million eight hundred thousand. Finally he declared that thirteen clerks could not have counted the signatures in seventeen hours. Then after a warm passage of arms with some members, he left the House. The ridicule caused by this disclosure may be said to have killed the Chartist movement, for though some abortive meetings at which inflammatory speeches were made, it gradually dwindled into insignificance. The effect of its collapse on Feargus O'Connor was lamentable. His chief occupation gone, the labour of his best years a waste, he sought excitement in drink. Four years later than the date of the monster meeting, he was a patient in Dr. Tuke's asylum for the insane at Chiswick. There he remained about two years, when he was pronounced cured. A stricken melancholy man with the memory of a great failure in the past, and the fear of mental darkness in the future, he survived his liberty only by twelve months and died in August 1855.

On the evening when the report of the petition was made before a House shaking with laughter, a man destined to become a tragic and heroic figure in Irish history addressed it for the last time. This was William Smith O'Brien, then in his forty-fifth year. A son of an Irish baronet, a descendant of the ancient

Earls of Thomond, he was proud of being able to trace his ancestry in an unbroken line to Brian Boru, the famous Irish King. William had been educated at Harrow and at Cambridge. In person he was tall and erect, with strongly marked features, a long dark face, bright brown hair, his expression marked by melancholy. By temperament a dreamer, his manners were grave : he was deadly in earnest in all his undertakings, and stubbornly determined to carry out his will at all cost. Though Irish to the backbone, he like another Irish leader of modern times, had none of the qualities generally found in his countrymen ; for he was a poor orator, he had no sense of humour, no quickness of repartee, and was wholly devoid of that buoyancy which strives to conciliate misfortune with a smile.

As one of the distinguished recruits to O'Connell's Repeal movement, O'Brien had taken an active interest in it, and on the imprisonment of its chief, had taken his place as its head. Among other recruits were John Francis Meagher, John Mitchell, John Dillon, Charles Gavan Duffy, who youthful and reckless, became impatient with O'Connell's legal methods to obtain a separate legislation for their country, and advocated physical force. The final severance of the Young Irelanders, as they were called, from the Repeal Association, took place in July 1846, soon after which O'Brien founded the Irish Confederation. The



From a lithograph by H. O'Neill, after a daguerreotype by Prof. Glukman.

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.

startling intelligence that Hungary sought a separate legislation from Austria, that Sicily made the same claim from Naples, thrilled the Young Irelanders with hope and filled them with ambitious endeavour ; but when news of the French revolution reached them, their elation swept them beyond the cold boundary of prudence. The story of what followed is related in many histories and biographies, and is given in detail in *Four Years of Irish History*, by a prominent spirit of the movement, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. It is told here briefly and without prejudice.

Within a fortnight of the proclamation of the French revolution, the Irish Confederation held a meeting in Dublin at which O'Brien said the Confederation invited all classes who desired the legislative independence of Ireland to inscribe their names on a roll of persons willing to serve in a National Guard. He had previously deprecated the advice that the people should be trained in military knowledge ; but circumstances were altered, and he now thought the attention of intelligent young men might be occupied by considerations as to how strong places could be captured and weak ones defended. More than a third of the British army consisted of Irishmen ; there were ten thousand Irishmen serving in the Constabulary ; and with both these forces the people ought to cultivate friendly relations. The Irish people were willing and anxious to come to an understanding with the British

Government on a simple and intelligent basis ; let them extend to Ireland the system of self-government they were at that moment endeavouring to obtain for Sicily.

This speech was followed by another from Meagher, who counselled his hearers to let their demands for the construction of Ireland's nationality be constitutionally made ; to depute their worthiest citizens to approach the throne and before that throne to utter their will with dignity and decision. "If nothing comes of this," he continued, "if the Constitution opens to us no path to freedom, if the Union will be maintained in spite of the will of the Irish people, if the Government of Ireland insist upon being a government of dragoons and bombardiers, of detectives and light infantry, then up with the barricades and invoke the God of Battles." At the end of the meeting an address was adopted to the French Republic congratulating it on its success. A few days later O'Brien and Meagher were arrested on a charge of sedition but were admitted to bail pending their trial.

Their liberty was employed in carrying the congratulatory address to the French Republic. Before they could reach Paris a letter had been forwarded by Palmerston to Lord Normanby, British Ambassador resident there, instructing him to tell Lamartine the Minister for Foreign Affairs, that any encouragement given by him to political agitation within the United

Kingdom, or any interference in its affairs, would be considered a cause sufficient to warrant the withdrawal of the English Embassy from France. This, which we learn from Palmerston's published correspondence, was unknown to O'Brien, who was much disappointed by the cold reception given him by the florid Lamartine. Returning to Ireland via London, he appeared in the House of Commons, April 10, 1848, and as already stated addressed that assembly for the last time. A sombre, self-possessed, striking figure, he stood almost solitary among a crowd excited to passionate hatred against him, that cheered him derisively, cried out at him as a traitor, and for some time refused him a hearing. His first sentences referred to the Treason Felony Act which had just been read for the second time; those that followed dealt with his own position. He had been called a traitor, and was there to avow what he had said and done. He professed loyalty to the Queen but not to the Government or to the Imperial Parliament; on the contrary he would do all in his power to overthrow the one and to dis sever the other. The Irish Confederation had never kept its designs secret. It was not seeking social disorder and violent separation from Great Britain; its sole desire was to obtain a repeal of the Union—if possible without civil war. Any collision between England and Ireland must be uncertain, and might be disastrous. If England failed she would stand alone

with the Republic of France on one side and another independent Republic on the other. He called upon the Government to grant his country those national privileges which by every right, human and divine, she was entitled to ; and he warned it that if these were not granted, the chances of a rebellion would have to be faced. Having spoken his farewell words to the House he slowly and wearily left, with laughter, groans, and menaces, ringing in his ears.

On May 15, 1848, he and Meagher were tried for the seditious speeches mentioned, but as the jury could not agree to a verdict they were acquitted. Buoyed by delusive hopes, intent on carrying out his will, O'Brien determined to arouse the country to rebellion. In this effort he believed he would be helped by the members of the newly founded Protestant Repeal Association which almost entirely consisted of the landed gentry ; and that the thousands of members of the Irish Confederation Clubs established all over the country, would be ready and willing to rise at a given signal. To the saner counsels of the priests, who knew the people best and who declared their flocks were neither prepared for nor desirous of civil war, he turned a deaf ear. His attempt at rebellion was hastened by the fact that a Bill to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland, had been passed July 22, 1848 ; which made it possible for the leaders of the Confederation to be arrested and im-

prisoned without indictment or trial. This brought them face to face abruptly with an important question ; as to whether or not they should submit to be clapped into gaol, or rise in rebellion before liberty was taken from them. Such impetuous and sanguine spirits could return but one answer. Though there was not a single man of dominant individuality among them, not a military leader, though they had neither money nor munitions, though the people were unfitted and in most cases were unwilling to fight, and no aid was forthcoming from abroad, they defied dangers and difficulties and decided to wage civil war.

Wild schemes were immediately advocated. Kilkenny—where there was a strong English garrison—was to be seized, and the Independence of Ireland proclaimed in a city which once had been the seat of the Irish Government. This achieved the neighbouring counties of Wexford, Tipperary, and Waterford, would rise in rebellion ; after which the whole country would join the insurrection. On the arrival of the leaders at Kilkenny the common sense of one of its citizens sufficiently prevailed to show them that its projected seizure would be impossible—without at least large numbers of insurgents coming to the aid of their confederates within. To raise this army, O'Brien and other leaders of the Confederation, hurried to Tipperary which they were assured was ready to take the field. At Cashel and Carrick, two considerable

towns in this county, they were surrounded by a wild picturesque half-clad crowd, wild-eyed, eager for excitement, their waving arms expressing defiance of danger, their fluent words calling for victory or death. Enthusiastic and untrained, they were not the stuff that armies are made of ; and certainly were not fitted to face some twelve hundred soldiers either stationed in these towns, or within a brief march of them.

Cashel, on whose hoary and historic rock it was asserted the green flag would soon wave defiant in the breeze, was next visited by O'Brien ; but its grey deserted streets of poor cabins, and its ragged population, showed no sign of the stir and circumstance of war. At Killenaule he was met by about two hundred peasants who were told to hold themselves in readiness to fight ; and from there he went to Mullinahone, a small village lying isolated and lone amid fields stretching to distant arid mountains. None came to receive him, and to assemble the people, the bell of the little white-washed chapel was rung. From out the melancholy silence which its voice had broken, came the tramp of many men, who gathering round O'Brien, Dillon, and their companions, were told that the time had come for a rising. The news was received with high-spirited cheers, impulsive and eager, some of them rushed to cut down ash-trees for pike-handles, while others hurried to the village forge

to have pike-heads fashioned for them. Others went to their homes to return with pitchforks and blunderbusses. An effort was then made to throw up barricades, but O'Brien forbade the felling of trees for that purpose without the permission of the landlords on whose property they grew. It was also suggested that a drill should take place that night by moonlight.

In the midst of the bustle and bluster an incident occurred, the humour of which was lost on its chief actor. Very grave and walking like one in a dream, O'Brien went to the police-station—one of a dozen houses in the straggling street—to demand the submission of its occupants and the delivery of their arms. The door was locked but the sergeant who had charge of six men, put his head out of an upper window and said, "Arrah sure the time isn't come yet to surrendher our arms. D'ye wait till the right moment comes." When O'Brien insisted that he must have them then, the wily sergeant told him, "Well thin if we give in to three or four of ye, it's disgraced for ever we'll be. Bring a force and we'll submit right enough." O'Brien agreed to this, but when he returned with a crowd, he found the sergeant and his men had fled to a neighbouring barrack taking their arms with them.

The village priest on seeing the preparations being made had told O'Brien that his people were unprepared

and unfitted for war, and earnestly begged that all intention of fighting might be abandoned. He was listened to with cold attention and no heed was paid to him. Later when after a hard day's work at the barricades, and when the first flush of enthusiasm had given way under weariness and hunger, the peasants heard from their leader that "they would have to provide provisions for themselves as he had no means of doing so, and did not intend to offer violence to any one's person or property," their eagerness to fight suddenly died. In silent groups many of them took their tired way, downcast figures crossing the fields in the fading light, to their own homes. With those who remained O'Brien went to the neighbouring village of Ballingarry. For some days following efforts were made to raise recruits, but these were not so successful as had been anticipated; for meantime the people had been warned by their priests against shedding of blood and risking their lives in a rash and hopeless cause. That a raw-boned curate fresh from college should be listened to and obeyed, rather than a man of experience like himself, who was giving his life to his country, was sufficient on one occasion to make O'Brien fling himself down by the roadside and shed tears of pain and mortification.

The end of this attempt at rebellion came when July 29, 1848, the police were reported to be marching on Ballingarry presumably to arrest O'Brien,

for whose capture the Government had offered a reward. As it was seen that a retreat before the constabulary would have a bad effect upon such of the peasants as were willing to fight, it was resolved to defend the village. A barricade consisting of an old cart and some timber was hastily erected and guarded by O'Brien, and surrounded by about a score of confused and ill-disciplined farm labourers with rusty fowling-pieces for which they had on an average one round of ammunition each. To the left of the barricade and commanding it stood a long white-washed house, the upper windows of which were occupied by about fifteen gunmen under the leadership of James Stevens; while a hollow some distance in front of the barricade was occupied by another leader named Terence Bellew McManus, together with eighty men and women whose sole weapons were stones.

In this way and with such means of warfare as must have seemed ridiculous to all but themselves, the insurgents waited in the straggling village street unprotected from the blazing sun of this July day. Full of fine words, with little idea of the reason of this rebellion or of the consequences that might follow, inflated by the glowing predictions of O'Brien—who in turn was flattered and misled by a band of hot-brained young journalists—the peasants waited and waited until at last with a gasp of excitement they

discerned far away on the strip of white road in front of them, a black slow-moving body of men whom they recognised as the police.

When the latter, sixty-four in number, came within about a mile of the rebels they suddenly wheeled to the right, and then breaking into a gallop made for a large stone house standing on a height and close to them. No sooner did the mob see this inglorious retreat, than with a yell they bounded after them, indifferent to the cries of O'Brien whose commands were usually received with cheers but seldom obeyed. Nothing was left for him and his colleagues than to rush after this disorganised crowd, the men shouting, women with stout legs under short skirts striving to keep up with them, children in the rear all bent upon enjoyment as if taking part in a coursing match. Breathlessly they drew up in a field above and at the back of the square two-storied grey building in which the police had taken refuge, and the windows of which they had barricaded, but in such a manner as to leave the barrels of about twenty carbines exposed. On reconnoitring the house McManus declared it could not be taken without a piece of artillery, but O'Brien was desirous that an attack should be made. McManus then suggested that the police should be smoked out, and this being agreed to he rushed into the haggard to procure straw and hay. The unarmed crowd who kept at a safe distance, and who were

afraid to expose themselves to fire, declined to help him. Those who had pitchforks, pikes, and fowling-pieces, were ranged in front of the house.

Scarcely had the hay, piled at the back door, begun to smoulder than the owner of the house, the widow McCormack a weird, distracted, square and black-garbed figure, came running towards O'Brien, calling out that the police were willing to make terms, and begging him for God's sake to spare her dwelling. Welcoming this news the leader at once advanced to the house and thrusting his arm through a broken pane of glass shook hands with Inspector Trant, and told him it was not the lives of his men but their arms he wanted. While peace was being made, the mob who had refused to fetch hay, and who had now sheltered themselves behind stable walls, in their eagerness for a fight sent a shower of stones crashing through the windows. Instantly a return volley of about forty shots was discharged. Two men fell, one of them being killed on the spot, the other merely wounded. Those in front of the house fired in return with small effect upon its barricaded windows; for all that a second round was fired by the police. McManus then rushed to O'Brien who was standing within three yards of the house and in full front of the fire, and begged he would order all those who had not already fled to fall back on the village where they could rally; but still standing in the midst of the fire

unarmed, he answered scornfully that an "O'Brien had never turned his back on an enemy," and that there he would remain.

McManus being joined by Stevens both urged, exhorted, and almost forced O'Brien to withdraw out of range of the guns. Fifty yards away they met a mounted policeman riding to the scene, and seizing the bridle of his horse forced him to dismount. At the suggestion of his friends that he should rally the peasants who had hurried towards the village, O'Brien bounded into the saddle and galloped forward. He found them surrounding a young priest who was soundly rating them for their madness and was commanding them to go back to their cabins. When O'Brien spoke to them of the glory of dying for their liberty, and being glorious patriots for evermore, they stared at him stupidly and slouched away without a word. Later on McManus spiritedly demanding if they would not avenge their comrade's blood, he got three volunteers, none of whom had arms. Then in despair he seized hold of the bridle of O'Brien's horse and turned the animal's head in the direction of the open country.

In this way ended an encounter which cannot be dignified by the name of rebellion. Ridiculous as were its circumstances, deluded as its leader was, he was not the less heroic in sacrificing all he possessed, in risking his life in an attempt to gain a measure

which he believed necessary to the welfare and happiness of his country. Though scorning to avoid the consequences of his action by escaping from the country as he might readily have done by sailing from the neighbouring city of Waterford to France, he was unwilling to own the authority of the Government he defied by voluntarily delivering himself into its hands. Aided by the faithful people among whom he took refuge in the mountains he escaped the pursuit of the police for a week. By the end of that time he determined to hide no longer. Boldly walking into the town of Thurles with the intention of taking the train to Limerick, where he lived and where his arrest would be immediate, he was recognised by a guard named Hulme employed by the Great Southern and Western Railway Company. Having at O'Brien's request directed him to the station, Hulme sent for a detachment of police.

While walking up and down the platform waiting for the Limerick train O'Brien was arrested without protest or resistance and taken to Thurles gaol, but lest an attempt might be made to rescue him he was sent that night to Dublin. An instance of how history may be falsified may be worth mentioning in regard to this affair. Writing in his *Memoirs of an Ex-Minister* Lord Malmesbury says : " The long talked of rebellion in Ireland has at last broken out and been suppressed by fifty policemen. W. S. O'Brien headed the attack

upon the police—or rather sent three thousand men to attack them whilst he concealed himself in a garden close by.”

O'Brien's trial for high treason which, begun September 28, 1848, ended ten days later when he was found guilty with a recommendation to mercy. On the usual question being put to him whether he could state any reason why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him, he answered in a weary passive voice and with the air of a dreamer: “My Lords it is not my intention to enter into any vindication of my conduct however much I might have desired to avail myself of this opportunity of doing so. I am perfectly satisfied with the consciousness that I have performed my duty to my country, that I have done only that which it was in my opinion the duty of every Irishman to have done. And I am now prepared to abide the consequences of my having performed my duty to my native land. Proceed with your sentence.” Lord Chief Justice Blackburne then sentenced him to be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution and be there hanged by the neck until he be dead, and that afterwards his head should be severed from his body, and his body severed into four quarters, to be disposed of as Her Majesty thought fit. And might the Lord have mercy on his soul.

The passing of this brutal sentence was a mere matter of form, or seemed so to the Government until

O'Brien absolutely declined to avail himself of the commutation of his sentence to transportation for life and demanded that the death sentence be carried out. At that time the law was powerless to change such sentence without the consent of those it concerned. The Government shrank from taking the lives not only of O'Brien but of McManus and Stevens upon whom a similar sentence had been pronounced and who were equally determined in preferring death to transportation. A special Act of Parliament was hurriedly passed to enable it to mitigate the extreme penalty being enforced. In July 1849, O'Brien was sent to Van Diemens Land, there presumably to spend the remainder of his life. But five years of it were passed in that dreary spot, for in February 1854 he was liberated on the condition that he did not return to the United Kingdom. In the following July he settled at Brussels and remained there until May 1856, when on receiving an unconditional pardon he returned to Ireland. Here he lived quietly until 1864 when he visited Wales in the hope of benefiting his failing health. He never returned to his own country for he died at the Penrhyn Arms hotel Bangor, June 18, 1864, aged sixty.

In this way the curtain fell upon the second act of the political drama of Home Rule.

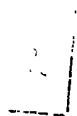
While deeply concerned by such stirring incidents as the Chartist demonstration and the Irish disturbance, events of a more intimate character were taking place

in Her Majesty's life. One of these was the birth (March 18, 1848), at Buckingham Palace of her fourth daughter, afterwards named Louisa Caroline Alberta, by her sponsors the Duke Augustus of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the Duchess of Saxe-Meiningen, and the Grand-Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Two months later, May 27, 1848, Her Majesty's aunt, the Princess Sophia, twelfth child of George III. died in her arm-chair at her residence in Kensington Palace, in her seventy-first year. Another death which caused the Sovereign deep regret was that of her first Prime Minister Lord Melbourne. It will be remembered that on being called from a narrow and somewhat lonely life to the greatest position in Europe, Her Majesty had found in him a judicious adviser and a paternal friend whose richly stored mind, sagacious and witty conversation, and spacious views were new and delightful to one fresh from seclusion. The trust she placed in him, the social intimacy to which she admitted him, were never abused by him for party purposes or personal aggrandisement; while the Queen, "partly from regard for him, and partly from being amused at his ways," as Greville tells us, "permitted him to say and do whatever he pleased in her presence. He was often paradoxical, and often terse, epigrammatic, acute, droll, with fits of silence and abstraction from which he would suddenly break out with a vehemence and vigour which amused those



From a photograph by Emery Walker, after a painting by John Partridge in the National Portrait Gallery.

LORD MELBOURNE.



who were accustomed to him, and filled with indescribable astonishment those who were not."

From the date of his retirement from office, August 1841, time had hung heavily on his hands. No longer the constant guest, companion, adviser, and friend of the Sovereign; no longer the holder of the highest position under the Crown, surrounded by devoted partisans, besieged by place hunters; no longer watched and criticised by the Press and public, sought after, admired, and loved by hosts of friends who now found him a bore; he suffered that neglect which invariably awaits those who have held the power to benefit others and have lost it for ever. That he keenly if silently felt the sadness of his position is vouched for by his biographer Mr. Torrens who says that in striving to account for the indifference with which he was treated "not merely by the common herd of fashion but by those who for years had compassed him round with blandishments of what he had taken for respect and admiration," Lord Melbourne persuaded himself that omissions to call on him were due to accident. "Some were sick and some had gone abroad; some were time servers and shabby dogs who had learned to trim and were ashamed to look in the face of their old patron. Was he not better without them? But as weeks and months rolled on, and the bed of the once full stream of attention grew more and more dry, the hope of

its ever returning again shrank within him. In the heyday of success and power he would have laughed loudly and merrily at the notion of the world's being grateful. Still between genuine or abiding gratitude and silent stony pitiless neglect there is a difference and a wide one. One who truly and unalterably loved him found him one afternoon looking more than usually dejected. 'I am glad,' he exclaimed, 'you are come. I have sat here watching that time-piece and heard it strike four times without seeing the face of a human being; and had it struck the fifth I feel that I could not have borne it.'"

His fascinating and eccentric wife had long been dead, his only child the son who had been almost an imbecile from birth and whom he had worshipped, had also been taken from him and his sole resources for sympathy and consolation were his books and the society of his sister, Lady Palmerston and her family. Occasionally while in her drawing-room, surrounded by a few intimate friends he would "lounge and sprawl at his ease, pouring out a rough but original stream of talk, shrewd, playful, and instructive." But these sudden flares of the old spirit became less and less. While reading in his library in his house in South Street, October 23, 1842, he had a sudden but slight stroke of paralysis which left him unconscious for some hours. On recovering a fortnight later he described his illness as "only a runaway

knock, but that he did not care to know the fellow who gave it."

A brief gleam of brightness came into his life when in December 1843, he was Her Majesty's guest at Windsor Castle for three days. Some of his old jovial spirit came back to him while in the company of the Queen, who recalled to him the days when as a girl her concern for his health led her to think he ate too much, as indeed she had done herself until her doctor advised her to forgo her lunch. His laugh was as hearty as ever, as was hers when forgetting himself occasionally, he swore roundly in her presence. He still retained his interest in political affairs though he took no active part in them; and on Peel's defeat had been willing to accept office in the new Government, not only as Prime Minister but even in a subordinate position; not realising that his age and failing powers made this impossible. That he was not invited to join the Cabinet was a fresh disappointment to him but of this he made no complaint. On the contrary with the generosity and freedom from jealousy he had always shown he was ever ready to give the benefit of his experiences and his advice when asked for them.

He was now seldom seen in his place in the House of Lords, but his last appearance there, May 25, 1848, was when he voted for the removal of Jewish Disabilities, in this way by a protest against intolerance,

worthily closing his great political career. In November of this year he was seized by another paralytic stroke. As it was seen that his end was near, his brother who afterwards succeeded him, his only surviving sister Lady Palmerston, together with her husband and sons, were summoned to his bedside at Brocket Hall. Conscious of their presence he greeted them with the old friendly smile which lost nothing of its usual cheeriness because he was about to quit a world which philosophically he had at once enjoyed and despised. He died on the evening of November 24, 1848, quite tranquilly and without pain. Next morning the biography of him which had lain in its pigeon-hole in *The Times* office was published in that paper much to the mortification and indignation of his relatives and friends. "It certainly was coarse, vulgar, and to a great degree unjust"; says Greville who adds, "It was a mere daub and caricature, and very discreditable to the paper."

In a letter he left, he made a solemn declaration confirming a statement he had given to Sir John Campbell, his counsel in the divorce suit brought against him by Norton (June 1836). In this he stated that he had never misconducted himself with Mrs. Norton, that he had never held any furtive or clandestine correspondence with her whatsoever, and that both in visiting and in writing to her he had always considered himself to be acting with the full

knowledge and approbation of her husband. As indiscretion had exposed Mrs. Norton to obloquy and suspicion, Melbourne said, he was bound to renew this declaration. The Queen, as she wrote in her Journal, deeply deplored the loss of "one who was a most kind and interested friend of mine, and most sincerely attached to me. He was indeed for the first two years and a half of my reign, almost the only friend I had except Stockmar and Lehzen." Later she learned from Lady Palmerston, that her last letter to Lord Melbourne had been a great comfort and relief to him ; and that during the last melancholy years of his life she had often been the chief means of cheering him. Lord Melbourne was succeeded by his only brother Frederick James Lamb who died without issue, when the title became extinct. His estates were inherited by his sister Lady Palmerston, who at her death bequeathed them to her eldest son by her first husband, Lord Cowper.

CHAPTER X

Poets living at Her Majesty's accession—Robert Southey William Wordsworth and public neglect—A Civil List pension granted him by Sir Robert Peel—Made Poet Laureate—Samuel Rogers—His beautiful house and its distinguished company—Thomas Campbell—Takes Lord Abercorn by the button-hole—Thomas Moore in his latter days—His memory fails—Forgotten by the world he adored—Richard Monckton Milnes—His volumes of poems and his breakfasts—Sir Robert Peel advises—Alfred Tennyson's early poems—Placed on the Civil List Pension—"He can never become popular"—Carlyle's description of him—Becomes Laureate—Goes to Court—Edward Fitzgerald and Alfred Tennyson—The latter reads his poems—Their varying fortunes—*The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám* First noticed by Dante Gabriel Rossetti—Robert Browning a dandy—His attempt at dramatic authorship—Introduced by John Kenyon to Elizabeth Barrett—Her early life of loneliness—Her correspondence with Browning—"A small person scarcely embodied at all"—Her private marriage—Goes to Italy—*Sonnets from the Portuguese*—God takes her.

CHAPTER X

ON ascending the throne Her Majesty numbered among her subjects many men and women distinguished in literature. The laureateship was then held by Robert Southey, a scholar, a writer of stately verse, a biographer, and an historian. To this office he had been recommended by Sir Walter Scott who had refused it. It was accepted by Robert Southey in 1813, on the condition that he should not be required to write birthday odes to Royalty. He filled it for thirty years, the last of which were passed in mental darkness. On his death, March 21, 1843, the laureateship was offered to William Wordsworth. It was at first declined by him as he feared he should be unable to discharge its duties, but was subsequently accepted on his being assured that no official verses would be expected from him. At the date of his appointment Wordsworth, who was born April 7, 1770, had just entered his seventy-fifth year. Living in his peaceful and beautiful home at Rydal Mount, a delightful old house covered with jasmine and Virginia creeper, standing on the side of Nab Scar,

surrounded by gardens, and overlooking Windermere lake and the dreamy valley of Rothay, he seldom visited town.

Nearly six feet high, strongly if clumsily built, with a rough-skinned, heavily moulded face, the nose large, the mouth massive, the eyes steady in their gaze, his straggling hair silver white, he had more the appearance of a sturdy yeoman than of an inspired poet. Health, rusticity, independence, and sympathy were in his atmosphere. That he was inspired he never doubted. Believing that he stood nearer to Shakespeare than any other English poet, he greatly appreciated his own verses, read them in preference to those of other poets, quoted them continually, and talked of them incessantly to his bored friends. His estimate of his own work was as notable as his depreciation of that of his contemporaries, as may be judged by his declaration that he would not give five shillings for all the poetry that Southey had ever written.

The neglect of the public towards his own publications, made him marvel at and bewail its indifference. In writing to his friend Lady Beaumont, as to the reception of his recently published, *Poems in Two Volumes*, he says it is impossible that any expectations could be lower than his own of their effect upon the public. He did not take into consideration the envy, malevolence, and bad passions that always stand in the way of a work of merit from a living poet; nor

the attitude of London wits and witlings, "for these have too many foul passions about them to be respectable, even if they had more intellect than the benign laws of Providence will allow to such a heartless existence as theirs is." He merely thought of the "pure, absolute, honest ignorance, in which all worldlings of every rank and situation must be enveloped, with respect to the thoughts, feelings, and images, on which the life of my poems depends. . . . It is an awful truth that there neither is, nor can be, any genuine enjoyment of poetry among nineteen out of the twenty of those persons who live, or wish to live, in the broad light of the world among those who are, or are striving to make themselves people of consideration in society."

That he had reason to rail against the common indifference to his poems, is shown by his complaint to Tom Moore, to whom he admitted in 1833, when in his sixty-fifth year, that by all his publications up to that time he had not made above a thousand pounds.

As it was impossible to support himself and his family by the sale of his poems he had been appointed to the post of Distributor of Stamps in the County of Westmorland (March, 1813) which brought him in about five hundred a year. Under the Melbourne Government an effort had been made to obtain a Civil List pension for him, and he had been offered

one hundred and fifty pounds a year ; but this he had declined as "derogatory to his age and standing, regard being had to the proportions in which literary pensions have usually been assigned." Another attempt in the same direction was made when Mr. Gladstone brought before Sir Robert Peel, in October 1842, the case of the aged poet whose circumstances he said were straitened. As a result Peel wrote to Wordsworth saying that with his sanction he would place his honoured name on the Civil List for an annual provision of three hundred pounds. In reply the poet wrote from Rydal Mount, October 17, 1842, saying he accepted it with entire satisfaction ; adding, "It will prove a substantial addition to my comforts for the remainder of my life, and coming as the reward of literary merit from one so eminent in every respect as yourself, the gratification is above measure enhanced. Let me add that the considerate delicacy with which you have stated in your letter everything bearing upon this grant, and the terms in which you express yourself towards me personally, have affected me more than I could find words to utter, had I the courage to seek them." As the recipient of the pension he was able to resign his position as Distributor of Stamps in favour of his son William.

The pleasure of his appointment as Laureate, which came some six months later, was tempered by considerations of the expense of a court suit, and of

the ordeal which his necessary appearance before the Sovereign would entail. An offer made by his friend Samuel Rogers to lend him a court suit came as a relief to Wordsworth. But as Rogers was thin and shrunken while Wordsworth was burly, it took all the skill possessed by a tailor to adapt the clothes to the dimensions required. "It was a squeeze, but by pulling and hauling they got him in," says Benjamin Haydon. The difficulty was not even then at an end, for Wordsworth positively refused to run the risk of catching cold by discarding his home-made, grey, worsted stockings for others of black silk; and it was only when Lady Chatterton suggested that the latter might be drawn over the former, that a compromise was arrived at. Rogers then instructed him in the management of his sword and in the art of bowing before Royalty.

Samuel Rogers who had reached his seventy-fourth birthday, a month after Her Majesty's accession, then held a unique position as the literary and social lion of his day. The son of a banker from whom he inherited a share in the business, he had an income rarely possessed by a poet of five thousand a year. Not satisfied with being a rich man he determined to be a distinguished poet. In an endeavour to gain this desire he had spent the evenings of his days—seven hours of which had already been given to the account-books in his father's office—in writing his poem *The*

Pleasures of Memory. The volume failed to attract the public. Others which followed shared a similar fate. One of these called *Italy* the result of a visit he had paid to that country, deserved a better future in the estimation of its writer, who resolved to present it to the public in a more attractive form. He burned its unsold copies, spent two years in revising and enlarging it, had it illustrated by Goodall and Turner at great expense, and republished it. His outlay, his labour, and his belief in the venture were repaid by the sales of the book ; chiefly owing to its beautiful engravings, for as Lady Blessington said the book "would have been dished were it not for the plates."

By this time he had established himself in a delightful house in St. James's Street, Westminster, overlooking the Green Park. Decorated by Flaxman and Stothard, hung with valuable pictures, filled with antique furniture, with statues and bronzes collected in his travels it was a veritable museum. On his death these sold for fifty thousand pounds, probably but an eighth of the sum they would now fetch. In this house which foreigners and Americans visiting London were anxious to see, he entertained at his famous breakfasts the most distinguished men and women of the time. Here it was that Lord Byron met and made friends with Tom Moore. Here Mary Somerville—a writer on science whose paper on "The Magnetic Properties of

the Violet Rays of the Solar Spectrum," presented to the Royal Society, gained her the honour of having her bust by Chantrey placed in its great room—met Macaulay, who in an incessant and overwhelming flow of words swept her interrupting observations aside. Here Edwin Landseer shouted stories of his dogs into the ear-trumpet of Harriet Martineau. Here Fanny Kemble was introduced to Lady Holland ; and Alfred Tennyson to Mrs. Norton ; here Disraeli appeared in fantastic attire adorned with many rings and hung with glittering chains. It was at his hospitable table William Macready donned his most gentlemanly airs and excited Bulwer to write for the stage. Here also D'Orsay uttered the impromptus made weeks previously, to find occasion for which he had carefully steered the conversation ; here Lord Brougham barefacedly denied having sent from the country an account of his accidental death that he might learn the opinions expressed in the obituary notices ; here Richard Monckton Milnes told his strange experiences of foreign travel ; here Wordsworth on meeting Moore "took much pains to impress upon us how mistaken were those who set much value on Continental fame," the latter being popular abroad where the former was almost unknown ; and here in Wordsworth's absence after the manner of friends, the corpulent and Rev. Sydney Smith read some of the poet's sonnets with punning words and parodies that nearly suffocated with laughter

all who heard him, after which he drove part of the way home with Lady Chatterton who was returning to her milliner a bonnet which he took from its box and "insisted on putting it on the top of his head as we drove through the park to the great amusement of the passers-by."

With a thin, long, keen face, unearthly in its pallor, wrinkled, and lit with piercing eyes under bushy brows, this cadaverous-looking host sat among his youthful, plump, noisy and happy guests like Death at the feast of life. With an attentive ear he listened to the wit, the epigrams, the stories he had prompted, occasionally contributing some biting sarcasms in his low, even voice. That a man so kindly in disposition, so generous to the distressed, should indulge in vitriolic words often surprised their hearers, to whom with a sardonic twinkle of the eye he explained, "I have a very weak voice, and if I did not say ill-natured things no one would hear what I said." That he was at heart ever mindful of his friend's interests, ever willing to aid them in trouble, none knew better than Thomas Campbell, a poet not free from the pressure of that poverty which formerly was the penalty of the inspired, who said to one who complained of Rogers and his stinging tongue, "Borrow five hundred pounds of him and he will never say a word against you until you want to repay him."

The poet just mentioned, Thomas Campbell, had

reached his sixtieth year on the Queen's accession, and survived it barely by seven years. Morbidly anxious for praise, sentimental, awkward in his movements, vacillating, confused, timid, too eager to exhilarate his spirits at the expense of his reason, he stumbled through life producing verses that occasionally were beautiful, editing magazines that were not always successful, writing biographies, delighting in society for which he was unsuited, and eternally contracting debts by the way. At his death June 15, 1844, Lady Morgan in confiding a recollection of him to her diary, gives us a picture of the man which brings him vitally before us. "Another gone. Poor Campbell," she wrote. "Oh for the day I first saw him led in by Sir Thomas Lawrence, up the great dining-room of the Priory, Stanmore, in the middle of one of the great Saturday dinners. I was seated between Lord Aberdeen and Mannors Sutton—the latter gave Campbell his seat beside me—opposite to us was Lord Erskine and the Duchess of Gordon. Campbell was awkward, but went on taking his soup as if he was eating haggis in the Highlands; but when he put his knife in the salt-cellar to help himself to salt, every eyeglass was up, and the first poet of the age was voted the vulgarest of men. His *coup de grâce* however was in the evening, when he took the unapproachable Marquis of Aberdeen by the buttonhole that joined his star. Oh my stars. I thought we should all die

of it, knowing the extreme fastidiousness of the possessor of the star. Next morning he went about asking everyone if they could 'take him into town with a wee bit of a portmanteau?' Lady Asgill, the most charming of coquettes, gave a place in her carriage to the man who by a line could give her immortality."

There was another poet who, the shadow of his exuberant self, still fluttered about the scenes of his former social triumphs. This was Tom Moore the Irish bard who was in his fifty-ninth year when the Queen came to the throne. Never before had verses such as his, without depth of thought or high inspiration, but superficial, melodious, and sentimental, brought a man such social success, such splendid remuneration. For a modern Troubadour in a tightened waist and a satin stock he had been welcomed to all the great houses of the day, flattered and caressed by beautiful and distinguished women, and had received twelve thousand eight hundred and ten pounds for his *Irish Melodies*, and three thousand for his *Lalla Rookh*, to mention only two instances of the payments he received. Though now bald, his few remaining ringlets turning grey, his round face somewhat flabby, he retained his cock-sparrow air, the former eager desire to please remained in his dimming eyes, the old expression varying from mirth to pathos lingered in his plain features. And still placing on his knee the small harp he had carried with him under his

cloak, he was ready to sing in return for the dinners to which great hostesses had bidden him, his own melodies in a voice that had lost its music while retaining its sympathy.

Many sorrows fell upon him, the loss of money, the deaths of all his children, and illness and depression seized upon him but still he struggled against his darkening fate, he yet retained much of his old fancy, feeling, and vanity. In 1846 his memory began to fail, and though he accepted invitations to dinner-parties he usually forgot half of them. When he did present himself at the tables of his old friends it was seen that his former gaiety had departed from him, that the point was often missing from his stories, that his laughter was forced. Then followed the mental darkness which never lifted ; and the man who had been so proud to count as his friends great statesmen, peers and peeresses, distinguished soldiers, lawyers, churchmen, authors, painters, and actors, was as deserted and forgotten as if he already lay in his grave. Round-shouldered, shrunken, with slow step and vacant air, the very ghost of his former jaunty, restless self, he paced up and down the terrace in front of his residence Sloperton Cottage, Wilts, attended and watched over by his faithful wife. And later during the dark days of winter as the end drew nearer and nearer, he lay in bed clutching his little green-painted harp, and to an accompaniment of its jangling strings sang in

a faint cracked voice snatches of the melodies that once had charmed aristocratic crowds ; melodies which now brought smiles to his pallid face, but more often showers of tears to his weary eyes. The end came for him February 25, 1852, in his seventy-third year. "On coming down an hour back to the drawing room," wrote Lady Morgan in her diary three days later "*The Times* was lying on my writing desk ; I lighted on the death of the poet Moore. It has struck me home ; I did not think I should ever shed tears again ; but I have. The funeral attended only by strangers to the neighbouring churchyard."

Into the great drawing-rooms which Moore had left for ever, there now came tripping a young man of handsome appearance, faultlessly attired, with the blindest of manners, the sunniest of smiles, and with that air of self-satisfaction which dissatisfies others. This was Richard Monckton Milnes, only son of Robertson Pemberton Milnes, of Fryston Hall near Wakefield, who had married a daughter of Lord Galway, and who lived in opulence on the fortune his forebears had made in the cloth trade. Having been educated at Cambridge, and at University College London, and having travelled through Italy, Greece, and Germany, Richard Monckton Milnes settled in London with the determination to enter society. Some verses he published in 1834, caused him to be hailed as a poet by those who never read them ; and with

this claim to notoriety, backed by the most important consideration of his ample means and widely extended hospitality, he had little difficulty in obtaining his desire. The year of Her Majesty's accession, when he was eight and twenty, marked a step in his progress, for it saw his entrance into Parliament as the Conservative member for Pontefract. It also saw the establishment at his rooms, 26 Pall Mall, of breakfasts such as had been introduced by Rogers, which like them were to become a recognised meeting place for all who were remarkable or interesting in the world of art, literature, science, politics, or fashion. By the publication of volumes of verse published in 1838 and 1840 Richard Monckton Milnes enforced his desire to be regarded as a poet.

There was another distinction he wished to gain, which though for a time it would only reflect on himself, he would eventually inherit. Unable to foresee that eventually he would be created Baron Houghton (1863) he applied to Peel to make his father a baronet. The answer made by Sir Robert and given in the *Peel Papers* is admirable for its conciseness and sound sense. "You will quite understand me," he wrote January 19, 1842, "that it is from the unfeigned respect I have for the talents of your father, that I advise him to retain the distinction of not being a baronet." It may be mentioned, that about the same time Peel was unkind enough to deprive John Gladstone and Moses

Montefiore of the distinction he desired Mr. Milnes to preserve.

While an undergraduate at Cambridge, Richard Monckton Milnes had made the acquaintance of Alfred Tennyson, who had been born in the same year as himself, 1809. While still at the University, Alfred and Charles Tennyson had published a volume called *Poems by Two Brothers*, 1827. For this they received twenty pounds on the understanding that half that sum should be expended in purchasing books from its publisher. Two years later Alfred won the Chancellor's medal for English verse, the subject being Timbuctoo. Milnes was among the competitors for the prize. As one of the twelve children of the Rector of Somersby in Lincolnshire, it was necessary that Alfred should become self-supporting. That he should elect to earn his bread by writing verse, showed considerable courage on his part; and that he was unhindered in this decision by his father, shows a confidence in and appreciation of his son's talents, rare in parents. The profits of eleven pounds for *Poems chiefly Lyrical* (1830) were not encouraging to either of them from a financial point of view; but the favourable reception this little volume and another issued in 1833, received from all but *The Quarterly Review*, led the rector to think he had not been mistaken, when years before he had said, "If Alfred die, one of our greatest poets will have gone."

The sudden death from apoplexy, September 15, 1833, of Arthur Hallam, Tennyson's closest friend, gave him a blow which darkened the world for him. Eventually this sorrow was made a stepping stone to fame. Hallam was a schoolfellow of Gladstone of whose characteristics and abilities he had often spoken. When the grief of Hallam's death had somewhat softened, Tennyson felt a desire to see Gladstone who was unknown to him and called on him for that purpose at his house in Carlton Gardens. This was the beginning of a lifelong friendship between them. One of its early results was the application made by Gladstone to Sir Robert Peel for a Civil List pension for the young poet. This was first made in February 1845, when Tennyson was barely thirty-five years old, but when among other poems he had published *Morte d'Arthur*; *Sir Galahad*; *Locksley Hall*, etc. In making his request Gladstone said that Rogers considered Tennyson among the first of all the younger poets of his generation. He had, since the publication of an unfavourable review in the *Quarterly*, got rid of many of his defects, and his genius had ripened. Still it appeared to Gladstone that "though a true and even a great poet, he can hardly become a popular, and is much more likely to become a starving one."

Peel expressed his regret that he was unable to make any permanent provision for Tennyson, "every shilling of the miserable pittance granted to the Crown

for Civil List pensions" being appropriated; but offered to contribute two hundred pounds to relieve the embarrassments in which the poet was involved. This was declined. Six months later September 1845, the Prime Minister wrote to Arthur Hallam's father, who had also interested himself in striving to obtain an annuity for Tennyson, to say that a pension of two hundred a year would be granted to the poet. In acknowledging this Tennyson wrote to Peel: "I accept your offer; and believe me (though I am not one who says much) am deeply sensible of your kindness, and not ungrateful for that delicacy which doubles an obligation in conferring it." Though he subsequently became a man of considerable means, it is characteristic of the poet that he never resigned this pension which brought him between the year 1845 and that of his death in 1892, nearly ten thousand pounds.

By the publication of his poems, especially of *In Memoriam*, Tennyson was gradually gaining the place of England's greatest living poet. For a verbal portrait of him, the finest is that by one who frequently used vitriol in his etchings, but who may be trusted for producing a faithful likeness. Writing of him in 1840, Carlyle says: "A fine large-featured dim-eyed, bronze-coloured, shaggy-headed man; dusty, smoky, free and easy; who swims outwardly and inwardly with great composure in an articulate element as of

tranquil chaos and tobacco-smoke ; great now and then when he does emerge ; a most restful brotherly, solid-hearted man."

When April 23, 1850, William Wordsworth laid down the burden of his life in his eighty-first year, the Laureateship was offered by Prince Albert to Samuel Rogers, who was then in his eighty-seventh year. In writing the Prince said that although the spirit of the times had put an end to the practice, always objectionable, of exacting laudatory odes from the holder of that office, the Queen attached importance to its maintenance from its historical antiquity, and the means it afforded her of a personal connection with the poets of the country. "I am authorised accordingly," wrote the Prince, "to offer to you this honorary post and can tell you that it will give Her Majesty great pleasure, if it were accepted by one whom she has known so long, and who would so much adorn it ; but that she would not have thought of offering it to you at your advanced age, if any duties or trouble were attached to it." After some deliberation Rogers, on account of his age declined the offer, "with a gratitude that will not go but with the last beat of my heart," as he wrote.

The Laureateship offered to Rogers in May, remained five months vacant during which time Lord John Russell as Prime Minister, wrote to him to make inquiries of the character and position of Alfred Tennyson

of whose poems he seems to have known little. The author of *In Memoriam* must naturally have suspected that the honour would fall upon himself. After the lapse of time he declared he was not thinking of the subject when he dreamt that Prince Albert came to him and kissed him on the cheek, when he remarked to himself, "Very kind but very German." He had not quite awakened from the sleep in which this dream presented itself when a letter was brought to his bedside dated Windsor, November 5, 1850, from the Prince offering him the Laureateship. Never a man of impulse he spent the day in considering it, and occupied himself for part of it in writing two letters—probably as an epistolary exercise—one accepting and one refusing the proposal. One of his first ideas regarding it seems to have been that it was merely worth one hundred a year, and that the first year's income would have to be spent in paying for a patent and in buying a Court suit. A consultation with friends followed and he accepted their advice. In the biography written by his son we are told that the poet would joke over the subject and say, "In the end I accepted the honour because during dinner Venables told me that if I became Poet Laureate I should always, when I dined out be offered the liver wing of a fowl." He was spared the expense of purchasing a Court suit, for on making his appearance at Court to kiss his Sovereign's hand on his appointment,

he wore that which Samuel Rogers had lent for a similar occasion to Wordsworth. It was not until twelve years later that he again met the Queen, when for the first time he was invited to visit her in 1862.

While Alfred Tennyson with his brothers Charles and Frederick were at Cambridge, there was another undergraduate at the University, Edward Fitzgerald, whose name was to become famous as the translator of the quatrains of the Persian poet and astronomer, Omar Khayyám. Fitzgerald was unacquainted with the Tennysons, but he had seen Alfred and had been struck by his appearance six feet high, with broad shoulders and strong limbs, with a splendid head, grave massive features, and unkempt locks and whom he regarded "as a sort of Hyperion." It was not until some ten years later (1835) that Edward Fitzgerald,—the son of a Suffolk gentleman, himself a lover of the country who delighted to sail his boat and tend his garden, an enemy to town life and its conventionalities,—met Alfred Tennyson when visiting a common friend James Spedding, in Cumberland. There when the Spedding family had retired at night, and "all the house was mute," the three men sitting in a quaint, comfortable, chintz-curtained room, the air heavy and the lamplight dim with tobacco smoke, Tennyson took a little red book from his pocket, and holding it firmly in his long, square-tipped

fingers, read some of his unpublished verses to his appreciative companions.

The friendship between Tennyson and Fitzgerald begun at this time lasted through life. The fortune of one as a poet was far different from that of the other ; for Fitzgerald did not begin to publish until he had passed his fortieth year, and his productions, *Euphranor a Dialogue of Youth* ; *Polonius a Collection of Wise Saws and Modern Instances* ; and *Six Dramas of Calderon freely Translated* ; remained unread, scarce heeded by the public. A similar fate for a time befell his marvellously mellifluous rendering of the *Rubdiyat of Omar Khayyám*, first published in 1859, which for two years previously had lain unregarded in the desk of an indiscriminating editor. The issue in volume form was limited to an edition of two hundred and fifty copies, price one shilling. About fifty of these were sold, when the remainder were given by Fitzgerald to Mr. Quaritch who placed them in the penny box outside his shop in Castle Street, Leicester Square. From that ignominious position a copy was picked up one day by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Struck by the rare beauty of the verse he showed it to Mr. Swinburne and other friends who were equally enthusiastic over its merits. As a result the *Rubdiyat* went into four editions during Fitzgerald's life. That ended suddenly June 14, 1883.

Another poet, destined to become the friend of Tennyson and Fitzgerald, was Robert Browning, who born May 7, 1812, had entered his twenty-fourth year at the date of Her Majesty's accession. Before that event he had at the expense respectively of an admiring aunt, and of an indulgent father, issued a slender volume of blank verse called *Pauline* (1833) and a poem *Paracelsus* (1835), which latter was declared by the *New Monthly Magazine* to be a work of genius. Browning, a man under middle height, was at this time slight in figure, dark complexioned, with brilliant eyes, and an aquiline nose, which gave him a Hebraic appearance. As one who aimed at being a dandy he dressed with care, wore ringlets falling to his shoulders, and lemon-coloured kid gloves. Very ambitious, somewhat irritable, and often amusing, he had as Harriet Martineau mentions, "some little affectations which were as droll as anything he said." On the evening of May 1, 1837 at Covent Garden Theatre his play *Strafford*, before a house crowded with the most distinguished men and women of the day, had been produced in a slovenly half-hearted manner; the manager, then facing bankruptcy, refusing to have new scenery painted, or to buy "a rag for the new tragedy," while the disheartened company with one or two exceptions, were indifferent to its fate, inexact in the delivery of their parts, and so ignorant that as the author stated, he had "to

write out the meaning of the word impeachment as some of them thought it meant poaching." It ran for merely five nights, and though Browning's friend John Forster declared in *The Examiner* that *Strafford* suggested "the most brilliant career of dramatic authorship which has been known in our times," that suggestion was never realised.

The publication of *Paracelsus* was the means of introducing Browning to a number of his distinguished contemporaries who considered it a great poem; but the issue in 1840, of *Sordello*, met with a colder reception by them and the public, by whom it was considered involved and laboured. *Pippa Passes*; *The Blot on the 'Scutcheon*; *Colombe's Birthday*; and *Dramatic Romances and Lyrics*; did little towards gaining him a wider popularity. Although there were many intellectual persons who like Edward Fitzgerald "never could read Browning," yet there were some who considered him a genuine poet. Among them was John Kenyon an old schoolfellow of Browning's father, a verse writer, a bachelor with a taste for literature and art, and ample means of indulging it. A man of affectionate disposition and gentle manner, his interest and sympathy had long been given to his cousin Elizabeth Barrett. This child of small and delicate frame and strong individuality had from infancy almost shewn a strong desire to acquire knowledge. Born March 6, 1809, the same

year as Alfred Tennyson, as Milnes, as Edward Fitzgerald, she might have been seen at the age of eight, nursing a doll and reading Homer in the original with equal delight.

In her twelfth year she had written an epic of the *Battle of Marathon* in four books, which her father who adored her, and who was a scholar and a lover of books, had printed. Three years later when striving to saddle her black pony Moses, she fell and injured her spine. As a result she was obliged to lie on her back for five years. Such nervous energy as she had recovered was shattered by the drowning of a favourite brother who had come to see her while she was staying at Torquay. Back in her father's home she passed a secluded existence chiefly in her own sitting-room, where she lay on a couch, "a small person scarcely embodied at all," as Nathaniel Hawthorne described her ; brilliant dark eyes lighting the pallor of a face framed in black ringlets. Carefully watched over, guarded against the ugly and unhappy sights of the world, her interests were centred in literature. She read the publications of every European country, and she wrote continually. *An Essay on Mind and other Poems*, had been published in her seventeenth year, and *Prometheus Bound*, Translated from the Greek, was issued seven years later (1833). *The Seraphim and Other Poems*, appeared in 1838, and *Poems* in 1844.

Among the books brought to her by John Kenyon were those of Robert Browning whose originality striking a new chord among the singers of the day, won her admiration. In one of her own poems she described him as a "pomegranate which if cut deep down the middle, shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of veiled humanity." Coming to him at a period in his career when appreciation was valuable, this tribute from one whose poems he greatly admired was gratifying and stimulating. His natural desire to make her acquaintance was gratified by John Kenyon, who one afternoon late in May 1845, took him to 50 Wimpole Street to call on her. Into this tranquil and secluded room there stepped this memorable day, a young man of exhilarating health, hopeful and smiling as a summer dawn, self-confident, ambitious, and full of a fine chivalry. Both felt from the first the attraction which was to unite them for all time. To him she represented the epitome of all that was noblest, purest, and rarest and best in life; to her he was the sun dispelling the twilight of her days, the source of her happiness, the force which represented all that was free, joyous, vital, in the world shut out from her by the soft closing doors of her sanctum. Letters were exchanged between them, and his visits were repeated unknown to her father, an eccentric and stern man who concealed his affections, was a strict disciplinarian, exacted implicit obedience from

his children, and had forbidden one and all of them to think of marriage.

The day came when Browning pleaded to be allowed to devote his life to the care and protection of this fragile woman ; the continuance of whose existence had seemed to depend on the utmost tranquillity, on the endurance of monotony. It was confidently, joyously, gratefully, accepted. Arrangements were hurriedly and secretly made, and on the morning of September 12, 1846, she trembling and anxious left her father's house accompanied by her devoted maid, and stepping into a cab drove to St. Pancras Church, Marylebone, where her ardent bridegroom awaited her. There they were made husband and wife. The ceremony over she returned to Wimpole Street where she remained, her secret unrevealed, until the following Saturday, when after dinner by the contrivance of her maid, she stole out of the house—her little dog Flush, her faithful friend and constant companion, clasped in her arms—to the spot where her husband, no less anxious, expected her. Entering a cab they drove to the railway station, travelled to Southampton, and that night crossed to Havre on their way to Italy.

Though her father in his fury declared he would never forgive, would never see her again, she felt as she confessed, that during the previous thirty-seven years of her life she had never before known happiness.

Between her first meeting with Browning and her marriage, she had unknown to him, written the sonnets which are the most exquisite outpouring of love the world has read. It was not until early in 1847 that she first showed them to him, who probably stood alone in the world's history as the inspiration of such glorious verse; and it was not until 1850 that she permitted them to be published under the title of *Sonnets from the Portuguese*. In that year it will be remembered William Wordsworth died. At his death it was proposed by the chief literary organ of this country, *The Athenæum*, that the Laureateship should be offered to Mrs. Browning. It was a coincidence that over fifty years later, when Tennyson died, a large section of the Press was of opinion that in the reign of a woman Sovereign it would be fitting that a woman poet should be made Laureate; and that none would give greater distinction to that office than Mrs. Wilfred Meynell, who could not only claim mental affinity but kinship with Elizabeth Barrett Browning. This opportunity of giving new interest to an ancient post was neglected.

Before her marriage the doctors had advised Miss Barrett to spend the winter in Italy, but her father was unwilling to consent. In the clear air, in the joyous sunshine of that country, surrounded by beauty and vivified by her husband's love, health and a measure of strength were given to her. And loving

that land, the greater part of her remaining days were spent there, where her boy was born to her ; where she wrote some of her finest poems ; and where in Florence June 30, 1861—"God took her to Himself," as her husband wrote, "as you would lift a sleeping child from a dark, uneasy bed into your arms and light."

CHAPTER XI.

Women novelists of the period—Lady Stepney's amazing ignorance—Lady Chatterton—Lady Georgiana Fullerton praised by Gladstone—Mrs. Jameson the friend of the Brownings—Mrs. S. C. Hall's Irish stories—Catherine Gore, novelist, song-writer and dramatist—Lady Morgan, the child of a strolling player—Settles in the new quarter of Belgrave Square—Receives the celebrities of the day—The study of life a profound philosophy—Harriet Martineau's brave struggle—Takes rooms in Conduit Street—Writes on political economy—Supplied by members of Parliament with Blue-books—Hard-worked life—Meets Lord Brougham, Sydney Smith, Henry Hallam—Refuses invitation to Lord Lansdowne—Edwin Landseer an agreeable companion—Lord Lytton and Thomas Campbell—Voyage to America and its impressions—Loses her health and settles in the Lake district—William Wordsworth's advice—Her last words—Charlotte Brontë and her sisters—Writing poems and novels—Something like the chill of despair—Return of the Professor—*Jane Eyre* is read by Mr. Williams—Is accepted by Messrs. Smith Elder—Various surmises regarding the brothers Bell—Her father's reception of *Jane Eyre*—Shy and unknown she arrives in London—Fresh troubles at home—Writes to Harriet Martineau—A moment of anxiety—Visits the Knoll, Ambleside—The subject of mesmerism discussed—Her brief married life—Mrs. Gaskell's success in life—Writes Charlotte Brontë's biography—George Eliot and Herbert Spencer—Lives with George Lewes—Work and success.

CHAPTER XI

THE early years of the Victorian era were notable not only for their poets but for their prose-writers. At a time when talent was less general and more distinguished, a large number of its possessors were women. It was not till March 1849, that a couple of burly bailiffs at the instance of Howell and James, had forced the great gates of Gore House, and that a month later the Most Gorgeous Lady Blessington left England for ever. For the first eleven years of Her Majesty's reign, the Countess was editing those elegant and insipid annuals, and writing novels which though praised by Disraeli and Bulwer, now seem unreadable. Another woman of title, garrulous to distraction and amazingly ignorant was Lady Stepney, who in a headdress of marabout feathers and quivering bugles delighted to welcome all that was distinguished in literature and art to her house in Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square. There she boasted of having received seven hundred pounds for her works which, according to the malicious, had been written for her by

one of her own sex who had a knowledge of grammar unshared by her ladyship. Lady Chatterton the wife of an Irish baronet who spent most of her time in London was another writer of fashionable fiction of little value; *Off the Line*, being her most notable book. Of a different type was Lady Georgiana Fullerton, whose father was the first Earl of Granville, while her mother was a daughter of the Duke of Devonshire. She had passed her thirtieth year before she wrote her first novel *Ellen Middleton*, the manuscript of which she submitted to Lord Brougham and Charles Greville, who urged her to publish it. On its appearance in volume form it was warmly praised by Gladstone in *The English Review*, and by many of the most prominent men of the day in the letters they addressed to her. This book which like all she wrote showed a keen knowledge of life and a firm touch in portraiture was followed by others, the most famous of which is *Grantly Manor*. The last published in 1864, *Too Strange not to be True*.

Mrs. Norton, the granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, witty, handsome, wayward and unconventional, was still writing words for songs, magazine articles, poems, and pamphlets on women's wrongs as experienced by herself. Adelaide Anne Procter had begun to write her graceful lyrics and publish volumes of her poems. Letitia Elizabeth Landon, had married and in the second year of Her Majesty's

reign gone with her husband to Cape Coast Castle where she died four months after landing; Mrs. Jameson the friend of the Brownings, was writing biographies and books on art in the most high-flown and what was then considered the most eloquent language.

Maria Edgeworth, one of the twenty-two children of her father, was thirty years old at the Queen's accession and had written the clever Irish novels that made her famous all over the English speaking world. Mary Russell Mitford who had written tragedies for David Garrick and tales of pastoral English life for a wide public was still living in her Arcadian cottage in sunny Berkshire, a dear, stout, apple-faced, bustling old lady in short petticoats, still ready to write in defence of the rights of her sex. Jane Porter who although she had written *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, and *The Scottish Chiefs* before Her Majesty was born, was yet a notable figure in the literary society to which she was devoted, in the first decade of the reign; Mrs. Austin was remarkable for her accurate translation of Ranke's *History of the Popes*. Mrs. S. C. Hall had before and after the Queen's accession written tales, sketches, and novels of the country she had left behind her, such as *Lights and Shadows of Irish Life*; *The Buccaneer*; *Sketches of Irish Character*; *The Whiteboy*; *The Outlaw*, etc., which depicted her own people with a truth which

has never been excelled, and with a humour and pathos which have rarely been equalled. She had also written for the stage at a time when women dramatists were few; her burletta *Mabel's Curse*, produced at the St. James's Theatre 1837, in which Madame Sala, mother of the distinguished journalist, played the principal part, having an unprecedented run of ninety nights; while her drama *The Groves of Blarney*, a leading character in which was represented by Fred Yates, father of Edmund Yates founder of the *World*, ran for a season at the Adelphi Theatre.

Julia Kavanagh, who was born at Thurles Co. Tipperary, published her popular books *The Three Paths*, *Nathalie*, *Radeleine*, etc., in the last forties and the early fifties. Agnes Strickland who was born August 19, 1796, had passed her fortieth year at the date of Her Majesty's accession, and who is best remembered for the *Lives of the Queens of England*, a laborious and accurate work written in collaboration with her sister Elizabeth who shrinking from notoriety, objected to the appearance of her name on the title page.

Above and beyond the women writers just named were others, who as befits their prominence, require that fuller details of their lives should be given. The first of these was Catherine Gore, wife of a captain in the 1st Life Guards, the most popular female novelist of her day. The success of her

works was due to their clever construction, knowledge of life, and firm character drawing ; a success which maintained its level from the publication of her first novel *Theresa Marchmont or The Maid of Honour*, in 1824, to her last *The Royal Favourite*, written in 1860, the whole numbering about seventy.

Mrs. Gore was not only a novelist but a musical composer, one of whose songs at least "And Ye shall Walk in Silk Attire," is known to the present generation ; while she also wrote for the stage ; her comedy *The School for Conquests* having a run of thirty nights at the Haymarket ; *Lords and Commons* following at Drury Lane ; *The King's Seal* ; *The Queen's Champion* ; and *King O'Neil*. As late as 1843, she won the prize of five hundred pounds offered for the best comedy of English life by Ben Webster, and selected by a committee from ninety-seven other plays submitted to them. Personally she was a pleasant, bustling, little woman, an affectionate wife, a devoted mother, a good housekeeper who could cook a dinner as cleverly as she could write a novel, and whose unpretentious manner, cheery spirit, and simple speech caused her to be welcomed in literary society and to be surrounded by its brightest wits whenever she appeared there.

An authoress who resembled Mrs. Gore in her sense of humour, sprightliness, and love of humanity, was Lady Morgan, the child of a strolling player

and a pious Methodist with whom he had eloped. The offspring of this strange union was in herself a singular little person. Beginning life as a governess, she became a successful writer while in her teens. While acting as *dame de compagnie* to Lady Abercorn in Ireland, she had at a moment while reading a novel in slippered ease over a library fire, been taken by the shoulders by the Marchioness, and led to the drawing room where she found the private chaplain waiting to marry her to the family surgeon Charles Morgan. As a reward for this act of obedience long evaded, the surgeon was knighted, so that his wife's vanity might be flattered by having an appendage to her name.

Though living in Dublin until 1837, before which time she had written her famous novels *The Wild Irish Girl*; *The O'Donnell* for which she received four hundred guineas; *Florence McCarthy* which brought her twelve hundred; and other books, she had frequently visited London, and met all the eminent men and women of the day, so that when she settled in the capital she found herself in the midst of friends. Though she had lived for over fifty years in Ireland, her regrets were few at leaving a country which she said had given birth to many a genius but had refused them bread. She shed no tears in parting from those who—to quote one of her slip-shod sentences—were “creatures of temper and temperament, true Celts, as

Cæsar found your race in Gaul, and as I leave you, after a lapse of two thousand years." This year 1837, was not only marked by her migration to England, but by receipt of a pension of three hundred a year from the Civil List, the first of the kind given to a woman which continuing for twenty-two years, swelled the sum of between fifteen and sixteen thousand pounds which she left at her death.

Having spent some time in search of a house which should be "cheap and charming" such a dwelling was eventually found in William Street "in the new quarter of Belgrave Square." In this house with its green-painted jalousies and balconies, and with its garden at the back boasting of a solitary plane tree, she and her husband were to pass the remainder of their days. Care had been taken to make its interior comfortable and handsome. On its drawing room walls hung portraits of themselves, together with sketches and paintings by great artists who had presented them. On the chimney piece was a huge mirror, a peace-offering from Colborn the publisher with whom Lady Morgan incessantly quarrelled; books with their authors' signatures were on shelf and tables; bronzes and marbles she had collected in her journey through France and Italy stood on brackets and pedestals; and with cabinets, secretaries, and clocks of eighteenth-century Irish manufacture, spoke of the temperament and position of its mistress. The rude treatment to

which complexions are subjected by light was restrained by rose-coloured curtains drawn across the windows and by crimson-shaded lamps and candles.

Seated at one end of this apartment on a high-backed chair that suggested a throne Lady Morgan received with the air of a sovereign the crowd of notabilities who came to pay their court. Small, with one shoulder higher and rounder than the other, her cheeks plentifully be-rouged, her eyebrows accentuated, wearing an auburn wig bound by a fillet of gold, and a loose garment generally of faded green velvet, on her fingers many rings, on her arms many bracelets, brooches, and charms scattered all over her bust, she smiled on all. Her visitors included statesmen of all shades of opinion ; Polish refugees ; Irish Repealers ; English Chartists ; revolutionists with definite ideas regarding the efficacy of bomb and the inutility of monarchs ; notable preachers ; novelists galore ; artists ; musicians ; singers ; poets ; enthusiasts ; a bizarre colourfull crowd, she its centre, talking incessantly and interlarding her conversation with French hopelessly confused in its genders and tenses, and spoken with an atrocious accent. Occasionally she allowed herself to be persuaded to sing a sentimental ballad or a patriotic song to the accompaniment of her harp, and in a voice that had lost its music to all but its possessor.

Full of vitality, loving life, she was never so happy

as when talking to those who inspired her, or who gave her cause for laughter ; and when not receiving them in her own drawing room was to be found among them in the drawing rooms of her friends. Her diaries teem with the names of those she saw and bantered words with ; "that egregious coxcomb Disraeli, outraging the privilege a young man has of being absurd" ; Trelawney, who having snatched Shelley's heart from the poet's funeral pyre, was for ever more seen in its lurid light by the romantic ; Samuel Rogers who regarded her while she averted her head disdainfully, so that they "looked like an illustration of Death and the Lady, and I had a mind to ask Landseer who stood near me to take it for his next subject" ; the Rajah of Courg an amiable barbarian who played "Rule Britannia" on the fiddle at Lady Talbot de Malahide's, to show his allegiance to England ; Mrs. Somerville the mathematician who "dressed in a snug mulberry velvet gown and a little cap with a red flower," looked like a respectable chaperone, but whom it was a relief to meet after "the flum-flamree novel trash-writers of the present day" ; Lord Charleville "a fearful monument of vitality surviving all its infirmities" ; Jane Porter "tall, lank, lean, and lackadaisical, dressed in the deepest black, with a rather battered black gauze hat, and an air of a regular Melpomene" ; the robust Duchess of St. Albans (Harriet Mellon) "a coarse, full-blown

dark-complexioned woman"; the Duchess of Cleveland whose handsome head encircled with diamonds had "first attracted notice under a basket of onions and salad"; Taglioni the famous opera-dancer who had married the son of a French nobleman and who was "quiet, ladylike and simple"; and scores of others.

"My life may be deemed a frivolity for one of my age," she wrote when past her sixtieth year, "but no, it is a philosophy, a profound and just philosophy founded upon the wisdom of the principle to do and enjoy all the good I can, while I submit to the penalty of the mystery called life." To the end she continued to enjoy that mystery, to gather friends around her, and warm her old heart at the fire of their friendship. On March 17, 1859, St. Patrick's Day, she gave an evening party at which she gaily sang a song. On being assured by Mrs. S. C. Hall that she was looking remarkably well, she answered sadly, "No such thing my dear; it's the rouge, it's the rouge." It was her last party, for before that day month she had quietly passed away.

No greater contrast to Lady Morgan who was vain, pretentious, fond of adulation, artificial and a lover of the titled, could be found than in Harriet Martineau, who was frank and philanthropic, unconventional, and unostentatious. Among the women writers of the day she had a distinct position. A member of a large family of Huguenot descent, she was born at Norwich

June 12, 1802. In early life she met misfortunes that would have crushed a spirit less brave. Always delicate, suffering from indigestion and nervousness, she began to get deaf at the age of twelve. The man to whom she was engaged became insane, and her father, a manufacturer of bombazine and camlet, died leaving his widow and children almost penniless. Extremely sensitive she keenly felt the blows fate dealt her. Her deafness alone caused her a fatigue in striving to catch what others said—a point overlooked by the thoughtless—which wore out her body; and from which as she said there was no relief save in sleep. “Life is a long hard unrelieved working day to us who hear or see only by express effort, or who have to make other senses serve the turn of that which is lost. When three out of five are deficient, the difficulty of cheerful living is great, and the terms of life are truly hard.”

Far from becoming morbid or from flinging herself as a burden upon others, she sought some means of earning her bread. In her school days she had gained praise for her compositions; and in her nineteenth year had published a paper called “Female Writers on Practical Divinity,” anonymously, in *The Monthly Repository*, a Unitarian organ. By her contributions to this journal and by her needle she earned fifty pounds a year for two years, after her father’s death. Thirty pounds of this was paid to her mother for board and residence,

the remainder being spent on clothes, small personal expenses, and postage, a considerable item in those days. Later when the Central Unitarian Association offered prizes of forty-five guineas for three essays whose arguments were qualified to convert to Unitarianism, the Jews, Mohammedans, and Catholics, that task was undertaken by this brave girl who won them. Laughing afterwards over her efforts to dispel the spiritual darkness of those benighted people she said, "The Catholic essay was ignorant and metaphysical; and I can only say that if either Mohammedans or Jews have ever been converted by them, such converts can hardly be rational enough to be worth having."

After many heart-wearing struggles, many depressing disappointments which reduced her almost to a skeleton, and acting on her liver turned her complexion to a pale lemon colour, she won success by the publication of a series of stories illustrating political economy. The rapidity with which they were demanded and the necessity for her to be within easy reach of material, induced her to leave Norwich for London, where at the age of thirty she arrived one foggy morning in November to take possession of lodgings over a tailor's shop in Conduit Street, consisting of a bed and a sitting room reached by two pairs of stairs. "To be sure they did look very dark that first morning of yellow fog"; she wrote, "but it was seldom so dark again, and when the spring came on and I moved down into the handsomer



From an engraving by J. C. Armytage, after a drawing by Miss M. Gillies.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

rooms on the first floor, I thought my lodgings really pleasant. In the summer mornings when I made my coffee at seven o'clock, and sat down to my work with the large windows open, the sun blinds down, the street fresh watered, and the flower girl's baskets visible from my seat, I wished for nothing better."

At a time when the whole kingdom was deeply interested in certain political problems, her stories which showed an unusual ability of digesting and presenting solid facts in an attractive readily grasped manner, gained immense popularity. Seeing their attractive features members of Parliament sent her Blue-books and pamphlets ; " half the hobbies of the House of Commons, and numberless notions of individuals anonymous and other," were commended to her for treatment ; ministers waited on her ; and Lord Brougham when Chancellor supplied her with private papers that she might more effectively advocate a project in which he was interested. Gradually she became one of the most courted writers of her day. Conduit Street was forsaken for Fludyer Street, Westminster, where she took a house in which her mother and her aunt came to live with her. With a bright pleasant face, blue eyes, brown hair, she had a swift gait, and a determined air. Invitations to breakfasts and to dinners poured in on her, crowds gathered round her when she went to evening parties, publishers

made her tempting offers for books, she indulged herself for the first time in her busy and straitened life by buying a good watch, and she invested a thousand pounds in buying a deferred annuity of one hundred a year payable from her fiftieth year.

“I boiled my coffee at seven and went to work immediately till two, when it was necessary to be at liberty for visitors till four o'clock” she writes in describing her life. “It was impossible for me to make calls. I had an immense acquaintance, no carriage, and no time; and I therefore remained at home always from two till four to receive all who came, and I called on nobody. I knew that I should be quizzed or blamed for giving myself airs, but I could not help that. I had engaged before I came to London to write a number of my series every month for two years; and I could not have fulfilled my engagement and made morning visits too. Sydney Smith was one of the quizzers. He thought I might have managed the thing better, by ‘sending round an inferior authoress in a carriage to drop the cards.’ When my last visitor departed I ran out for an hour’s walk returning in time to dress and read the newspaper, before the carriage came—somebody’s carriage being always sent—to take me out to dinner. An evening visit or two closed the day’s engagements. I tried my best to get home by twelve or half-past in order to answer the notes I was

sure to find on my table, or to get a little reading before going to rest between one and two."

Had she permitted it she might have become for several seasons a drawing room notoriety, but her natural dignity made her shrink from self-advertisement. "But I saw," she says, "as much of a very varied society as if I had allowed myself to be bored, and with a more open mind than if I had not insisted on being treated simply as a lady or left alone." Her views of the society and of the famous people she met are interesting and amusing. One of the first of these she encountered on coming to London was Lord Brougham, who from the ridge of his stock to the tips of his highly polished shoes, was a mass of black; "not an inch of white was there to relieve the combined gloom of his dress and complexion. He talked exceedingly fast, and ate fast and prodigiously, stretching out his long arm for any dish he had a mind to, and getting hold of the largest spoons which would despatch the most work in the shortest time." He watched Harriet Martineau intently and she watched him especially when he was talking to men, for then "his mind and its manifestations really came out. This was never the case as far as my observation went when he talked with ladies. I believe I have never met with more than three men in the whole course of my experience, who talked with women in a perfectly natural manner;

that is precisely as they talked with men, but the difference in Brougham's case was so great as to be disagreeable. He knew many cultivated and intellectual women ; but this seemed to be of no effect. If not able to assume with them his ordinary manner with silly women, he was awkward and at a loss." Eventually the habit of this notable statesman—who was at all times a favourite with the opposite sex—of incessantly swearing and of occasionally talking indecently, became so insufferable that says Harriet Martineau, "I have seen even coquettes and adorers turn pale, and the lady of the house tell her husband that she could not undergo another dinner party with Lord Brougham as a guest."

While at a musical party given one evening at a great house where the rooms and staircases and lobbies were crowded to suffocation, a message was passed to her where she sat in the drawing room near Malibran and the piano, from Sydney Smith in the hall to say he understood they desired to make each other's acquaintance, and he suggested that she being thin, could more easily come down to him, than he being stout could get up to her. As she decided to remain where she was, he sent her another message bidding her good night and saying he would call on her. "He came," says she, "and sat down broad and comfortable in the middle of my sofa with his hands on his stick as if to support himself in a vast develop-

ment of voice ; and then he began like the great bell of St. Paul's, making me start at the first stroke. He looked with shy dislike at my ear-trumpet for which there was truly no occasion. I was more likely to fly to the furthest corner of the room. It was always his boast that I did not want my trumpet when he talked to me."

Among the interesting people with whom she became friends was Henry Hallam author of *A View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*; *The Constitutional History of England*; *A History of Literature* etc.; but best remembered as father of Arthur Hallam, the friend of Tennyson and the subject of *In Memoriam*. It was while resting at Vienna during a continental tour, that the elder man went one afternoon for a walk, and returned to find his son who had been slightly indisposed, lying on a sofa apparently asleep. Not wishing to disturb him his father sat down to read, and it was only after an hour spent in this way that the chill silence of the room gradually roused his fears, when going to his son he found him dead. By a strange fatality it was while his eldest daughter the companion and pride of her parents, was resting on a sofa and being read to by her mother, that she suddenly cried out "Stop!" and died five minutes later. The mother died with equal suddenness in 1846. His wife and eight of his children gone, Hallam sought distraction in society

from his loneliness. A man of culture, with affable manners, he dined everywhere, knew all the distinguished people of the day, and delighted in gossip which he poured out "with a childlike glee and innocence which were very droll in a man who had done such things, and who spent so much of his time between passing judicial sentences in literature, and attending councils on politics and the arts with grave statesmen and with people of the highest rank to whom he showed a most solemn reverence."

Harriet Martineau says she was unable to agree with him in his deference to people of rank, and he could not understand her principles "of self-defence against the dangers and disgusts of lionism. For one instance I never would go to Lansdowne House because I knew that I was invited there as an authoress to undergo as people did at that house the most delicate and refined process of being lionised—but still the process. The Marquis and Marchioness and a son and daughter caused me to be introduced to them at Sir Augustus Callcott's; and their not being introduced to my mother who was with me, showed the footing on which I stood. I was invited to every kind of party at Lansdowne House, a concert, a state dinner, a friendly dinner party, a small evening party, and a ball, and I declined them all. I went nowhere but where my acquaintance was sought as a lady by ladies. Mr. Hallam told me that Lady

Lansdowne being one of the Queen's ladies, and Lord Lansdowne being a Cabinet Minister, could not make calls. If so it made no difference in my disinclination to go in a blue-stocking way to a house where I was not really acquainted with anybody. Mr. Hallam, I saw, thought me conceited and saucy, but I felt I must take my own methods of preserving my own social independence. Lord Lansdowne would not give the matter up. Finding that General Fox was coming one evening to a *soirée* of mine, he invited himself to dine with him in order to accompany him. I thought this somewhat impertinent while Mr. Hallam regarded it as an honour. I did not see why a nobleman and Cabinet Minister was more entitled than any other gentleman to present himself uninvited, after his own invitations had been declined. This incident is but a trifle, but it shows how I acted in regard to this lionising."

Edwin Landseer she found a friendly and agreeable companion; but holding his cheerfulness at the mercy of great folks' graciousness to him. "To see him enter a room curled and cravatted and glancing round in his anxiety about his reception, could not but make a woman wonder where among her own sex she could find a more palpable vanity; but then all was forgotten when one was sitting on a divan with him seeing him play with the dog." For Bulwer she felt a cordial interest amidst an amount of vexation

and pity for his weakness. He seemed to her to be "a woman of genius enclosed by misadventure in a man's form." Though she had in her youth adored Campbell's poems she disliked the poet who obtruded "his sentimentalities amidst a quivering apprehension of making himself ridiculous"; and she dreaded his visits because she was never quite sure if he was sober, "his irritable brain being at the mercy of a single glass of sherry, or of a paroxysm of enthusiasm about the Poles." Fanny Kemble she found a "finely gifted creature, wasted and tortured by want of discipline, principle, and self-knowledge"; and the whole Kemble family "had a green-room cast of mind about them." Macready who saw life by daylight, shrouded his sensitiveness within an artificial manner. As for Lady Morgan and Mrs. Jameson "their gross and palpable vanities were enough to make women blush and men smile."

At a time when a voyage to America was regarded as a grave and dangerous undertaking, Harriet Martineau visited that country, to obtain rest, recreation, and by roughing it to counteract the effects of the luxurious hospitalities and flattering consideration which had attended her success. Leaving England in August 1834, her visit to the States was paid when the anti-slave question had begun to stir them from north to south. She remained two years, returning in August 1836. Her impressions and descriptions of the country as given in *Society in America*; and *A*

Retrospect of Western Society, are deeply interesting if only in proof of the wonderful progress made by the American people. The efforts of London publishers to secure these books before a line of them was written, is amusingly told by their author. She had scarcely settled down in her London home, when three of them waited on her. "First Mr. Bentley bustled down and obtained entrance to my study before any one else. Mr. Colburn came next and had to wait. He bided his time in the drawing-room. In a few minutes arrived Mr. Saunders, and was shown into my mother's parlour. These gentlemen were all notoriously on the worst terms with each other; and the fear was that they should meet and quarrel on the stairs." She eventually accepted the offer made by Saunders of nine hundred pounds for the first edition of *Society in America*, with all proceeds of the sale in that country over and above expenses. For *A Retrospect of Western Society* she received from the same publisher six hundred pounds.

An indefatigable worker, she continued to write novels, magazine articles, pamphlets, children's stories, etc. The strain of this labour left her no strength to fight against the attack of an internal malady, and for nearly six years she was an invalid. Everything that medical skill and family care could do for her had been tried, and it was the opinion of the doctors,

Sir Charles Clarke among them, that her disease was incurable. While in this condition, Bulwer Lytton wrote to suggest that she should try mesmerism as a remedy. Other friends among them her brother-in-law who was one of her medical advisers, backed the suggestion which she agreed to act on. Its effects restored her to health, but brought upon her bitter attacks from the Press chiefly written by medical men, and the alienation of her mother and her eldest sister, who regarded her recovery as a slight upon her doctors, and an unpardonable interference with the decrees of Providence.

Weary of the world and deprived of the affection without which home life was impossible, she resolved to settle down in the Lake country, where at The Knoll, Ambleside, she bought a plot of land on which she built a house. In this dwelling, gabled, with high-pitched roof, tall chimneys, and latticed windows, surrounded by a garden and backed by woods, she spent the remainder of her days. Wordsworth her neighbour, had from the first taken a friendly interest in her undertaking and given her advice as to aspect and site. When the house was finished he planted a pine-tree in the grounds, and then washing his hands in the watering-pot, took her hand in both his own and wished her many happy years in her new abode. Then in serious tones he offered her advice. He was sure that visitors would come to her and that she

would find them a great expense, and he asked her to promise that she would do what he and his sister had done in their early days. "When you have a visitor," said he, "you must say, 'If you like to have a cup of tea with us, you are very welcome; but if you want any meat, you must pay for your board.' Now promise me that you will do this." This promise she refused to make. Here she worked daily at her manuscripts, looked after her farm, and mesmerised the sick to many of whom she brought health. The last words in her autobiography are these. "The world as it is is growing somewhat dim before my eyes; but the world as it is to be looks brighter every day." She died June 27, 1876, at the age of seventy-four.

But the author who above all others in the early years of the reign, shot into sudden fame was Charlotte Brontë. Born April 21, 1816, she was close upon her twenty-first birthday at the date of the accession, and was in her thirty-second year when *Jane Eyre* was published. The grey beginning of her life, the chilling circumstances under which the novel was written, show that sheer force of genius alone lifted her from obscurity to fame. Charlotte was one of six children of the Rev. Patrick Brontë, a native of Co. Down, Ireland, to whom was given the perpetual curacy of Haworth, an isolated village with scattered stone-built houses and a flagged paved street,

standing on the side of a hill and backed by the bleak Yorkshire moors.

In this parsonage, grey and cold, roofed with flags, skirted on either side by a grave-yard, and standing opposite an ancient and sombre church, the parson's wife died when Charlotte was in her sixth year. From that time she and her sisters and her brother were left almost entirely to themselves during their childhood. They saw little of their father, an eccentric man, a stoic and misanthropist, something of a student, a lover of solitude who even in his wife's lifetime dined alone. A usually self-restrained man, he when stirred to passion, vented it by firing pistols and smashing furniture ; who to make his delicate children hardy, fed them on potatoes, and to check their incipient vanity burned their boots. Of their maternal aunt Miss Bramwell, who came to take charge of the parsonage after her sister's death, they saw even less ; for she was delicate, prim, austere in manner, while kind at heart ; and after a short residence refused to leave her bedroom where her meals were served and where the children were taught by her.

Thrown on their own devices the six little ones wandered sedately, hand in hand about the wild sullen moors that were more often darkened by shadows of drifting clouds than brightened by sunshine. When keen winds swept these desolate spaces, when snow lay heavy, or rains saturated them the

children sat almost in silence for hours at a time in the nursery—known in the household as the children's study—where they read newspapers and magazines, studied maps, copied engravings, or wrote plays which they acted. Such changes as years brought were sad. Maria and Elizabeth the two elder girls, died respectively at the ages of twelve and eleven. To the rough cheap school from which they had been taken to die at home, Charlotte and Emily were sent; but their health made it necessary that they should also be withdrawn from it. Later Charlotte and Anne went out as governesses while their more delicate sister Emily remained at home; and later still Charlotte and Emily went to Brussels for the purpose of learning French. The most interesting part in the lives of these interesting sisters began when in the spring of 1846, they published at their own expense and under the pen-names of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, a small volume of poems. While this—of which little notice was taken by the Press or the public was being issued each was busy in writing a story. These—*The Professor* by Charlotte; *Wuthering Heights* by Emily; and *Agnes Grey* by Anne—were at first sent together and afterwards separately to various publishers. The first of these came back to its author again and again without even meeting with any acknowledgment of its merit. This in itself disheartening, added to the hopeless

dreariness of her life at a moment when her father was threatened with blindness; when her brother of whom great hopes had once been held, brought grief and humiliation by his dissipations to the little household; and when the increasingly delicate health of her sisters made them dependent on her care.

It was no wonder as she said that "something like the chill of despair began to invade her heart"; but nobly battling with it she continued the story of *Jane Eyre*. In the summer of 1847, her sisters' novels *Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Grey*, were accepted for publication by Cautley Newby "on terms somewhat impoverishing to the two authors," while *The Professor*, was returned once more, this time from Messrs. Smith Elder & Co. The note which accompanied it and at reading which its author trembled, not only lacked the brevity or discourtesy to which she had become accustomed, but actually, as she wrote, "discussed its merits and demerits so courteously, so considerately, in a spirit so rational, with a discrimination so enlightened," that the refusal of her manuscript in such terms cheered her more than a vulgarly expressed acceptance would have done. She was more than delighted by an intimation that a work in three volumes would meet with careful attention from them. In reply to this *Jane Eyre* by Currer Bell was forwarded to them August 24, 1847. It was at once accepted and published in the following October. The success

of this story, outstripping in originality the lines on which fiction had previously been written, was immediate though this was not due to the reviews it received, which as a rule were brief and qualified ; but to the surprise and praise of readers who saw in it a work of genius.

Its success was confirmed when in January, it went into a second edition. It was discussed everywhere and everywhere enthusiastically praised. Thackeray, and George Henry Lewis, were among the first and most ardent of its admirers. Then followed inquiries as to its author, of whom nothing was known even by its publishers, and speculations were made as to whether it had been written by a man or a woman. "Your account of the various surmises respecting the identity of the brothers Bell, amused me much," wrote Currer Bell to Mr. Williams, Messrs. Smith & Elder's reader. "Were the enigma solved it would probably be found not worth the trouble of solution ; but I will let it alone ; it suits ourselves to remain quiet, and certainly injures no one else." It was not until the book had been published and copies forwarded to her that Charlotte told her father the great secret. When on entering his study, she confessed that she had written a book which she wanted him to read, he said he was afraid it would try his eyes too much ; and on her assuring him it was not in manuscript but printed, he answered "My dear, you've never thought

of the expense it will be. It will be almost sure to be a loss; for how can you get a book sold? No one knows you or your name." She told him she thought it would not be a loss, nor would he think it would if he let her read him a review or two. At that she sat down and quoted some of the criticisms and leaving him a copy of *Jane Eyre*, went out of the room. When he went into tea he quietly said, "Girls, do you know Charlotte has been writing a book, and it is much better than likely?"

A circumstance soon followed that made necessary the disclosure of her identity to her publishers. In December 1847 *Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Grey* had been published. Neither book met with the success it deserved. In June 1848, Anne Brontë (Acton Bell) had another novel, *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, ready for the press. Its publisher anxious to sell advance sheets to America where *Jane Eyre* had had an immense success, assured a publisher in that country that to the best of his belief, *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, was written by the same author as *Jane Eyre*, and that it was greatly superior to that novel. As Messrs. Smith & Elder had already agreed with another American house to supply it with early sheets of any work by Currer Bell (Charlotte Brontë) trouble arose, and Smith & Elder courteously wrote to ask for an explanation.

Fearing that their character for probity was at stake,

the sisters resolved to travel at once to London and explain matters to the latter firm. After a weary journey they arrived at the old Chapter Coffee House, Paternoster Row, early on Saturday morning. Having breakfasted and made a simple toilette they set out for their publishers' house on Cornhill. Naturally shy in unknown streets, and dazed by unaccustomed crowds, they spent upwards of an hour in arriving at this establishment which was within half a mile from them. When at last the sisters plainly dressed in black were shown into Mr. Smith's office, Charlotte handed him the letter of inquiry written a few days previously by his firm. Having glanced at its contents he turned with surprise to the small sombre figure before him, to the pale, sad, plain face with its large nose, and wide crooked mouth, lit by a pair of red-brown eyes blazing with intelligence and at that moment fixed on him. "Where did you get this?" he asked, and then came the amazing explanation that this diminutive person was the author of *Jane Eyre*. The most kind and friendly courtesies were shown them by Mr. Smith who invited them to stay with his mother and himself as their guests, and begged that he might be allowed to present some famous authors to them. But Charlotte was firm in her resolution of remaining at the Chapter Coffee House, and of returning home in a couple of days. Exhausted by the excitement of her visit she went

back to Paternoster Row, to rest before receiving the call which Mr. Smith's women folk were to make on her. On their arrival in the evening they were in full dress, as they desired to take the sisters to the opera. Wearing their high-necked, black gowns, the Brontës went with them, and were stared at with "graceful superciliousness" by the fashionable crowds. "Still I felt pleasurably excited in spite of headache, sickness, and conscious clownishness ; and I saw Anne was calm and gentle as she always is," Charlotte wrote.

On the following day Mr. Williams took them to church, and Mr. Smith and his mother called for them in his carriage and drove them to his house where they dined. On Monday they saw the Royal Academy and the National Gallery and on Tuesday morning started for home. At the end of her journey Charlotte said that a more jaded wretch than she looked, it would be difficult to conceive. "I was thin when I went, but I was meagre indeed when I returned, my face looking grey and very old, with strange deep lines ploughing it—my eyes stared unnaturally. I was weak and yet restless."

Gloomy as the grey stone house flanked by a churchyard had always been, it was within a few months to become more gloomy still as the scene of tragic and bitter grief. Charlotte's only brother Patrick, dissolute and drunken, degenerate and consumptive, had for the last three years been the constant terror

of his sisters' lives ; for knowing his violence and dreading the irresponsibility of one suffering from delirium tremens, they had often spent ghastly nights waiting for the sound of the pistol-shot which he had threatened, would end his life or his father's in whose room he slept. Two days before his death he went down to the village as usual, his last day he spent in bed, but in his final moments he rose to meet the conqueror face to face and died standing up September 24, 1848. In the following December Emily, who by many was considered the most gifted of her sisters, died ; and in May of the ensuing year (1849), Anne passed away. The dreary loneliness, the heartbreaking pain suffered by the remaining sister may be imagined. In her work she alone found solace. Her novel *Shirley* had been begun shortly after the publication of *Jane Eyre*, and in continuing it after her recent sorrows, she was as she wrote, able when sinking to keep her head above water. It was published October 26, 1849, its writer's name being still preserved as a secret. In the following month she paid a visit to London, when among others she met Thackeray "a Titian of mind" to whom her identity was made known, and Harriet Martineau to whom previously she had sent a copy of *Shirley* just published, with a note hoping it would be accepted from Currer Bell who had found pleasure and profit in reading Miss Martineau's works.

The note had been critically examined with a view to discovering whether it was written by a man or a woman. "The hand," Miss Martineau says, "was a cramped and nervous one, which might belong to anybody who had written too much, or was in bad health, or who had been badly taught." While speculation as to the sex of the author of *Jane Eyre* had been rife, she had made up her mind that a certain passage in the book about sewing on brass rings could have been written only by a woman or an upholsterer. The impression led her in returning thanks to begin it with "Dear Madam," but addressed it to Currer Bell, Esq. A month later another note was forwarded to her from Currer Bell, saying the writer happened to be staying in town for a few days, and if permitted would call on Miss Martineau. "Do not think this request springs from mere curiosity," it ended, "I hope it has its origin in a better feeling. It would grieve me to lose this chance of seeing one whose works have so often made her the subject of my thoughts."

By permission of the hostess with whom she was staying in London, Harriet Martineau invited Currer Bell to call on her the next evening at six o'clock. This was at once accepted, and she and her friends were in a state of excitement all day, which increased as the time for the famous visitor drew near. A little before six a thundering rap was heard at the hall door, which was followed by the entrance into the

drawing room of a man six feet high, who turned out to be merely a philanthropist with a mind occupied by model lodging houses. When he was got rid of, and precisely as the clock struck, a carriage stopped in front of the house, suspense became pain, all eyes were fixed on the door, and all ears strained to hear the name the footman announced—Miss Brogden. Instantly one of the family whispered in Miss Martineau's ear-trumpet Miss Brontë, a name which among others had been mentioned as that of the author of *Jane Eyre*. "I thought her the smallest creature I had ever seen except at a fair," says Harriet Martineau "and her eyes blazed, as it seemed to me. She glanced quickly round and my trumpet pointing me out, she held out her hand frankly and pleasantly. . . . When she was seated by me on the sofa, she cast up at me such a look, so loving, so appealing that in connection with her deep mourning dress, and the knowledge that she was the sole survivor of her family, I could with the utmost difficulty return her smile, or keep composure. I should have been heartily glad to cry." During this and other interviews Harriet Martineau was impressed by Charlotte Brontë's integrity, her noble conscientiousness about her vocation, and her self-reliance in the moral conduct of her life ; and also saw in her some signs of "a morbid condition of mind, in one or two directions ; much less than might have been expected, or than would have been seen in almost

any one else under circumstances so unfavourable to health of body and mind as those in which she lived."

Charlotte Brontë's friendship grew for Harriet Martineau whom she thought "a great and a good woman, of course not without peculiarities" ; and later she accepted an invitation to spend a week with her at the Knoll Ambleside. In her pleasant home it was Harriet Martineau's habit to give her guests the perfect liberty which she claimed for herself. Rising at six and plunging into a cold bath, she went out for a walk, often by starlight. On her return she breakfasted alone, then went to see her visitor, and began her work at half-past eight. Charlotte Brontë also breakfasted alone, spent the morning in whatever way she pleased, and at two o'clock was joined by her hostess when they went for a walk or talked and sewed until the dinner at five. The evening was spent by them in conversation until ten, when the visitor went to her bedroom and Miss Martineau to her study where she remained until midnight writing and answering letters. During their conversations mesmerism, then new to this country, was frequently referred to : "I heard miracles of its efficacy and could hardly discredit the whole of what I heard was told me. I even underwent a personal experiment ; and though the result was not absolutely clear, it was inferred that in time I should prove an excellent

subject." For this experiment Harriet Martineau was not responsible, as she assured Mrs. Gaskell. Charlotte Brontë she said, "was strangely pertinacious about that, and I most reluctant to bring it before her at all, we being alone, and having no confidence in her nerves. Day after day she urged me to mesmerise her. I always and quite truly pleaded that I was too tired for success, for we had no opportunity till the end of the day. At last on Sunday evening we returned from early tea somewhere; I could not say I was tired, and she insisted. I stopped the moment she called out that she was under the influence, and I would not resume it."

Charlotte Brontë's life which had known such sorrows as rarely fall to the lot of one individual was drawing to a close. A sunset of happiness lit its final days. In January 1853, her last novel was published and was generally received with an acclamation of praise that gratified her. Early in the following year her father withdrew his opposition to her marriage to the Rev. Arthur Nicholls his curate, whom she married June 29, 1854. At last the sympathy and affection for which she had always longed were hers. Still living in the gloomy Haworth Parsonage flanked by a graveyard, she sickened, bravely struggled, and was stricken. To the man whose pale and anxious face was bent above her, she whispered, "Oh, I am not going to die am I?"

He will not separate us, we have been so happy." The end came to her March 31, 1855.

Soon after her death her father desired that the true story of her life might be written. For this undertaking none seemed to him better qualified than Mrs. Gaskell, who on meeting Charlotte five years previously had become her friend; for from the first each felt for the other that sympathy and appreciation which frequently establishes itself between those wholly different in temperament. The contrast between the plain, timid, reserved, and depressed Charlotte Brontë, and the handsome, vivacious, fluent Elizabeth Gaskell, was as marked as was their respective paths through life. For while the former had known sorrow and care, illness and solitude from her infancy, the latter had married early, was happy as a wife and as a mother, had travelled, known the world, and attracted to herself legions of friends. The one thing they shared in common was fame. By her first novel *Mary Barton*, rejected by many publishers, bought by Chapman & Hall for one hundred pounds, and published in the autumn of 1848, Mrs. Gaskell had won instant and extraordinary popularity. The delight this book gave to many was not exceeded by *Ruth*, her next novel, but by *Cranford*, published in volume form 1853; a series of pictures of life in a country town which for quaintness and charm have never been excelled.

For all its natural and sunny freshness, Mrs. Gaskell's name will probably be best remembered as the writer of Charlotte Brontë's Biography ; for there, with insight and tenderness, with truth and sympathy, she has told a story of the courageous and enduring heart of a noble and stricken woman ; a story unequalled for interest, a woman unsurpassed for genius in the whole history of literature.

To this brief inadequate account of women writers in the early decades of the Victorian reign, must be added some account of George Eliot. Born, Mary Anne Evans, November 29, 1819, the daughter of a Warwickshire land agent, she showed unusual talent in her girlhood ; learned Greek and Latin, German and French. Her first attempt at literature was a religious poem contributed to *The Christian Observer*, as became the child of pious Nonconformists. When acting as assistant editor of *The Westminster Review*, she met Herbert Spencer but for whom, she said, her life would have been desolate enough. Seeing each other daily they became good comrades. The philosopher was singularly plain, and if possible Mary Anne Evans was plainer still, realising which she remarked in one of her notes quoted in Mr. Mumby's interesting *Letters of Literary Men*, "The uglier we get in the eyes of others, the lovelier we shall be to each other ; that has always been my firm faith about friendship, and now it is in a slight degree my

experience." Evidently Herbert Spencer had no desire that their relations should extend beyond friendship. This was not the case with the man to whom early in 1853, he introduced her, George Henry Lewes, who was equally remarkable for his extraordinary versatility and his remarkable ugliness. Describing him as a man of conscience wearing a mask of flippancy, she declared he had quite won her regard "after having had a good deal of my vituperation." On his part Lewes—then a married man with a family—was of opinion that to know her was to love her. In July 1844, they left England together for Germany and remained abroad until March of the following year when they settled in the respectable suburb of Richmond.

She had not entered into a relationship which defied the laws of morality without serious consideration, and without the knowledge that she must meet with condemnation from the majority. On settling at Richmond they both worked hard not only for their own support but for that of Lewes's wife and children; he at his *Life of Goethe*, she in translating Spinoza's *Ethics*, and in reviewing for *The Leader* and *The Westminster Review*. Her first attempt at fiction was made in September 1856, when she began *Amos Barton* the manuscript of which was shown to John Blackwood by Lewes who did not consider it necessary to mention its writer's name. Though Blackwood

did not agree with him in thinking that it equalled *The Vicar of Wakefield*, he accepted it as a contribution to his magazine, in which the first part appeared January 1857. The collected series of *Scenes from Clerical Life* by George Eliot were published early in 1858 and were received with an outburst of praise. In the spring of the following year *Adam Bede* appeared. For four years' copyright of this book—which Charles Reade declared to be “the finest thing after Shakespeare”—Blackwood agreed to give eight hundred pounds, but on its proving a phenomenal success, (sixteen thousand copies being sold in the first year), he added another eight hundred pounds, and gave the copyright back to its author. The extraordinary force and the faithful portraiture shown in this book at once established its author's fame, though that was enhanced, if not exceeded by later novels.

CHAPTER XII

Literary men in the Victorian reign—Thomas Babington Macaulay—Charles Greville's description of him—Becomes a Member of Parliament—His *Code of Criminal Procedure*—Immediate success of his *History of England*—Unfitted for the severity of historical inquiry—His simple method—William of Orange presented as a hero—James II. as the villain of melodrama—Inaccuracies and misrepresentations—Death while reading—James Frederick Leigh Hunt—Entertains in prison Byron and Moore—Is pensioned by Lord John Russell—Thomas Carlyle and *Sartor Resartus*—*The French Revolution*—The oddities of his diction—"Bursting the accursed enchantment"—Lectures at the suggestion of Harriet Martineau—Her description of his appearance—"The too noisy distinguished female"—John Ruskin—His Puritan mother dedicates him to God—He forms a habit of serenity—Attaining methods of life and motion—Subdued as a boy—Does not love his parents—His mother goes with him to college—First writings—Defence of Turner—Publication of *Modern Painters*—Causes a sensation among literary men—His marriage—Going to Court—Meets John Everett Millais—Pleasant life in Scotland—Mrs. Ruskin leaves her husband—Divorce and marriage—Disraeli and Lytton—Dickens described by Carlyle—Thackeray's obedience to the calls of the great—Anthony Trollope as a Post-office Surveyor—Turns out his novels like a machine—Charles Lever writes *Harry Lorrequer*—Exaggeration of Irish life—William Carleton and Samuel Lover—Captain Marryat and William Harrison Ainsworth—The Rev. Charles Kingsley—Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins.

CHAPTER XII

AMONG the distinguished literary men in the early years of the reign none were more popular than Thomas Babington Macaulay. Born October 25, 1800, he was in his thirty-seventh year at Her Majesty's accession. A short thick-set man with a round, fat face, upright in bearing, clumsy in gait, his head habitually thrown back, his wide prominent forehead surmounted by a wig, his dress slovenly, his neckcloth tied in a wisp, he seemed not only unattractive but commonplace. Charles Greville, who saw him for the first time at Lady Holland's dinner-table, says : " It was not till Macaulay stood up that I was aware of all the vulgarity of his appearance ; not a ray of intellect beams from his countenance ; a lump of more ordinary clay never enclosed a powerful mind and lively imagination." Whatever impression the outward man might make, his conversation was certain to astonish from the rapidity of his words dealing with every imaginable subject. At first amazed by the variety and extent of his knowledge, his hearers eventually became bored when surfeited by his useful information ; but like all great talkers

he delighted in improving their minds at the expense of their patience.

Two gifts seldom found in the one individual combined to make Macaulay a remarkable man ; his tenacious memory and his vivid imagination. That he would have been greater if less gifted is certain ; for the undue use of his imagination, has helped to make his historical writings inaccurate if not worthless. A barrister, a writer for *The Edinburgh Review*, and a member of Parliament, he became the pride and hope of the Whig party in whose interest he sat. Though it was found that as a speaker his carefully prepared orations had none of the surprises and sparkle of his conversations, and that as a debater he was a still greater disappointment, yet high expectations were held of his future. So great was the faith of his party in him, that he was given a seat in the Supreme Council of India, which guaranteed him ten thousand a year for five years. His chief work in connection with this important appointment was to draw up the *Code of Criminal Procedure for India*. How this was done may be imagined from the statement of Harriet Martineau that she "was witness to the amazement and grief of some able lawyers in studying that *Code*—of which they could scarcely lay their finger on a provision through which you could not drive a coach and six." This statement is borne out by the fact that it was not until the *Code* had been

carefully and laboriously revised by Sir Barnes Peacock that it passed into law.

Still believing in his abilities, his party made him on his return from India, and after his election for Edinburgh, Secretary for War with seat in the Cabinet ; while subsequently under Lord John Russell's administration, he was appointed Postmaster-General. Though holding office under Government his friends considered that his true vocation was in literature. To this conclusion they had come from his essays and reviews written with all the resources of a rich vocabulary and with the aid of a picturesque vision. Macaulay himself agreed with them, and soon after his return from India spoke to his friends of his intention of writing a history of England. One of those James Stephen, to whom he mentioned the project in speaking of it to Charles Greville, added the significant phrase that Macaulay "would give scope to his fine imagination in the delineation of character." The work was begun in 1839, but before it was published he had issued the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, many of the lines of which degenerate into doggerel ; and his *Essays* in the following year which, while lauded for their style did not escape criticism for their inaccuracies.

In November, 1848, the two first volumes were published of the *History of England from the Accession of James II.* Their success was immediate, the first

edition of three thousand being exhausted in a few days, and a second edition of the same number being sold as soon as they were ready. Their fluent complacency, their glaring pictures, their treatment of the obvious as revelations, their commonplace generalities set out in pompous language, appealed to a public which in general accepted his statements as gospel. In England their popularity was phenomenal ; while in America, as Harper the publisher wrote, "No work of any kind has ever so completely taken our whole country by storm."

The author was satisfied that he had done well in more senses than one. "At all events," he wrote in his diary under date December 4, 1848, "I have aimed high ; I have tried to do something that may be remembered ; I have had the year two thousand and even the year three thousand often in my mind." And later he says, "If my abilities do not fail me I shall be a rich man ; as rich that is to say as I wish to be. . . . On the whole I remember no success so complete, and I remember all Lord Byron's poems, and all Scott's novels." Through the general chorus of praise which his volumes received, discords were heard. For here and there his false statements were pointed out, and his conclusions challenged. A few months after its publication his history was described in *The Quarterly Review* of March 1849, as poisoned by a rancour more violent

than existed in the times of which he wrote ; and was declared to be "full of historical inaccuracy and infidelity," which proved his mind to be unfitted for the severity of historical inquiry. "There is hardly a page," says this review, "that does not contain something objectionable either in substance or in colour ; and the whole of the brilliant and at first captivating narrative is perceived on examination to be impregnated to a really marvellous degree with bad taste, bad feeling, and we are under the painful necessity of adding of bad faith. . . . Mr. Macaulay deals with history, evidently as we think, in imitation of the novelists. The conception was bold, and so far as availing himself like other novelists, of the fashion of the day to produce a popular and profitable effect, the experiment has been eminently successful. . . . We accuse him of an habitual and really injurious perversion of his authorities. . . . The last part of this romance to which we can direct attention is a misrepresentation of the personal character of King William, so indiscreet as to surprise us exceedingly. Mr. Macaulay's obvious purpose in this very strange attempt, is to double-gild his idol. This is of course the indispensable conclusion of all romances, but we confess the *dénouement* seems somewhat forced and unwarranted."

In writing his history Macaulay adopted a simple method of presenting his characters daubed with

lampblack, or glittering with gold-leaf, according to his prejudices. In this way William of Orange was exhibited as a hero. That he began his intrigue with Elizabeth Villiers, one of his bride's maids of honour while on his honeymoon ; that he denied his unhappy wife the rights guaranteed by her marriage treaty of having a chapel for the services of the Protestant religion ; that he had signed the warrant for the heartless massacre of Glencoe, when the Macdonald clan—who by misadventure had not taken an oath of allegiance on a specified day—were butchered in cold blood ; that he sanctioned atrocious cruelties in Ireland ; that he gave to his mistress and his pages Crown lands afterwards taken from them by the English Parliament ; that on his desiring to rid himself of Elizabeth Villiers, he rewarded with a peerage and estates the man who was obliging enough to marry her ; were historical facts which Macaulay glossed over or charitably omitted. On the other hand James II. was exhibited as the villain of melodrama, as a crafty person acquainted with every step of the back stairs, whose hand was outstretched behind his back for French gold, who had a thirst for gore, an eye that threatened, and weak knees that bowed to Rome—whose advice and admonitions he really ignored. Whatever may have been his immoralities ; whatever his injudicious convert-zeal in forcing on his subjects a religion they dreaded, James had proved

himself a brave sailor in his youth ; and coming to the throne had striven to reform the court morally and economically ; had reorganised the army and the navy ; had always shown a patriotic spirit ; and had devoted his keen business capacities to the interests of the State with a zeal previously equalled by no other English king. But these were facts which none might learn from Macaulay's history. It was probably the acceptance of his views of the last of the male Stuart sovereigns, that led Her Majesty to remark to Macaulay while he was staying officially at Windsor, and talking of his history that "she had nothing to say for her poor ancestor James II." ; on which he corrected her by replying, "Not your Majesty's ancestor, your Majesty's predecessor." According to the historian's biographer this "was well received," but it is possible that this conversation when repeated, was distorted by the imagination which had coloured Macaulay's pages.

The third and fourth volumes of that work were issued in December 1855, and contained the same audacious distortion of truth, the same disregard for evidence. In two months nearly three thousand copies were sold and in March, Macaulay received twenty thousand pounds from Longmans his publisher. In the author's lifetime and after his death a host of writers pointed out some of his most glaring inaccuracies. Harriet Martineau herself a careful and

conscientious writer referring to his "loose and unscrupulous method of narration" says that where investigation of the authorities he referred to was made it "was seen by painstaking readers, the inaccuracies and misrepresentations of the historian are found to multiply as the work of verification proceeds. In fact the only way to accept his history is to take it as a brilliant fancy-piece—wanting not only in the truth but in the repose of history—but stimulating, and even to a degree suggestive." Hepworth Dixon took up the cudgels on behalf of William Penn whom Macaulay represented as a lying, intriguing knave, turning a fair face by turns to God and the devil. But perhaps the best exposition of the historian's faults will be found in *The New Examen or an Inquiry into the Evidence relating to Certain Passages in Lord Macaulay's History*; by John Paget B.L. Beginning by saying that sharing Macaulay's political opinions, sympathising with his feelings, and attached to his party, it was not without hesitation and struggle that after an examination of facts he rid himself of the illusion by which he had been enthralled. He then fills page after page of corrections. Of these but two examples will be given. Referring to the story told of William Penn, Mr. Paget says: "There is about as much foundation for this stirring narrative as for the incidents of an Adelphi melodrama"; while an examination of the Stuart Papers, referred to by

Macaulay as his authority for certain statements shows, "that evidence has been garbled ; that facts have been suppressed ; and the whole transaction so distorted and disfigured that it is impossible to recognise its true features. . . . He quotes and refers to the very documents that disprove his assertions."

Macaulay acquired riches, and was made a Baron, August 1857. In death he was equally fortunate as in life ; for he quitted it without pain or warning, December 28, 1859, while sitting in an arm-chair in the library of his house Holly Lodge, Kensington. On his knees was found the first number of *The Cornhill Magazine*. He was buried in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, his funeral being attended by distinguished literary and political friends. His will was sworn to be under eighty thousand pounds, a large sum for a writer to leave.

In the same year August 28, died another notable man, one of the most picturesque figures among the crowd of his contemporaries, James Henry Leigh Hunt. Critic, poet, essayist, editor, and journalist, he is probably best remembered by his connection with *The Examiner*. To aid his brother John in the editing of this weekly newspaper, he had at the age of twenty-four resigned his clerkship in the War Office. From the first *The Examiner* was free-spoken, independent, spirited, and Radical. As such it soon got into trouble. Its first offence was the remark that "Of all

monarchs since the Revolution, the successor of George III. would have the finest opportunity of becoming nobly popular"; the second offence was an article commenting on the cruelty of flogging then practised in the army. Prosecutions for both failed. The third prosecution resulted from a reply made to verses which appeared in *The Morning Post*. In these the Prince Regent was described as "the glory of his people" and as "an Adonis of loveliness, attended by pleasure, honour, virtue and truth." Failing to see the humour of the shameless sycophancy of this picture Leigh Hunt—who was not antimonarchical, but was as he said a score of years later, "a poetic student, appearing in politics once a week, but given up entirely to letters almost all the rest of it, and loving nothing so much as a book and a walk in the fields"—answered that "this Adonis of loveliness was a corpulent man of fifty . . . who had just closed half a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country or the respect of posterity."

Before proceedings for the prosecution began it was intimated to the brothers Hunt that it would be dropped if they undertook to make no further hostile mention of the Regent. Their refusal cost them a fine of five hundred pounds and two years' confinement in separate prisons. That in which Leigh Hunt spent his time was the Surrey gaol. To make the best of

his lot he had the rooms allotted to him—a sort of washhouse hitherto uninhabited and unfloored—converted into comfortable apartments, papering the sitting-room with trellises of roses, painting its ceiling sky-blue, fitting its windows with Venetian blinds, furnishing it with a piano and easy chairs, and having it always well supplied with flowers. Here among others he entertained Byron and Moore as his guests; and here he received from another poet, Shelley, a handsome offer which he immediately declined. Later in 1821, Hunt received an invitation from Shelley and Byron to join them in Italy that they might consider the establishment of a quarterly magazine. To accept it, he with his wife and seven children set out for that country in November of the same year. The magazine, known as *The Liberal*, published only four numbers. Then July 8, 1822, came the tragedy of Shelley's drowning.

Leigh Hunt returned to England in 1825, to continue his incessant work. Among his writings may be mentioned *A Story of Rimini*, which remains the finest poem on the loves of Paolo and Francesca in the language. His play *A Legend of Florence* first produced at Covent Garden Theatre February 7, 1840, was twice seen during its first season there, by the Queen who praised it warmly and subsequently commanded its production at Windsor Castle, much to the author's delight. Tall, slender, and straight, with thick

hair combed smoothly down either side of his dark-complexioned thoughtful face, his clothes well worn, grey stockings, and stout shoes, Leigh Hunt was a frequent guest in the homes of most of the famous people of the day ; where his unassuming manner, his winning temperament, his cheerful courage under abundant trials, made him invariably welcome. His diet was as simple as his dress was plain ; for his luncheon and supper were made on bread, and he seldom drank anything but water. For all that and notwithstanding the articles, stories, poems, and criticisms that he continually wrote, he was constantly in debt and difficulties and at times reduced to total destitution.

The fine, the fees of his counsel and solicitors and the expenses attendant on his prison life, such as monstrous *douceurs* to the gaoler for liberty to walk in his garden, for getting him permission to fit up his rooms etc., cost him over a thousand pounds. By the failure of *The Liberal* he lost time which otherwise would have been devoted to remunerative work ; while the support and education of his growing family, hampered him sadly. William IV. so little resented the comments on his brother by Leigh Hunt, that he sanctioned a grant to him of two hundred pounds out of the Royal Fund ; an example imitated by Queen Victoria. In the spring of 1841, he strove to obtain a Civil List pension through the interest of Macaulay ;

who in regretting he was unable to secure it for him said, he was sorry and ashamed for his country, "that a man of so much merit should have endured so much distress"; and then at a time when Southey was dying, added that he really did not see why Hunt should not succeed him. "The title of Poet Laureate is indeed ridiculous. But the salary ought to be left for the benefit of some man of letters. Should the present Government be in office when a vacancy takes place, I really think that the matter might be managed." The laureateship was given as will be remembered to Wordsworth; but in 1846, a pension of two hundred a year was granted by Lord John Russell to Leigh Hunt. The former assured him that "the severe treatment he had formerly received in times of unjust persecution of liberal writers enhanced the satisfaction" with which this was given him. In the summer of 1847, a performance was given for the benefit of Leigh Hunt—when Charles Dickens, assisted by a company of amateurs, played Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*, at Liverpool and Manchester. By this nine hundred pounds was realised and handed to Leigh Hunt.

At one period of his life, when living at Cheyne Row, Chelsea, Hunt had for his neighbour Thomas Carlyle, who three years before Her Majesty's accession had come to settle in London. A native of Dumfriesshire, the son of a stone-mason who had

become a farmer, Thomas Carlyle had been a student at Edinburgh University, a school teacher at Annan and at Kirkcaldy, and a tutor to the sons of a retired Anglo-Indian. It was in his later capacity that he came to London for the first time in 1824. As the translator of *Wilhelm Meister* just published, he was introduced by his friend Edward Irving to many of the leading literary men of the day for whom he had only words of mockery and scorn. In October 17, 1826, he married Jane Welsh who had been in love with Irving. Husband and wife never wholly congenial, spent the greater part of the following seven years on a dreary and desolate moorland farm at Craigenputtoch. Throughout that time he worked at articles for *The Edinburgh* and for *Fraser's Magazine* and at *Sartor Resartus*, which Longmans and Murray refused to publish ; and when it ran through *Fraser's Magazine*—1833-4—it excited "the most unqualified disapprobation," according to its editor.

Before deciding to live permanently in London, and to take 5 Cheyne Row at a rental of thirty-five pounds a year, he had begun his *French Revolution*. The story connected with the writing of this book is one of the most remarkable in the history of literature. The subject had at first been suggested to him through his correspondence with John Stuart Mill, who later sent him a barrow-load of books relating to the period. When after months spent in the toil of thought and

research, the first volume was finished at the end of February 1835, it was shown to Mill, who took it home to read and annotate. On going to bed one night he left the manuscript on his library table. In the morning the maid used it to light the fire. No copy had been made, and Mill was stunned at realising that his carelessness had caused a loss to his friend which at first sight seemed irreparable.

Full of remorse and sorrow he called on Carlyle, March 6, to tell him that his manuscript had been destroyed. On recovering from the first effects of this astounding blow, Carlyle's endeavour had been to comfort and bring peace to Mill, who injudiciously enough, as Carlyle wrote to his brother John, remained till almost midnight "and my poor dame and I had to sit talking of indifferent matters, and could not till then get our lament fairly uttered. She was very good to me and the thing did not beat us. That night was a hard one ; something from time to time tying me tight, and as it were all round the region of the heart, and strange dreams haunting me." That the hard labour of many months should have been reduced to ashes in a few minutes, was the more afflicting because at this time Carlyle was struggling to gain his daily bread. He had ceased to contribute to *The Edinburgh Review* as its then editor Macvey Napier, had objected to "the oddities of his diction and his new words compounded *à la teutonique*" ; the man had yet to be

found who was willing to risk money in publishing *Sartor Resartus* in volume form ; and as he wrote in this year (1835) it was "some twenty-three months since I have earned a penny by the craft of literature." Under these circumstances he reluctantly accepted a hundred pounds from Mill in compensation for his lost manuscript, and then with "labour nigh insufferable," bravely began to re-write his history of the French Revolution. It was finished in January 1837, when in handing the manuscript to his wife he said, "You have not had for a hundred years any book that came more direct and flamingly from the heart of a living man." While re-writing he had said that with all his despair he felt it quite possible that he might be "about bursting the accursed enchantment that has held me all my weary days in nameless thralldom" ; a feeling that became realised, for from the publication of that book his fortune mended and the fame he so earnestly desired was given to him.

The improvement of his circumstances and the spread of his reputation were in some part due to Harriet Martineau, who in November 1836, first made his acquaintance, when valuing him as a writer, deploring the lack of appreciation his work met with, and anxious to see him free from monetary cares, she suggested that he should deliver a course of lectures. Practical and energetic she undertook to obtain subscribers for them among her friends, and to manage the business details

in connection with the venture, so that he had merely to meet his audience and say what he had to say. To this he consented and in May 1837, delivered a course of six lectures at Willis's Rooms upon German literature. It may seem strange that a man who despised and decried some of the finest intellects of the day, should tremble before a handful of people mostly women yet such was the case. In writing of his first lecture to his brother he declared he hardly ever in his life had such a moment as that when he began. "My tongue, let me drink as I would, continued dry as charcoal. The people were there; I was obliged to tumble in and start. Ach Gott." The pleasure which Harriet Martineau anticipated from hearing him was spoiled by his nervousness. "Yellow as a guinea, with downcast eyes, broken speech at the beginning, and fingers which nervously picked at the desk before him, he could not for a moment be supposed to enjoy his own effort; and the lecturer's own enjoyment is a prime element of success," she says, adding that from the moment his course was announced till it was finished he scarcely slept and grew more dyspeptic and nervous every day. The financial result of these lectures, when the expense attending them was deducted, amounted merely to one hundred and fifty pounds. Though the nervous strain they caused was terrible to his highly strung temperament, yet regarding them as a means of delivery out of the "awful quagmire of

difficulties" in which he had struggled and wriggled, he gave a second course in Edward Street, Portman Square, May 1838, the subject being "The Whole Spiritual History of Man from the Earliest Times until Now"; by which he realised nearly three hundred pounds. In the two following years he also lectured respectively on the "French Revolution" and on "Hero Worship," each course bringing him two hundred pounds.

A stern-featured man with a ruddy face, piercing eyes, sarcastic expression, and immense belief in self, Harriet Martineau had a warm admiration for him at a time when it was not generally shared. Many of her afternoons were spent in drinking tea with him and his wife at Cheyne Row, in listening to his violent harangues against the ignorance and imbecility of the world at large, and to his comments on her descriptions of America, from which country she had brought him money for his pirated books. Her feelings for him were not returned, though this was a truth which judiciously concealing from his benefactress, he confided to his diary, where February 19, 1838, in writing of one of her calls, he says: "The visit, as most of those from that too happy and too noisy distinguished female, did nothing but make me miserable. She is a formalist limited in the extreme, and for the present altogether triumphant in her limits. . . . Ach Gott. I wish the good Harriet would be happy by herself. . . .

The whole cackle and rigmarole of such an existence is absurd to me whenever I see it."

The man who above all others in the early Victorian reign did more as a writer, teacher, and thinker to awaken in the English public an interest in art in all its branches, and to educate such interest, John Ruskin was born in Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, London, February 8, 1819, three months before the birth of the Queen. His parents who were first cousins were of Scotch descent; his father "an entirely honest merchant" engaged in the wine trade; his mother a strong willed, rigid Puritanical person who governed herself and others by strict rule, irreproachable and unlovable in character, the embodiment of many virtues that disdaining all semblance of attraction, delighted in exercising a dominant autocracy. The infant given to her in her fortieth year, was dedicated to God before its birth, and intended if it should prove to be a boy, for a clergyman. The account given in *Præterita* and in *Fors Clavigera* of his "poor little life" is a pitiful detail of imposed restraints and petty tyrannies. It did not follow that as he was an only child he must be a spoiled pet. His mother indeed was not unwilling to administer chastisement to his infant limbs, to bear which he "formed a habit of serenity" wonderful in a child. Such worldly and frivolous allurements as toys were denied him. Once when an aunt blinded by her affection, presented him on a birthday with

Punch and Judy radiant in scarlet and gold and ready to dance most merrily when pulled by strings, these bewitching figures were taken from him, his mother telling him "it was not right" that he should have them. The sentence was received by the bereaved little child with dry eyes, for he knew from experience he should be summarily whipped for such wilful offences as crying, or tumbling on the stairs, or not doing as he was bid, from which he "soon attained secure methods of life and motion."

At the age of five he had two boxes of wooden bricks, with a ball, and a cart, given to him ; and when tired of these he contented himself by tracing the squares and comparing the colours of the carpet, examining the knots in the wood on the floor, in counting the bricks in the opposite houses, or in watching with rapturous delight the filling of the public watering-cart from an iron post at the pavement edge. His plain and wholesome food was never varied by the indigestible stuffs which children crave, and though he was allowed to crack nuts for others he was forbidden to taste them. But he long remembered being given by his mother three raisins out of a store cupboard, and part of a custard which his father had been unable to finish. The latter who did not interfere with the discipline exercised over the child by his mother, returned from his business and dined punctually at half-past four in the front parlour, to have ap-

proached the door of which between the hours of four and six, would have been a grave misdemeanour in the boy. At six he was admitted to the drawing-room when a cup of milk and a slice of bread and butter were served to him in a little recess where he remained mute as an idol in its niche, while his mother sat bolt upright knitting by the fire and his father read her the *Waverley* novels.

At the age of four he had taught himself to read, and to write by imitating printed type, and at five he was sending for second volumes to the circulating library. It was probably to fit him for his profession of "an ecclesiastical gentleman with the superfinest of manners and access to the highest circles of fleshly and spiritual society" that on finding he could read his mother forced him to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart as well as to read alternate verses with her, a practice that never ceased until he went to Oxford. In this way they began with the first verse of Genesis and went through to the last verse of the Apocalypse, and then began again at Genesis next day. "If the name was hard, the better the exercise in pronunciation; if a chapter was tiresome, the better lesson in patience; if loathsome, the better lesson in faith that there was some use in its being so outspoken." As may be imagined Sundays, when his best story books were taken from him and he was led to church where he sat in the bottom of a pew, were the gloomiest

days in the week for him ; their horror, as he says, "used even to cast its present gloom as far back in the week as Friday—and all the glory of Monday with church seven days removed again, was no equivalent for it."

It is no wonder that he felt little affection for his parents, who as he confesses were "in a sort, visible powers of nature to me, no more loved than the sun and the moon, only I should have been annoyed and puzzled if either of them had gone out ; . . . still less did I love God ; not that I had any quarrel with Him, or fear of Him, but simply found what people told me was His service disagreeable ; and what people told me was His book not entertaining." Such a woman as his mother was incapable of seeing she had made a mistake in the rigid training of her son, and when as he grew up he did anything she considered wrong she would say to him "It is because you were too much indulged." The narrowness of his boyish life, was made still more narrow by his mother's disinclination to encourage the friendly overtures of their neighbours when they went to live at Herne Hill, and subsequently at Denmark Hill. Her rule never to visit "any one whom she did not feel to be in some sort her inferior," was broken into by delightful journeys through the country in a comfortable chaise accompanied by his father when he travelled for orders from his customers, or took a summer holiday ; and by

his mother whom he remembered having seen sit from sunrise to sunset on a summer day without once leaning back in the carriage. In this way they drove from forty to fifty miles a day ; stopping at places where some lordly house, with historic portraits and famous paintings were to be seen, when the father—a man with a fine taste for pictures, he himself something of an artist—would bait his horses and visit such places. With him was his precocious child gathering impressions, storing up subjects for thought, and his wife, who probably was suspicious of hidden evil in their seeming beauty, and who later on was wont to turn the faces of the pictures in her own house to the wall on Sabbath days.

Before he was ten years old John Ruskin had seen in this way all the high and most of the cross-roads of England and Wales, also a great part of Scotland ; while soon after his thirteenth year, in the same manner and with the same company he travelled through Switzerland, Germany, and Italy. Until he was ten years old his education was conducted by his mother assisted by tutors who taught him Greek and Latin, French and mathematics. Afterwards he went to a day-school at Camberwell for two years, attended lectures at King's College, and when in his eighteenth year matriculated at Oxford. When he went into residence January 1837, he was accompanied by his mother, who to maintain the

guidance of her son took lodgings in the High Street, where John drank tea with her every evening, and where she was joined regularly every Saturday by her husband, who remained until the following Monday morning. While at the University in the spring of 1840, he suffered from a distressing cold which brought on hæmorrhage of the lungs. The doctor consulted ordered rest from work and change of climate, when his anxious parents took him through France to Italy, in the capital of which he caught fever. It was not until 1842, that he was sufficiently recovered to return to Oxford and take his degrees.

To the grief of his parents who felt sure he would become a bishop, he refused to enter the Church, while he was quite as determined not to be a wine-merchant. That his career was not made plain to his parents seems strange ; for at the age of seven he was writing stories, while at eight he began to write poems and to put the records of his daily life into excellent blank verse. At the age of fifteen he contributed to *The Magazine of Natural History* an essay on the geological strata of Mont Blanc ; later he published an article in *Transactions of the Meteorological Society* ; and when eighteen wrote a series of papers on "The Poetry of Architecture," for *The Architectural Magazine* the publisher of which, Loudin, who was also the publisher of *The Natural History Magazine*, wrote to the lad's father saying

his son was the greatest natural genius he had ever known, and that he felt proud to think that at some period when he was under the turf, it would be stated that his first articles were published in Loudin's magazines. When thirteen years old the boy was given a copy of Rogers's *Italy* illustrated by Turner, an act that had an important influence in his education. From that time he became an enthusiastic admirer of this painter who had met with little appreciation up to that time; and when four years later an attack was made in *Blackwood's Magazine* on that master, it raised his worshipper to a height of black anger and fired him into writing an article in his defence. This was sent by the elder Ruskin to Turner asking leave to have it published, but the latter answering that he "never moved in such matters," sent it to the purchaser of the picture criticised. This defence of Turner became the key-note of *Modern Painters*, which on coming from Oxford to his home at Herne Hill, Ruskin began to write in the autumn of 1842. The first volume was published in May of the following year, the name of the author being withheld lest his authoritative and unconventional judgment might seem presumptuous in a man of four-and-twenty.

Its penetrating criticisms, intimate knowledge of art, defiance of shams, perception of beauty, advocacy of truth, descriptive passages full of poetry, and above all its clear and delightful English, made an immediate

sensation and won it the adverse and contemptuous criticism of the Press in general, and the enthusiastic appreciation of people of judgment and taste. Samuel Rogers who read it with delight, gave it a place upon his table where it was seen by Tennyson, who declaring he could not afford to buy it, asked his publisher to borrow it for him as he longed to see it. Mrs. Browning was astonished that its writer could be so much of a critic and a poet. Sir Henry Taylor wrote to Aubrey De Vere lauding it, and Sydney Smith thought it "a work of transcendent talent, presented the most original views and the most elegant and powerful language, and would work a complete revolution in the world of taste." The name of the author soon leaked out through the proud indiscretions of his father, and John Ruskin's company was sought by many notable people. He became a guest at Rogers's table ; a correspondent of Miss Mitford ; an acquaintance of Sir Robert Peel ; a visitor of the Carlyles ; a friend of Tennyson's ; he heard Macaulay "spout the first chapter of Isaiah without understanding a syllable of it" ; and saw Sir Robert Inglis teach the Bishop of Oxford to drink sherry-cobbler through a straw.

The second volume of *Modern Painters* published in the summer of 1846, confirmed and increased his fame. Before the book was finished many things happened in its author's life, his marriage the most

important of all. In 1847 he suffered from another breakdown in health when great lassitude was accompanied by intense melancholy. Medical care, rest, and travel restored him. It then seemed to his parents that it would be best for the health and happiness of their beloved son to marry. The selection of a wife, quickly made, fell upon Euphemia Chalmers Gray, daughter of a Perthshire lawyer and his wife, friends of the Ruskin family who had at one time been their guests at Herne Hill. With blue eyes, an aquiline nose, and auburn hair, Ruskin was considered good-looking. But not only was there no affection between the young couple, but their characters had nothing in common though they had much in opposition. For while Effie Gray was a well developed, handsome, high spirited, ambitious bouncing Scotch lassie, delighting in drawing room crowds where admiration was readily offered her, John Ruskin her senior by ten years, hated the babbling inanities of society, loved nature, courted solitude, found his happiness in the contemplation of beautiful things, and craved for that sympathy which could neither be felt nor given by those satisfied with the world's froth. The habit of obedience ingrained by righteous hands upon erring baby flesh, was too strong in him even in manhood, to allow of opposition on his part ; while the parents of the prospective bride saw in the only child of a wealthy merchant, himself in possession of a marketable

asset called fame, an excellent husband for their daughter.

The marriage took place at Perth, April 10, 1848 ; the day it will be remembered when London, terrified by the threats of the Chartist mob had prepared for siege. During the early days of his married life, while sketching Salisbury cathedral, he caught a severe and dangerous cold. On recovering he, with his wife and his parents went abroad but he again fell ill. In October of the same year husband and wife settled in a house in Park Street ; and Mrs. Ruskin was presented at Court. In describing the scene Ruskin, in a letter printed by his biographer Mr. Collingwood, tells his father it was the most awkward crush he ever saw in his life, one such as only the pit of the Surrey theatre could show. "The floor was covered with the ruins of ladies' dresses, torn lace, and fallen flowers. . . . The Queen gave her hand very graciously, but looked bored. Poor thing she well might be, with about a quarter of a mile square of people to bow to." Occasionally he accompanied his wife to evening parties where with his back to the wall he took refuge from the crowd he stared at with wonder and scorn ; and in turn his own house was the scene of gatherings attended by artists, poets, authors, and people of fashion. But the life was intolerable to him, and he felt that he would die if compelled to live in London opposite a dead brick wall.

The winters of the next few years were spent by husband and wife in Italy, where he busied himself in sketching, making notes, measuring and writing his *Stones of Venice*. In July 1851, he met John Everett Millais, who born June 8, 1829, was then in his twenty-third year. An artist from the age of five, who by his work had mainly contributed to the support of his parents since he was sixteen, Millais was at this time one of the most distinguished, most promising artists of the day. In 1846, he had exhibited at the Academy "Pizarro signing the Truce of Peru," two years later he had helped to form the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and had already painted such pictures as "Isabella and the Pot of Basil"; "Christ in the House of His Parents"; "The Return of the Dove to the Ark"; "The Woodman's Daughter"; and "Mariana of the Moated Grange"; which had brought him the hostile criticism of the Press in general, and secured him a place among the immortals. Personally he was a man of singularly handsome presence, his well cut features full of bright intelligence, his well knit figure full of strength, while his manner was frank and gracious, and his voice clear toned and cheery. About him was the exhilarating air of joyousness belonging to one born to success and claiming happiness as his birthright.

Ruskin made friends with and invited him to join himself and his wife in the trip to Switzerland which

they intended to take in the summer. An intimate friendship followed. When the Ruskins took a cottage in Glenfinlas Scotland, John Millais and his brother William also an artist, stayed there at a neighbouring inn for some weeks in 1853. The whole party spent a pleasant outdoor life, eating their meals in the open, clambering up hills bathed in sunshine and blown on by heather-scented airs. Work was not neglected, for Ruskin was studying botany, geology, and writing his lectures on "Art and Architecture" to be delivered in Edinburgh in the following November; while Millais painted his portrait and made sketches of Mrs. Ruskin, from whose figure he had already made studies for the woman in his picture, "The Order of Release," seen at the Academy exhibition of that year. In the spring of the following year, 1854, Mrs. Ruskin left her husband's house and returned to her parents in Scotland; while Ruskin was taken by his parents to Switzerland. Rumours of their permanent separation flew through the town; surmise and curiosity stood on tip-toe.

In writing to her brother-in-law, May 1854, Mrs. Carlyle—who no doubt was deeply interested in the matter—says: "I know nothing about it except that I have always pitied Mrs. Ruskin, while people generally blame her—for love of dress and company and flirtation. She was too young and pretty to be so left to her own devices as she was by her husband,

who seemed to wish nothing more of her but the credit of having a pretty well dressed wife." The next scene in this drama was laid in the Scotch courts where Mrs. Ruskin sued for the nullity of her marriage. This was not defended and on July 3, 1855, Euphemia Chalmers Gray was married after the Scotch custom, in the drawing room of her father's house, Bourrswell, Perth, to John Everett Millais. From that date Ruskin lived with his parents till their death, and devoted his whole energies to the mission of his life.

Among the male novelists of the day Benjamin Disraeli—born December 24, 1804—was in his thirty-third year at the date of Her Majesty's accession. Previous to that event he had published his brilliant novels *The Young Duke*; *Contarini Fleming*; *The Wondrous Tale of Alroy*; *Venetia*; and *Henrietta Temple*. The originality and cleverness of his work, independent of his garish dress, his display of jewellery, his studied affectations and his amusing epigrams, would have been sufficient to make him an object of attraction and interest in the drawing rooms of the great. The two novels last named were published in the memorable year 1837, and in the July of the same year, after some previously unsuccessful attempts, and a change of political views, he gained an entrance to Parliament as a member for Maidstone. From that time his career as a professional writer of romance may be said to have ended; for his novels *Coningsby* (1844), *Sybil*

(1845) and *Tancred* (1847) were written to illustrate important political culprits; while *Lothair* (1870) and *Endymion* (1880) were penned as a pastime during his retirement from office.

Edward Bulwer Lytton, the friend who had given him advice and patronage in the beginning of his literary career, claimed to have been the sole predictor of Disraeli's success on the night of his first disastrous failure in the House of Commons. Born May 25, 1803, Bulwer as he was then called, had published at least six novels before the Queen came to the throne. During the reign his best works of fiction and three of his plays, *The Lady of Lyons*, *Richelieu*, and *Money* were written. Short in figure, and fair-complexioned, he had a wide forehead, dreamy blue eyes, full scarlet lips, and a nose unduly prominent. His manners to those he considered his inferiors were supercilious and fastidious. Never allowing the fact to be forgotten, that though a writer by profession he was a gentleman by birth, he affected to be ignorant of grammar, and to produce handwriting that was a scribble.

Bulwer Lytton was gracious enough to recognise the rising genius of Charles Dickens, born February 7, 1812, even though he had begun his literary career as a reporter for *The Morning Chronicle*. *Sketches by Boz*, and *The Pickwick Papers* had already brought him into sudden notice in 1836; but *Oliver Twist*

was running its course in monthly numbers at the beginning of the reign, which he helped to make illustrious. From that time Dickens, the most popular and prosperous author of the day, was eagerly sought after by people of fashion and position, whose company he was not unwilling to enliven. Carlyle having gone to a dinner party "at the dear cost of a shattered set of nerves and head set whirling for the next eight-and-forty hours" as he grumblingly tells us, met there for the first time the author of *Pickwick*, whom he describes as a fine little fellow with "clear blue intelligent eyes, eyebrows that he arches amazingly, large protrusive rather loose mouth, a face of most extreme mobility which he shuttles about—eyebrows, eyes, mouth and all—in a very singular manner while speaking. Surmount this with a loose coil of common coloured hair, and set it on a small compact figure, very small and dressed *à la D'Orsay* rather than well—this is *Pickwick*. For the rest a quiet, shrewd-looking little fellow who seems to guess pretty well what he and others are."

William Makepeace Thackeray, by many considered his rival and by some his superior, born July 18, 1811, had a slower more difficult climb to fame than his great contemporary. Educated at the Charterhouse School and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he met the Tennysons, Monckton Milnes, and James Spedding, he took chambers in Hare Court, November 1831,

and entered the Middle Temple with the intention of becoming a barrister. A slight acquaintance with law made him hate and describe it as "one of the most cold blooded, prejudiced pieces of invention that ever a man was slave to." The law was abandoned by him for art, to study which he settled for a time in Paris. Though he showed no ability as a draughtsman he persisted in his attempts to become an artist, and in 1836 offered himself to Dickens as an illustrator of the *Pickwick Papers*. While in Paris he married Isabella, daughter of Colonel Shawe, of Doneraile, Co. Cork, August 1836. Returning to England he took a house in Great Coram Street, and with the necessity before him of earning his daily bread, began his literary career as a hack writer.

As such he reviewed for *The Times*, contributed short stories to *The New Monthly*, and wrote *The Yellow Plush Correspondence*, for *Fraser's Magazine*. *The Paris Sketch Book*, *The History of Samuel Titmarsh*, or *The Great Hoggarty Diamond*, *The Luck of Barry Lyndon*, and *The Irish Sketch Book*, followed close upon each other without bringing him much reward. When *Punch* was established in July 1841, he became one of its writers. Among his contributions to its columns *The Snobs of England by One of Themselves*, afterwards represented and published under the title of *The Book of Snobs* made a success, and may be said to have brought their author his first experience of fame. It

is strange that he should have delighted to satirise a rank offence in others which was found in himself. An accusation of snobbery has frequently been brought against him, among others by that shrewd observer of her contemporaries Harriet Martineau, who says that "his frittered life and his obedience to the calls of the great are the observed of all observers"; adding "great and unusual allowance is to be made in his case I am aware; but this does not lessen the concern occasioned by the spectacle of one after another of the aristocracy of nature making the *kow-tow* to the aristocracy of accident." His greater success came with the publication of *Vanity Fair*, which was issued in numbers beginning January 1847, and ending July 1848. The first were received by the public with comparative indifference, but before the last was published Thackeray took his proper place as one of the great novelists of his day.

Anthony Trollope, who was born April 24, 1815, was struggling to obtain a hearing from readers of fiction at the same time. On leaving school he had obtained a clerkship in the General Post Office, and had subsequently become Post Office Surveyor in Ireland. While in that country he married the daughter of a bank manager, Edward Heseltine of Rotherham, when to meet the increased expenses of his new life he began to write. The results of his early efforts might have disheartened a man with less

belief in himself. His first novel, *The Macdermots of Ballycloran* was published by Newby, who in the same year brought out *Wuthering Heights*. It attracted no notice. By his second novel, *The Kellys and the O'Kellys*, his publisher lost sixty pounds. For his third novel, *La Vendée* he got twenty pounds. A man of great vitality who credited himself with possessing much ability, he worked at novel making with the regularity of a machine, rising at half-past five in the morning, and turning out two thousand four hundred words before breakfast. In the absence from his work of all inspiration or poetry, it resembled the production of a machine. On the other hand it had the saving grace which appealed to a large circle, and that was aptly described by Charles Lever, as "a certain hard common sense and coarse shrewdness that prevents him from being dull or tiresome." Lever though of opinion that Trollope's books were not of a high order, always expressed surprise that he could have written them; an impression which Trollope gave to most of those with whom he came in contact. It was not until the publication of *Barchester Towers* in 1857, that he began to win the popularity and to make the money by his books which had been the desire of his life.

The author just mentioned Charles Lever, was born in Dublin August 31, 1806. Though he studied medicine with the intention of becoming a doctor, he was never able to pass the examinations—easy as they

were in those days—necessary to gain his degrees. Ultimately he was enabled to experiment upon the lives of his fellow creatures only by the grace of his University, Trinity College, which granted him a degree of bachelor of medicine in 1831. In a country and at a time when folk were proverbially indifferent to the hazards of life, he soon found a practice ; but to his credit it must be related that he ever preferred to gamble than to prescribe, and that he liked better to cross country in the trail of the hounds than to sit by the bedside of a patient, who might be described as a victim. In 1833, he married for love. The change in his life did not bring about change in his habits so far as extravagant living and card playing were concerned, and in the hope of adding to the poor income which his practice produced, he wrote his first novel, *Harry Lorrequer*. This began as a serial—February 1837—in the *Dublin University Magazine*, to which he had already contributed. The exhilarating freshness, the boisterous humour of the story with its rollicking characters, its inimitable and exaggerated scenes of the sunny side of Irish life, won it a deserved success. If any thing it was increased by his second book *Charles O'Malley* ; so that Lever found himself a distinguished novelist in the first years of the Victorian reign, but never a wealthy man ; for as he said, he was continually pulling the devil by the tail only to get sore fingers for his pains.

William Carleton another Irish novelist, born 1794, though he had published his *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry* in 1830, did not produce his best and most powerful works *Fardorougha the Miser*; *Valentine McCarthy*; *The Black Prophet*; *The Evil Eye* etc., until the early years of the reign. A son of the people who had experienced their privations, rough hewn by nature, and with an eye for the realities of life, he strongly resented the extravagant character-drawing, the roistering farcical scenes of Lever's novels, and drew his pictures of Ireland in which the faults as well as the virtues of the race were shown, with the force and severity of etchings. Another Irishman, Samuel Lover who was at once a novelist, painter, poet, musician, dramatist, and public entertainer, set the world laughing in the year of Her Majesty's accession by his *Rory O'More*, which when dramatised ran for over a hundred nights at the Adelphi theatre: while his *Handy Andy* (1842) made him for a time a rival of Lever, whom he never really equalled.

Captain Marryat, born July 10, 1792, who had passed his earlier life in active service in the Navy, and while in command of a ship had written his first novel *The Naval Officer or Scenes in the Life of Frank Mildmay*, had settled down as a writer of delightful breezy sea yarns in the early years of the Victorian reign. At the same time James Grant, born August 1 1822, once an ensign in the Army was writing stories

such as *The Romance of War*, *The Adventures of an Aide-de-Camp*, to mention but two out of fifty which he produced. William Harrison Ainsworth, born February 4, 1805, was at the same period gratifying the taste of lovers of semi-historical romances with such works as *The Tower of London* (1840), *Guy Fawkes* (1841), *Windsor Castle* (1843) and others of a like character. The Rev. Charles Kingsley born June 17, 1819 who wrote to increase his income ran his first novel *Yeast*, through *Frazer's Magazine*; published *Alton Locke* in 1850, *Hyppatia* in 1853, and *Westward Ho!* in 1855. Samuel Warren was born May 23, 1807, a son of the Rector of All Saints, Ancoats Manchester. By profession he was a barrister. His first novel *The Diary of a Late Physician*, written at the age of eight-and-twenty, had like many another passed from publisher to publisher before it was accepted by William Blackwood. Its immediate success led the author to heights of extravagant vanity. *Ten Thousand a Year* was yet more popular. Charles Reade, born June 8, 1814, began his literary life as a writer for the stage; adapting a version of Scribe and Legouvé's *Duel en Amour*, under the title of *The Ladies' Battle*, at the Olympic Theatre in May 1851; produced *Angelo*, a four-act tragedy at the same house in the autumn of the same year; *A Village Tragedy*, at the Strand Theatre in 1852, a five-act melodrama; *Gold*, at Drury Lane Theatre; and *Masks and Faces*, in collaboration

with Tom Taylor at the Haymarket Theatre November 1852. At the suggestion of Mrs. Seymour, an actress who became his lifelong friend, Charles Reade turned this delightful comedy into a story, for which when published under the name of *Peg Woffington*, Mr. Bentley was generous enough to give him thirty pounds. The success of the book led to his writing a series of novels some of which are among the greatest in our language.

The last name in this short imperfect account of the famous writers of the early Victorian period, is William Wilkie Collins, born January 8, 1824. The future novelist was the son of an artist and the godson of Sir David Wilkie after whom he was named. At the age of seventeen he was apprenticed to the tea trade which had less attraction for him than novel-writing. Time which should have been given to ledgers was devoted to writing a romance *Antonina*; seeing the merits of which his father released him from office work and entered him at Lincoln's Inn, May 1846. Even then Wilkie was not certain of the direction in which his talents lay, for much of his spare time was given to painting, one result of which was his exhibiting a landscape at the Royal Academy exhibition of 1849. In 1851, the year by the way in which he was called to the Bar, his decision regarding his real profession was made by his meeting Charles Dickens, to whose periodical

Household Words, he began to contribute. *Sister Rose*, and *After Dark* ran serially through *Household Words* ; and when that publication was incorporated with *All the Year Round*, Wilkie Collins published in its pages the *Queen of Hearts*, and *The Woman in White*. From that time till his death he continued to write melodramatic novels which for their power to grip and to retain interest from the first page to the last have never been excelled.

CHAPTER XIII

The royal visit to Ireland—Thoughtfulness of Prince Albert—In Cork where the Queen admired the women—Arrival at Kingstown—Welcome of all classes—"Make one o' them Prince Pathrick and all Ireland will die for ye"—A wonderful and striking spectacle—A shout of loyalty never heard before—The Queen pays a personal compliment—The post of Commander-in-Chief offered to Prince Albert—Birth of Prince Arthur—Her Majesty is struck on the head—Death of Queen Adelaide—Accident to Sir Robert Peel—His death causes universal sympathy—The Queen's mark of appreciation of his services—Death of the Duke of Cambridge, Louis Philippe and the Queen of the Belgians—The royal visit to Edinburgh—Sees the apartments of Mary Stuart—Sectarian agitation—Negotiations opened with Rome—Lord Palmerston explains Lord Minto's position—Nicholas Wiseman—A type of the great Churchman—The Cardinal has a surprise—*The Times* on the Catholic hierarchy—Wiseman writes to Lord John Russell—Lord John to the Bishop of Durham—Attack on the unworthy sons of the Church of England—Storm of intolerance—Greville writes to *The Times*—Its editor thinks the agitation a pack of nonsense—The Archbishop's reply—Greville describes the tempest of public fury—The Queen on intolerance—Lord John Russell introduces a bill—His Government is defeated on the extension of suffrage—Her Majesty sends for Lord Derby—Difficulties of forming an Administration—Lord John is reinstated—The Queen dissatisfied—Lord John introduces a maimed Ecclesiastical Titles Bill—Its fate—Prince Albert's scheme for a great Exhibition—Opposition and vexations—Colonel Sibthorpe's prayer—Monarchs afraid—The King of Hanover's letter—Over eighteen hundred acres of glass—The Prince driven almost crazy—The Foreign Ministers refuse to present an address—The Prince's difficulties overcome—Opening of the Exhibition—Prince Arthur's birthday—The Queen at the Guildhall.

CHAPTER XIII

IN 1849, when the Queen had been twelve years on the throne, it was decided that she should visit her Irish dominions. Not only was this the first visit to Ireland by Her Majesty, but it was the first visit paid to that country by an English Sovereign for twenty-eight years. News of her intention filled an excitable people to the wildest enthusiasm, and preparations were made to give her a loyal and warm welcome. At the suggestion made to the Prime Minister by Prince Albert, who was invariably considerate and thoughtful, it was decided that in the distressed condition of Ireland, just recovering from the effects of famine, the royal visit would not be one of State which must involve an expenditure the country could not afford ; but would take the form of an unceremonious call. If the reasons for this were explained to the people, he felt sure they would take the absence of official ceremonies as more complimentary and friendly. In this he touched a chord in Irish hearts, which responded promptly and gratefully. On the morning of August 2, Her Majesty with the Prince and their four eldest children left Cowes in the royal yacht

Victoria and Albert accompanied by a squadron, and late that evening steamed into the Cove of Cork. The sun had already set, but a faint yellow light streaked the west, and a blue haze hung above the silent melancholy land. Then as their entrance was signalled by the firing of cannon, a glare of light sprang up from sea and shore, to be followed a moment later by the blazing of bonfires one after another on the hill-tops; flaring signals of joy scaring darkness and defying night.

Morning came with heavy grey mists covering the mountains and brooding above the waters, but presently when Her Majesty embarked at the Cove—from that time called Queenstown—a sudden burst of sunshine lit the land, which the Celt prone to note omens, interpreted as a happy augury. Later in the day the royal party sailed up the picturesque river Lee to Cork, amid the ringing of bells, the firing of guns, and the cheers of thousands on shore, who accompanied the slow movement of the yacht—a black belt of humanity between blue water and green fields. Cork's own city was thronged with noisy, laughing, rollicking, good-humoured people, calling to each other, shrieking words of welcome to, and scrambling for a sight of the Queen. In return Her Majesty smiled at them from her open carriage as she drove through the principal streets, and was struck, as she recorded in her Journal, by the charm of her own sex amid the throng. "Such

beautiful dark eyes and hair, and such fine teeth ; almost every third woman was pretty, some of them remarkably so." When the few sights of the city had been inspected, a loyal address read and the Mayor knighted, the royal party returned to the yacht, which next day sailed for Dublin. That evening it anchored opposite Duncannon, a desolate little fishing village with a fort guarding the approach to Waterford ; but a spot of great interest to the Queen, as it was from its dilapidated weed-grown pier that James II. embarked for France after the battle of the Boyne.

It was about seven o'clock on the evening of August 5, that the royal squadron steamed slowly into Dublin bay, the most beautiful in the kingdom ; and her Majesty first caught sight of its white villages running down to the sea, backed by emerald hills, behind which undulating violet-hued and cloud-shadowed, rose the semicircle of the Wicklow mountains. The last rays of the sun lit up a scene on sea and land which the Sovereign could not witness unmoved. Impatient to give her a hearty welcome, the people did not wait until she landed, but crowding into steamers, yachts, and boats, set out to meet her, and with ringing cheers and waving hats, flags and handkerchiefs gave every demonstration of their joy at finding her among themselves. When she landed next morning at Kingstown harbour she was greeted by some forty thousand people who had come from all parts of the

country to see her. A scene of indescribable enthusiasm followed. Never had any of Her Majesty's subjects greeted her with so heart-full, so loyal a reception. Lord Mayor and Sword Bearer, City Marshall, Recorder and High Sheriff in crimson and gold, cocked hats and glittering chains, were hustled about like common mortals. Horse, foot, and artillery were unable to hold their own in keeping the crowd from approaching close to her ; " Sure it's in the way ye are " ; " It's ourselves and not the likes o' you she wants to see," they were told. Personal compliments to herself, her husband, and her children, the quick promptings of kind hearts penetrated between outbursts of cheers ; and one sturdy woman breaking for a second through bristling ranks, and stretching bare arms towards the royal children shouted, " Arrah, Queen dear, make one o' them Prince Pathrick and all Ireland will die for ye."

Entering a train at Kingstown the royal party were conveyed to Sandymount some miles from Dublin, and thence by open carriages to the Viceregal Lodge in the Phœnix Park. The enthusiasm started on Her Majesty landing was continued through the day. Vast crowds cheering, houses decorated with flowers and flags ; evergreen arches seen everywhere. It was, as she afterwards wrote, " a wonderful and striking spectacle, such masses of human beings, so enthusiastic, so excited, yet such perfect order maintained ; then

the numbers of troops, the different bands stationed at certain distances, the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the bursts of welcome which rent the air—all made a never-to-be-forgotten scene." It was feared that the great number of troops escorting her might be taken as a want of trust in them by a sensitive people; but when on the following days the Queen drove about Dublin unattended by a single soldier, her confidence in them was appreciated. For four days she and Prince Albert visited public institutions and historic buildings, witnessed a review, held a levée that lasted five hours, and at which four thousand persons were present, and a drawing-room at which eighteen hundred ladies were presented. "It will gratify you to know that from all quarters I hear but one expression of satisfaction at the Queen's visit, and of hope of lasting benefit from it"; wrote Sir George Grey, Minister in attendance on Her Majesty, to the Prime Minister. "She has done everything admirably, and has elicited universal praise."

When the Queen re-embarked at Kingstown, the feelings of her Irish subjects reached the climax of fervour and loyalty. Mixed with the gratification of receiving her visit was the regret that it had ended. Her slow passage from the railway station to the pier was again and again interrupted by the rush of those who wished to see or to touch her; and among the farewells

addressed to her came the personal note from the poorer classes ; " Ah thin, Majesty dear, sure it won't be long till you let us have a sight of ye again ; sure it's expecting to see your purty face we'll be afore long, plaze God. Now you know us, sure you'll not be lettin' them prating Parliament men keep you from us. Well God purtect you anyhow, and bring you safe back to ould Ireland." As the royal yacht reached the end of the pier enclosing the harbour, a shout arose from those thronging it such as she had never heard before, when acting on a sudden impulse, Her Majesty mounted the paddle-box and waved her handkerchief in farewell. Then she gave commands that the speed might be slackened, and the royal standard lowered three times in acknowledgment of her appreciation. Lord Lansdowne who was one of her suite, assured Charles Greville that " the departure was quite affecting, and he could not see it without being moved " ; and Lord Clarendon then Irish Viceroy, writing to Sir George Grey told him that there was not an individual in Dublin who did not " take as a personal compliment to himself the Queen's having gone upon the paddle-box and ordered the royal standard to be lowered three times. . . . In short the people are not only enchanted with the Queen and the gracious kindness of her manner, and the confidence she has shown in them, but they are pleased with themselves for their own good feelings

and behaviour, which they consider have removed the barrier that existed between the Sovereign and themselves, and that they now occupy a higher position in the eyes of the world." The Queen's delight in her visit to Ireland was evident to all. Nothing could exceed the generous genuine enthusiasm which was shown to her in every part, and she said "she was immensely pleased and demonstrative of her satisfaction." This was told by Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence to Henry Greville, brother to Charles Greville, Clerk of the Council. Henry Greville it may be remarked, after spending ten years as attaché to the British Embassy, now held the post of Gentleman Usher to the Court.

From Dublin the Queen went to Belfast where she remained four hours. Then in the teeth of a frightful gale she crossed to Scotland, paid a brief visit to Glasgow, and thence travelled to Balmoral House in the Highlands. Balmoral House which had belonged to Sir Robert Gordon was simply a shooting-box to which Her Majesty had taken a fancy. One of her ministers Lord Malmesbury, declares he had to write his despatches on his bed, no other room being available, adding that when the Prince and himself played billiards in the evening, the Queen and the Duchess of Kent were constantly obliged to get up from their chairs to be out of the way of the cues. Balmoral House was bought by Her

Majesty in 1852, when it was rebuilt and its grounds laid out under the direction of the Prince.

As a compliment to her Irish subjects Her Majesty created the Prince of Wales, Earl of Dublin, in the following month ; and when May 3, 1850, her third son was born, the name Patrick was given him in addition to those of Arthur William Albert. The Prince's first name was selected by the Queen not only because he was born on the birthday (eighty-first) of the Duke of Wellington, but also because his Grace had a little while previously proposed that at his death the office of Commander-in-Chief of the army should be filled by Prince Albert. The latter never gave greater proof of his admirable sense than when he declined to entertain the suggestion ; for he knew that his knowledge of military matters was insufficient, that such an appointment would heighten the prejudice against him always lurking in the popular mind and ever waiting to find expression ; and above all that his health never robust, and taxed as it was by his incessant efforts to spare Her Majesty the fatigue attending the business of State, would not admit of further strain. The Queen felt gratified by the high opinion of the Prince which the Duke's proposition implied, and repaid him by selecting him as one of the godfathers of her seventh child, and calling him by the gallant old soldier's name.

Within a month of the Prince's birth, May 27, 1850,

an event happened which shocked the nation. As Her Majesty was leaving Cambridge House, Piccadilly, where she had been calling on her uncle, a man named Robert Pate stepped forward and deliberately raising his cane struck her on the head. Fortunately the shape of her bonnet protected her face though the stroke left a bruise on her forehead. The ruffian was immediately seized and was found to be a retired army officer who had already made himself conspicuous by his dress and by his manner in the park. It was evident that desire for notoriety was the motive of his brutal assault, for he would give no explanation of his action. The jury before which he was tried, declined to believe in the plea of insanity set up by his counsel, and he was sentenced to seven years' transportation. It may be mentioned here that a similar sentence had been passed on a man named William Hamilton of Adair who had fired a blank charge at her as she was returning to the Palace from a drive, May 19, 1849.

From the end of 1849 to the end of the following year, the death of several relatives and friends caused Her Majesty much regret. Among them was Queen Adelaide. Plain and homely, kind hearted and exemplary, she had never felt any gratification in being a Queen. After the death of William IV. she had lived in retirement, changing her residence continually in the hope of benefiting her failing health.

She had always treated her niece with maternal affection, had rejoiced in her happy marriage, and had delighted to entertain the royal children. Her death took place at Stanmore Priory, December 2, 1849, and she was laid beside her husband in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

It was some six months later that the Sovereign lost her second Prime Minister, who on first coming into office she had heartily disliked, but whom she soon came to value and respect. On a warm summer afternoon, June 29, 1850, Sir Robert Peel went out for his customary ride, mounted on a young and recently purchased horse. At the time he was in high spirits owing to the fact that a clever speech he had made the previous evening in the House, had saved the Government to which he was opposed, but which he considered it best for the welfare of the country should remain in power. Starting from his residence at Whitehall Gardens, he rode to Buckingham Palace where he left his name for the Queen, and then cantered up Constitution Hill. There he met an acquaintance whom he saluted, but as he did so, he who had always been a bad and awkward rider, lost control of his horse, which suddenly swerved and flung him heavily to the ground. Immediately a score of willing hands were ready to raise him as he lay unconscious and badly hurt. Almost immediately he recovered his senses and accepted the offer of a passing



From a photograph by Emery Walker, after the painting by John Linnel in the National Portrait Gallery.

SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART.

carriage to convey him home. On reaching it he summoned sufficient strength to alight and enter the hall, but on meeting Lady Peel as she anxiously rushed forward, he swooned again, and was carried into the dining room at the back of the house. In this room which he was never destined to leave, a bed was made up for him. Doctors and surgeons were summoned, and found him suffering excruciating pain in the shoulder and upper part of the chest. As the examination of these parts caused him intolerable agony and increased his exhaustion, it was only after his death it was seen that he suffered from a fracture of one or more ribs underneath the left scapula. All that could be done for him was to keep him as quiet as possible and to endeavour to prevent inflammation, though this was difficult as he found the touch of bandages wholly insupportable.

On hearing of the accident friends and acquaintances of all shades of political opinions called to express their sympathy and regret; while on its becoming known to the general public next day, a subdued and mournful crowd waited patiently for hours outside his house to hear news of him. For four days he lay in that spacious sunny room looking on the garden glowing with colour and on the grey river with its busy traffic; quite conscious, seldom speaking, dreading movement. One of his medical men Sir Benjamin Brodie, declared he had never seen "any human

frame so susceptible of pain, for his moral and physical organisation was one of exquisite sensibility." On the evening of the fourth day from his fall he died, July 2, 1850, at eleven o'clock. The Queen had countermanded her visit to the opera during his illness and subsequently excused herself from attending a ball given by Lord Westminster. The whole nation grieved for his loss. His exemplary domestic life, the simplicity of his manner, his disdain of honours he might have acquired, the purity of his political motives, the zeal with which he served his country, all won him the homage of the people no matter how widely they had differed from him during his life. The Duke of Wellington in the Upper, and Mr. Gladstone in the Lower House paid high tributes to his memory; while the Queen and Prince Albert, in the words of the latter, deplored the loss of "the best of men, our truest friend, the strongest bulwark of the throne, the greatest statesman of his time."

The offer of the Government to pay him the tribute of a public funeral being declined by his family in deference to his known wishes, his remains were quietly laid in Westminster Abbey, where a statue to him was erected by the members of the House of Commons, while another subscribed for by private friends was placed in Palace Yard. Within ten days of Sir Robert's death, the Prime Minister wrote to his widow stating that the Queen had directed him to

offer her the rank of Viscountess "as a mark of Her Majesty's appreciation of the eminent services rendered to the Crown and the nation by the late Sir Robert Peel." In reply Lady Peel thanked Her Majesty for her gracious desire, but said that if any solace remained to her in her bereavement it was that she should continue to bear "the same unaltered honoured name that lives for ever distinguished by his virtues and his services." Continuing she said in her letter, printed in the *Peel Papers*: "But I have also with my sons a higher duty of respect towards the memory of my dear loved husband, that of obedience to his wishes; for a paper in his own handwriting has just been given to me in which he expressly desires that no member of his family will accept (if offered) any title, distinction, or reward on account of service he may have rendered in Parliament or in office. With dutiful and grateful acknowledgment to my gracious Queen, I presume therefore to decline the offer of a peerage, feeling sure that Her gracious Majesty will, with the high and kindly feeling for which she is so distinguished, permit me to cherish obedience to the wishes of my dearly loved husband."

The Queen's uncle the Duke of Cambridge, died July 8, 1850, six days later than Sir Robert Peel, at his residence Cambridge House, Piccadilly, in his seventy-seventh year. It may be mentioned that both he and Sir Robert had received an invitation

from the Duke of Norfolk to dine with him on the 10th inst., which they had accepted not knowing they would be required elsewhere on that date. Two months later August 26, 1850, the strange eventful life of Louis Philippe came to an end. The exiled king had been for some time ailing, and died at Claremont. He was in full possession of his senses, and took leave of all his children. Her Majesty paid a visit to his family on her way from Osborne to Castle Howard, and showed her deep sympathy for the family. His eldest daughter the Queen of the Belgians, survived him but a short time for she died October 10, 1850.

The chief incident in the domestic circle of the royal family during the autumn of this year was their visit to Edinburgh. It will be remembered that when Her Majesty visited the Scottish capital in 1842, a contagious fever in the vicinity of Holyrood Castle made it impossible for her to stay there. Now to her great delight she was able to reside in the palace during her brief visit. As she entered the grim courtyard of the ancient building on an evening late in August, she found it brightened by a guard of honour of the 93rd Highlanders; and was received by Lord Morton, Captain-General of the Royal Archers Guard. Scarcely had she been escorted to the apartments prepared for her, than she with the two eldest

Princesses, hurried away to the north tower, eager to inspect the scene of one of the tragedies connected with Mary Stuart, for whom she had always felt a romantic attachment. Writing in her Journal she says: "We saw the rooms where Queen Mary lived, her bed, the dressing room into which the murderers entered who killed Rizzio, and the spot where he fell; where, as the old housekeeper said to me, 'if the lady would stand on that side,' I would see that the boards were discoloured by the blood. Every step is full of historical recollections, and our living here is an epoch in the annals of this old pile, which has seen so many deeds, more bad I fear than good. In the long gallery is a collection of most frightful pictures of the Kings of Scotland, beginning with a full-length of a King three hundred and thirty years before Christ. In Queen Mary's rooms we saw a piece of her work, the armour and lance of Lord Dudley, and other more doubtful souvenirs. The old housekeeper did not know who I was, and only learned it from Mr. Charles Murray." Her Majesty also visited the adjoining abbey and looked with interest at the altar where "my unfortunate ancestress was married to Lord Dudley." During her stay she climbed up Arthur's Seat which looks down upon a beautiful city, and on the bay with its island of Inchkeith, and a wide sweep of country. Prince Albert laid the first stone of the Edinburgh National Gallery.

On her return to England from Balmoral in the autumn of this year, the Queen found the country stirred to its depths by what may be called a sectarian agitation. In days of wider education and greater tolerance this chapter in history—given here as briefly as possible—cannot be read without amazement. Since the Catholic Emancipation Bill of 1829 had permitted the adherents of that religion to take part in public affairs and to practise its rights without incurring legal penalties, its churches, chapels, and schools had multiplied all over the land ; while the Tractarian movement had largely and influentially increased its followers. To Pius IX., elected Pope in June 1846, it seemed necessary that the Catholic Church in England should be brought under proper spiritual jurisdiction by the establishment of a hierarchy of bishops deriving their titles from their own sees ; instead of the Vicars Apostolic who had been appointed recently. Such hierarchies had already been established in Australia and Canada, without the protest or interference of the Government ; while a Catholic hierarchy unbroken by the Reformation, existed in Ireland, and received recognition from the Sovereign.

Not only because of this, was it believed that no objection would be made by the Government to the establishment of a Catholic hierarchy in England ; but also because with the sanction of both Houses

of Parliament, friendly negotiations had been entered into between the Court of Rome and the Government ; when in return for its interference on his behalf, the Pope was expected to restrain the hostility of the Irish clergy towards its educational measures and to hinder them from inflaming political agitations. The man to whom such negotiations were entrusted was a Scotch peer Lord Minto, formerly British Ambassador to Berlin, but at this time Lord Privy Seal. His mission included friendly arbitrations with other Italian Sovereigns ; but while he was accredited to them as Minister Plenipotentiary, he could not, as Lord Palmerston assured him, in the then state of the law of England be sent in any official capacity to the Papal Court.

“You will be at Rome,” the Foreign Minister wrote to him, “not as a Minister accredited to the Pope, but as an authentic organ of the British Government, enabled to explain its views and to declare its sentiments upon events which are now passing in Italy, and which both from their local importance and from their bearing on the general interests of Europe, Her Majesty’s Government are watching with great attention and anxiety.”

Lord Minto left England for Italy November 1847. In the summer of that year the establishment of the English hierarchy had been decided on by the Pope who spoke of it to Lord Minto, and was allowed

to believe, as he afterwards said "that the English Government would offer no opposition to the execution of my plans." The revolution in his own States which obliged him to fly from Rome, as well as the political disturbances in England and Ireland made it impossible for Pius IX. to carry out his intentions. He returned to Rome in 1849, but it was not until the following year that the establishment of the hierarchy in England was again brought forward.

The churchman who above all others was capable of carrying out this project was then in England. This was Nicholas Patrick Stephen Wiseman who was born August 2, 1802, at Seville, where his Irish grandfather—who claimed descent from Sir John Wiseman an auditor of the exchequer in the reign of Henry VIII.—had settled as a merchant. His business was inherited by his son who married for the second time, Xaviera Strange of Aylwardstown Castle, Co. Kilkenny. She bore him three children one of whom was the future Cardinal. He was but three years old when his father died, and his mother with her children left Seville to settle in Waterford. There Nicholas went to school for a couple of years at the end of which he was sent to Ushaw College, near Durham, where he decided to become a priest. In his seventeenth year he entered the English College at Rome where he began to show an extraordinary ability which won him his degree of doctor

of divinity at the age of twenty-two, and some six months before he was ordained. He was but twenty-six when he was made Rector of the English College, a position he held for twelve years ; but during that time he exchanged places for twelve months with the Abbate Baldaconni, of the Sardinian Embassy Chapel in Lincoln's Inn Fields. This was in 1835. In October of the following year he was back in Rome. He returned to England in 1839, as coadjutor to Dr. Walsh, the Vicar Apostolic of the midland district, and after filling some other ecclesiastical appointments was in 1848, made the diplomatic envoy of Pius IX. in England.

A type of the great churchman he was tall, of commanding and dignified presence, with courtly manners, remarkable for the wide range of his reading, for his sense of justice, for his knowledge of languages which included not only all Western but most Eastern tongues. Mixing freely in society he became acquainted with the most distinguished literary men and the greatest politicians of the day. To him who had ardently advocated and strove to prepare the way for the Catholic hierarchy, news that it was to be established without further delay came as no surprise ; though at the same time he heard with astonishment that he was about to be made a cardinal. He was summoned to Rome in the summer of 1850, but before leaving had an interview lasting half an hour with Lord John

Russell, when he spoke of the Pope's intention and received no warning from the Prime Minister that such a design would be resented by the Government. On his way to Rome, Dr. Wiseman had an interview with Sir Edward Blount, to whom, as mentioned in his memoirs by Mr. Stuart J. Reid, he showed the encyclical letter of the Pope organising the Catholic hierarchy. On reading it, Sir Edward said he thought it would not be understood in England, and would probably cause a great outcry, when Dr. Wiseman told him the "Prime Minister had seen a copy of the document and had raised no objection."

In an Apostolic Letter dated September 29, 1850, the Pope announced the establishment of a Catholic hierarchy in England, and the elevation of Dr. Wiseman to the dignity of Archbishop of Westminster. On the following day the new Archbishop was made a Cardinal Priest. On October 7 his Eminence addressed a Pastoral to English Catholics, "from out of the Flaminian Gate of Rome," in which he spoke of the Pope's recent act in florid and jubilant phrases, which though addressed to his own people and concerning his own jurisdiction were, without intention on his part, liable to misconstruction and calculated to rouse the hostilities of the English public outside his own Church. Five days later he started for London. On his way he visited Vienna where he had two interviews with the Austrian Emperor. It was while

driving through the latter city, as Mr. Wilfrid Ward tells us in his interesting *Life of Cardinal Wiseman*, that he opened a copy of *The Times*, which had been forwarded to him and "received a rude shock" from its leading article. The writer of this expressed no surprise that Dr. Wiseman who had "long been distinguished as one of the most learned and able members of the Roman Catholic priesthood" in England, had been raised to the purple. That was no concern of theirs. "He is simply at Rome in the position of an English subject, who has thought fit to enter the service of a foreign power and accept its spurious dignities." But this nomination had been "accompanied by the fact that the Pope, having erected the city of Westminster into an archbishopric, had appointed Dr. Wiseman to that see. It might be that his elevation signified no more than if the Pope had conferred on the editor of *The Tablet* the rank and title of Duke of Smithfield; "but if this appointment be not intended as a clumsy joke, we confess that we can only regard it as one of the grossest acts of folly and impertinence which the Court of Rome has ventured to commit since the Crown and people of England threw off its yoke."

As he had not been led to expect opposition to the Pope's action, the Cardinal was surprised by the tone of an article, the more offensive phrases of which have not been quoted. Without delay he wrote to the

Prime Minister whom he addressed as "My Dear Lord," saying how deeply he regretted "the erroneous and even distorted views which the English papers have presented of what the Holy See has done in regard to the spiritual government of the Catholics of England ; but I take the liberty of saying that the measure now promulgated was not only prepared but printed three years ago, and a copy of it was shown to Lord Minto by the Pope on occasion of an audience given to his Lordship by his Holiness. I have no right to intrude on your Lordship further in this matter beyond offering to give any explanation that your Lordship may desire, in full confidence that it will be in my power to remove particularly the offensive interpretation put upon the late act of the Holy See—that it was suggested by political views or by hostile feelings." Unfortunately this letter dated Vienna, November 3, 1850, reached Lord John too late to prevent him expressing his opinions in a manner he must have subsequently regretted.

On reading of the establishment of the Catholic hierarchy in *The Times*, the Bishop of Durham wrote to the Prime Minister October 30, 1850, saying he did not know what his opinion or that of the Government "may be respecting the late aggression of the Pope upon our Protestant religion"; adding that he considered it insolent and insidious. To this the Prime Minister writing from Downing Street,

November 4, said he agreed with the Bishop that the aggression of the Pope upon Protestantism was dominating and insidious, and that he felt as indignant as his Lordship could be upon the subject. To this he added : "There is an assumption of power in all the documents which have come from Rome ; a pretension of supremacy over the realm of England, and a claim to sole and undivided sway, which is inconsistent with the Queen's supremacy, with the rights of our bishops and clergy, and with the spiritual independence of the nation, as asserted even in Roman Catholic times. I confess however that my alarm is not equal to my indignation.

"Even if it shall appear that the ministers and servants of the Pope in this country have not transgressed the law, I feel persuaded that we are strong enough to repel any outward attacks. The liberty of Protestantism has been enjoyed too long in England to allow of any successful attempt to impose a foreign yoke upon our minds and consciences. No foreign prince or potentate will be at liberty to fasten his fetters upon a nation which has so long and so nobly vindicated its rights of freedom of opinion, civil, political, and religious. Upon this subject then I will only say that the present state of the law shall be carefully examined, and the propriety of adopting any proceedings with reference to the recent assumption of power, deliberately considered. There is a danger however

which alarms me much more than any aggression of a foreign sovereign. Clergymen of our own Church, who have subscribed the Thirty-nine Articles and acknowledged in explicit terms the Queen's supremacy, have been most forward in leading their flocks step by step to the very verge of the precipice. The honour paid to saints, the claim of infallibility for the Church, the superstitious use of the sign of the cross, the muttering of the liturgy so as to disguise the language in which it is written, the recommendation of auricular confession, and the administration of penance and absolution—all these things are pointed out by the clergymen of the Church of England as worthy of adoption, and are now openly reprehended by the Bishop of London in his charge to the clergy of his diocese.

“What then is the danger to be apprehended from a foreign prince of no great power compared to the danger within the gates from the unworthy sons of the Church of England herself? I have little hope that the propounders and framers of these innovations will desist from their insidious course. But I rely with confidence on the people of England; and I will not abate a jot of heart or hope, so long as the glorious principles and the immortal martyrs of the Reformation shall be held in reverence by the great mass of a nation which looks with contempt on the mummeries of superstition, and with scorn at the

laborious endeavours which are now making to confine the intellect and enslave the soul." In a postscript full permission was given by Lord John to publish his letter.

This permission was immediately taken advantage of, and like a spark on powder caused an immediate explosion of hostility towards Catholicism. It has been said in excuse for the Prime Minister that his letter was directed not so much against the Pope's action as against the High Church clergy whom he detested, and whom he charged not only with introducing into their churches the services, decorations, and observances which the Reformation had protested against and banished ; but of disowning the title of Protestants in which their predecessors had gloried. This was only human. For in November 1847, Lord John had appointed to the see of Hereford, Dr. Hampden, who was as notorious for his heterodox opinions, as he was for his opposition to High Church practices. The outcry against that act had been attributed by the Prime Minister, as he assured the indignant Archbishop of Canterbury, "chiefly to that portion of the clergy who share Mr. Newman's opinions, but have not had the honesty to follow Mr. Newman in his change of profession." He added that he was not surprised that such persons should feel angry on seeing a man like Dr. Hampden promoted "who has learning to detect and energy to denounce their errors, and begin to

fear that confessions, rosaries, and articles taken in a non-natural sense, and monkish legends of the saints will be discouraged and exposed." Although Lord John carried his point and nominated to the see of Hereford a cleric "in the soundness of whose doctrine the University of Oxford has by a solemn decree affirmed its want of confidence"—as the Archbishop of Canterbury pointed out to his lordship—he did so in the face of powerful opposition which roused in a small man the bitter animosity he vented in his letter to the Bishop of Durham.

The storm of intolerant hate that was raised, chiefly by the Prime Minister's imprudent letter, almost equalled the fury of the Gordon Riots of 1780, which had caused loss of life and property and filled London with terror. All over the land monster meetings were held to protest against what was called Papal aggression ; and on the following Guy Fawkes day, in London and in many towns, effigies of the Pope wearing a triple crown, a pair of horns and a tail, and of Cardinal Wiseman in robes of scarlet tissue paper and with a donkey's head, were hanged, drawn, and burned to cries of "No Popery" and "To hell with the Pope." In the capital crowds collected outside Catholic churches to break their windows and hoot at their congregations, some of whom were mobbed. Probably the climax of provincial intolerance was reached when the Head Master of Rugby School petitioned the

Postmaster General to remove a letter-carrier because he was a Catholic. In London this fanatical blaze was kept alive by the virulence of the Press in general, but chiefly by *The Times* which day by day returned to the attack in a series of articles which are amusing for their display of childish credulity, their appeal to ignorant prejudices concerning "the wicked folly of Popedom." *The Times* also printed letters from the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and from the Bishops of Gloucester, Bristol, Oxford, Chichester, Salisbury, Bangor, London, and Hereford all containing violent denunciations of "a foreign prince insolent in his degradation" whose "ever-wakeful ambition is plotting for our captivity and ruin," as the Archbishop of York put it.

In referring to the "harangues and addresses which for weeks past have been resounding through the country and filling columns" Charles Greville in a letter published in the same paper December 9, 1850, hopes "that in all Europe nobody reads these effusions but ourselves, for they will not exalt our national reputation." This letter which he wrote in an attempt "to sprinkle some drops of reason and remonstrance upon the raging furnace of popular excitement," and because he thought "the character of my countrymen and their reputation all over the world, and in after ages, much more in jeopardy than their religion," contained much common sense likely to restore peace. It was not

written at the wishes of the editor of *The Times*, as we learn incidentally from Greville's *Diary* under date November 10, for there in speaking of the general agitation he says : "Some affect to be very angry and make a great noise because they think it answers an end. John Russell is somewhat in this way, for I don't believe he *really* cares much ; *The Times* newspaper does the same, and blows up the coals for the sake of popularity ; but Delane, who begged me not to write as I was inclined to do—something in mitigation of the movement, told me he thought the whole thing gross humbug and a pack of nonsense."

The state of public feeling was so incensed that many Catholics fearing for the safety of the Cardinal if he returned, were anxious that he should remain abroad for a while. A full report of what had happened was forwarded to him, but scorning danger he did not delay his journey by a day. He arrived in London November 11, 1850, and though he was subsequently hooted and had stones flung at the windows of his carriage, no harm came to him. One of the first things he did on reaching London was to address an *Appeal to the English People*, which was published November 19, in a pamphlet of thirty-one pages. This had an immediate sale of thirty thousand copies, and was printed in full by five London morning papers. When offered to *The Times*, its editor declared he could only quote extracts, until told that other papers

were about to give it *in extenso*, when rather than be behind them in enterprise, he agreed to follow their example.

In this letter a regret was expressed that the Prime Minister, instead of remaining neutral as might have been expected from one entrusted with the helm of State, instead of keeping himself above those influences of party feeling which disqualify the mind for grave and generous counsels, had astonished all Europe by his statements. In the appointment of Catholic bishops to English sees, not an inch of territory, not a shilling of money was claimed, and no attempt would be made to guide the spiritual welfare of others outside their own flocks, whose peaceful conduct "under the whirlwind of contumely which has just assailed them" proved they had not forgotten the teaching of their Church not to revile when reviled. Finally an appeal for an impartial hearing made to the manly sense and honest heart of a generous people; to "that love of honourable dealing and fair play which in joke or in earnest, is equally the instinct of an Englishman; that hatred of all mean advantages taken, of all base tricks and paltry clap-trap and party cries employed to hunt down even a rival or a foe." But the wild clamour of the mob drowned the Cardinal's voice, the common sense to which he appealed, suddenly seemed to have disappeared.

Writing eleven days after the publication of this appeal, Charles Greville states that the whole country was

still up ; “ meetings everywhere ; addresses to bishops and their replies ; addresses to the Queen ; speeches, letters, articles, all pouring forth from the Press day after day with a vehemence and a universality such as I never saw before. A more disgusting and humiliating manifestation has never been exhibited ; it is founded on prejudice and gross ignorance. As usual the most empty make the greatest noise, and the declaimers vie with each other in coarseness, violence, and stupidity. Nevertheless the hubbub is not the less mischievous for being so senseless and ridiculous. The religious passions and animosities that have been excited will not speedily die away, nor will the Roman Catholics forget the insults that have been heaped on their religion, nor the Vatican all the vulgar abuse that has been lavished on the Pope. In the midst of all this Wiseman has put forth a very able manifesto, in which he proves unanswerably that what has been done is perfectly legal, and a matter of ecclesiastical discipline, with which we have no concern whatever. He lashes John Russell with great severity, and endeavours to enlist the sympathies of the Dissenters by contrasting the splendour and wealth of the Anglican clergy with the contented poverty of the Romanists, and appeals to all the advocates of the voluntary system. His paper is uncommonly well done, and must produce a considerable effect though of course none capable of quieting the storm that

is now raging. Wiseman does not evince any intention of receding in the slightest degree, but on the contrary there appears to lurk throughout his paper a consciousness of an impregnable position, round which the tempest of public rage and fury may blow ever so violently without producing the slightest effect. . . . The Queen takes a great interest in the matter, but she is more against the Puseyites than the Catholics. She disapproves of Lord John's letter."

Among the innumerable addresses referred to by Greville, which urged Her Majesty to resist Papal aggression, were those from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the Corporation of the City of London, and the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, which she consented to receive in person in St. George's Hall, Windsor Castle, December 10th. On that day and for three preceding days the royal borough and the royal residence were hidden by a blinding fog so dense, as Prince Albert said, that "a man standing before his own door fails to recognise it." The carriages of those who undertook to present the petitions, the Duke of Wellington among them, were guided to the Castle by torches flaming through heavy vapour which penetrated the hall of audience, and was not wholly dispersed by great fires and flaring gas. Her Majesty's replies to the addresses were marked by moderation which Greville expected would make the zealots cry out. As she said in a letter written

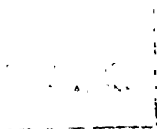
the following day to her aunt the Duchess of Gloucester, and given in Sir Theodore Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort*, she would never "have consented to say anything which breathed a spirit of intolerance. Sincerely Protestant as I always have been and always shall be, and indignant as I am at those who call themselves Protestants while they are in fact quite the contrary, I much regret the unchristian and intolerant spirit exhibited by many people at public meetings. I cannot bear to hear the violent abuse of the Catholic religion, which is so painful and so cruel towards the many good and innocent Roman Catholics."

The Government seeing that they had been placed in a fix by Lord John's indiscreet letter, about which they had not been consulted, and that some action must be taken by them to pacify the public, ordered the law officers to examine the statutes on the subject. Parliament was opened February 4, 1851, by the Queen, who on her way from Buckingham Palace to Westminster was greeted by fierce cries of "No Popery, no Popery." Cardinal Wiseman was present in the House of Commons three days later when Lord John Russell asked permission to introduce a Bill to inflict a penalty of one hundred pounds on persons assuming titles to pretended sees in the United Kingdom; to make null and void all legal documents executed by such persons; and to make endowments of such pretended sees, forfeitable to Her



From a photo by Emery Walker, after the picture by Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL,
Afterwards Earl Russell.



Majesty. After a week's debate such permission was given in Parliament by a majority of three hundred and ninety-five to sixty-three. Those who were not in favour of the Bill, though small in number were personally influential, and were known to be determined to fight it with might and main on the principle of religious toleration. This fight was postponed by the sudden fall of the Government February 22, 1851, on a motion for the extension of the suffrage, when Lord John Russell resigned.

The Queen immediately sent for the leader of the Conservatives, Lord Stanley, who in the following June succeeded his father as fourteenth Earl of Derby. At the moment of Lord John's defeat, Lord Stanley had been dining with Her Majesty, and had no expectation that on his next appearance before the Sovereign he should be commissioned to form an Administration. This was an honour he by no means desired for he cared little for power, and he immediately declined it, believing that his party could not carry on a Government at this time. He suggested the formation of a Cabinet composed of the followers of Lord John Russell and of the late Sir Robert Peel, and assured Her Majesty that if such an attempt were unsuccessful, he would endeavour to obey her commands should she repeat them. The Queen then sent for Lord Aberdeen, the recognised leader of the Peelites, but as he, Sir James Graham, and Mr.

Gladstone among others, were utterly opposed to the Anti-Papal Bill, they refused to co-operate with John Russell though he offered to reduce its provisions to a mere minimum. Nor would Lord Aberdeen endeavour to form an Administration of his own followers, knowing that a Government which refused to bring in such a Bill—as his would have been—could not stand.

Once more Lord Stanley was summoned by Her Majesty and was reminded of his promise. For two days and the better parts of two nights he drove from post to pillar ; from Lord Aberdeen to John Russell, from Lord Lansdowne to Lord Canning, during which the Court was in a fever of suspense, and the town in a state of excitement ; gossip, lies, conjectures, stirring the clubs. But obstacles arose not only on account of the Anti-Papal Bill, but on the question of Protection, which made it impossible for him to form a party of his followers, or of combining them with the Peelites. “His rabble are very violent, and abuse him for not at once taking the government” ; says Greville, who adds, “This does not make his position easier. Disraeli has behaved very well, and told Stanley to do what he pleased with him ; he would take any office, and if he was likely to be displeasing to the Queen, one that would bring him into little personal communication with her. If he could get anybody essential to his Government to join (Gladstone of course) he would act under him.” On Lord Stanley

acknowledging his inability to form an Administration to Her Majesty, she sadly perplexed, sent for her old friend the Duke of Wellington to ask his advice. To him it seemed best that she should summon Lord John Russell again. This was done, when he and his Cabinet without any change whatever were reinstated. The crisis had ended in a manner that pleased neither the Sovereign nor the country. Both she and Prince Albert talked very openly of the subject at dinner to their guest Lord Granville, who told Charles Greville that the Queen "is satisfied with herself as well she may be, and hardly with anybody else ; not dissatisfied personally with Stanley of whom she spoke in terms indicative of liking him. The Queen and the Prince think this resuscitated concern very shaky, and that it will not last. Her favourite aversions are, first and foremost Palmerston, and Disraeli next. It is very likely that this latter antipathy (which no doubt Stanley discovered) contributed to his reluctance to form a Government."

On being reinstated, Lord John Russell felt bound to pass his Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, which Mr. Roebuck described in the House of Commons as "the meanest, pettiest, and most futile measure that ever disgraced even bigotry itself." On its reintroduction to Parliament it was greatly changed. For though it retained its clause of inflicting a fine of one hundred pounds on all persons assuming ecclesiastical titles, the clauses invalidating deeds executed by such persons, and

making endowments of their sees forfeitable to the Sovereign, were dropped. Even in this maimed condition it was opposed by a minority in the Commons, while the Earl of Aberdeen in the Lords, moved to have it rejected. According to Greville, "Everybody seems disgusted, provoked, and ashamed at the position in which we are placed." The Government managed to conciliate nobody and to offend everybody. "Their concessions are treated with rage and indignation on one side, and with scorn and contempt on the other." Its final debates coincided with the publication of a rescript from Rome creating a fresh batch of bishops in England. It finally passed July 4, 1851, by a majority of two hundred and sixty-three to forty-nine. No notice was taken of it by those against whom it was directed ; no attempt to enforce it was made by those who passed it ; and from the first it was a dead letter. It remained forgotten until it was brought to light in 1870, that it might be repealed.

The storm roused by "Papal aggression" subsided as suddenly as it had arisen, and before the Bill had passed, public interest in it was diverted in another direction. This was the Great Exhibition or as it was sometimes called the Crystal Palace, which was opened May 1, 1851. Such exhibitions had long been familiar to the French, but this was the first attempt of the kind made in England. The splendid scheme of bringing together samples of every kind of

industry, examples of all modern inventions, and specimens of every branch of art in one building and in London, was due to Prince Albert. Although it was certain to benefit commerce and manufactures, to widen ideas, to combat insularism, it was received not only with coldness but with hostility. The Government at first offered to allow the area within Somerset House to be used for the Exhibition ; but this was rejected as being too small and inconvenient, and instead a space in Hyde Park was suggested as most suitable by the Prince. This was met with almost universal opposition. In writing of his efforts to his brother the Duke of Saxe-Coburg he says : " Our Exhibition is to be turned out of London. The Protectionists who are afraid of it, the Radicals who want to prove their power over the Crown-properties (the parks), *The Times* whose solicitor has bought a house near Hyde Park, all storm and rail. The matter is to be settled to-night. But Peel who had undertaken the defence is no more, so we shall probably be beaten and shall have to give up the whole Exhibition. You see that we are not exactly lying on a bed of roses." Eventually after much wrangling the desired site in Hyde Park was given.

Next came money difficulties, for as applications for spaces to display exhibits were dishearteningly few, it was necessary that a guarantee fund should be raised before the building was begun. The vexations concerning such matters, the constant attendance at

committee meetings, the continued objections to the scheme, and the claims made on his time and patience by every one concerned in the matter, brought sleepless nights and physical exhaustion to Prince Albert.

Some compensation came to him when in July, 1850, Joseph Paxton's design was accepted by the Exhibition Committee, and a contract was entered into for its completion by the end of the year. Even then worries were far from being at an end. The Press in general had opposed the idea, and bewailed among other things the deplorable effect the Exhibition would have in bringing from the Continent those who were certain to corrupt English morals, or who were likely to attempt some revolutionary and sanguinary action. To avert such disasters Colonel Sibthorp, a man of limited intelligence, uncompromising opinions, and pious sentiments, had prayed that lightning might descend from heaven to blast the building and defeat a project certain to bring disaster on the country. But it was not only at home but abroad that the Prince's scheme was regarded with dislike ; for many foreign sovereigns dreaded that their subjects while visiting London would see for themselves the benefits of a constitutional Government, and the happiness and freedom of a people so governed, and on their return would clamour to be ruled in like manner ; while so great was their dread that an attempt would be made on their lives by revolutionaries if they came to England, that not one of them

accepted the invitations given them by Her Majesty to be present at the opening of the Exhibition.

What their apprehensions were may be judged by a letter written to Lord Strangford by the King of Hanover, who from the moment of Her Majesty's accession looked with sorrow on the ruin to which England was tending, but to which it was galloping since she had fallen under the baneful influence of her Consort. "You may depend upon it," writes His Majesty, "that the Society of Propagandists of which the principal seat is in England, meditates some grand explosion there ; for we know that they are making preparations to facilitate the bringing over of all the vagabonds and republicans when the Exposition is to be opened ; and I warn you, and hope to God you will take every necessary measure to prevent this horrible storm which is now hanging over us. I think Prince Albert's eyes even, must now begin to be opened and at last convinced, not only of the folly and absurdity of the plan, but the dangerous consequences it may lead to. What does Wellington say to all that's going on ? He must have a great deal on his mind in preparing against the storms likely to break out. The folly and absurdity of the Queen in allowing this trumpery show must strike every sensible and well-thinking mind, and I am astonished that ministers themselves do not insist on her at least going to Osborne during the Exhibition, as no human

being can possibly answer for what may occur on the occasion. The idea of permitting three thousand National Guards to come over *en corps* and parade in London in their side-arms, must shock every honest and well-meaning Englishman. But it seems everything is combining to lower us in the eyes of Europe."

The Exhibition, a building of glass, extended over eighteen acres, while its transept was sufficiently high to cover two giant elm-trees. When it was seen that innumerable obstacles were overcome, and that the scheme was sure to succeed, exhibitors all over the kingdom, in almost every foreign country, and in many Eastern lands were anxious to display their industries, their art, their inventions. The display made by many rare and beautiful and curious objects, the symmetry and novelty of the building delighted those unaccustomed to such sights. As the time for its opening advanced the Prince's worries increased. Writing to the Dowager-Duchess of Coburg, April 15, 1851, he says in a letter given by Sir Theodore Martin in his *Life of the Prince Consort*, that he was more dead than alive from fatigue. "The opponents of the Exhibition work with might and main to throw all the old women into panic and to drive myself crazy. The strangers, they give out, are certain to commence a thorough revolution here, to murder Victoria and myself, and to proclaim the Red Republic in England; the plague is certain to ensue from the confluence of such vast

multitudes, and to swallow up those whom the increased price of everything has not already swept away. For all this I am to be responsible, and against all this I have to make efficient provision."

The only members of the foreign royal families who accepted Her Majesty's invitations were the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, who were allowed to do so at the urgent request of the Prince to the King, and because of the arguments urged by the Prussian Ambassador in London, "to prove the tales of conspiracy to be wholly fictitious which in Continental Courts were received as creditable." As the foreign sovereigns refused to be present at the opening of an Exhibition which was international, in which all nations were taking part, and half of which at least was occupied by exhibits from foreign countries, Prince Albert thought that their accredited representatives in London should take part in the opening ceremony by presenting an address to Her Majesty. Here again he met with disappointment, for on the suggestion from one of them that such an address might be disowned by their Governments, it was not presented by the *corps diplomatique*; and it was decided by them, as M. Van de Weyer said, "that they as mute as fish should pass before the Queen, make their bow, and stand on the side of the platform; where they certainly did look like fish out of water."

At last a thousand and one difficulties being overcome,

all was ready for the opening of the Exhibition. On the eve of that event the Queen writing in her Journal says : " My poor Albert is terribly fagged. All day long some question or other, some little difficulty or hitch, all which Albert took with the greatest quiet and good temper. Great as is his triumph, glorious as is his name, he never says a word about it, but labours to the last, feeling quietly satisfied in the country's glory, and in having gone on steadily in spite of immense difficulties and opposition." The eventful day, May 1, 1851, dawned with the promise of sunshine. While all London was stirring with excitement a happy domestic scene was taking place in Buckingham Palace, where at the breakfast-table, the Queen and her Consort were surrounded by all their children, celebrating the birthday of the infant Prince Arthur, who white-robed and bright-eyed, crowed with delight at being caressed, dandled, and given many toys.

Preparations were then made for the royal progress to the Exhibition, in which nearly four hundred state carriages were used. As it started a slight shower fell which laid the dust and freshened the air, and was succeeded by brilliant sunshine. Outside the Palace a dense crowd waited to greet Her Majesty who looked radiantly happy, seated beside the Prince in a state carriage, followed by a brilliant suite, and preceded by lines of glittering cavalry, she slowly passed through the Green Park

into Hyde Park, which was filled by countless multitudes good-humoured, well-behaved, and clamorous in their greeting of the Sovereign. From a distance, sight was caught of the gigantic glass building flashing in the morning sun and flying the flags of all nations ; a hive around which swarming thousands moved, the buzz of their voices rising above the music of the bands. Inside, twenty-five thousand people were already waiting. The vast transept presented a scene where fountains flung liquid silver to the dome, where marble figures showed white among the green of gigantic palms, where garlands and banks of flowers, the rich hues of festooned draperies, of tapestries, and of oriental carpets made a blaze of colour.

The Queen's entrance was greeted with a flourish of trumpets, then as she writes in her Journal she walked up the transept "Albert leading me, having Vicky at his hand, and Bertie holding mine. The sight as we came to the middle was magical, so vast, so glorious, so touching. One felt—as so many did whom I have since spoken to—filled with devotion, more so than by any service I have ever heard. The tremendous cheers, the joy expressed in every face, the immensity of the building, the mixture of palms, flowers, trees, statues, fountains, the organ (with two hundred instruments and six hundred voices which sounded like nothing) and my beloved

husband the author of this Peace-Festival, which united the industry of all nations of the earth, all this was moving indeed, and it was and is a day to live for ever. God bless my dearest Albert ; God bless my dearest country, which has shown itself so great to-day. One felt so grateful to the great God who seemed to pervade all and to bless all."

While Her Majesty stood on a dais, the National Anthem was sung, a Report was read to her by the Prince as head of the commissioners, the Archbishop of Canterbury offered a prayer, and the jubilant Hallelujah Chorus made the building ring, after which she walked round the Exhibition. On her return it was formally declared open. On driving back to the Palace about half-past one, the Queen again met with enthusiastic demonstrations of loyalty ; to acknowledge which she appeared on the Palace balcony. To her the scene she had just witnessed was "a thousand times superior" to the Coronation as it celebrated a magnificent achievement, the success of the man she ardently loved. Subsequently she wrote of the glorious May 1 as the proudest and happiest day of her happy life, and continuing said : "To see this great conception of my beloved husband's mind, which is always labouring for the good of others—to see this great thought and work crowned with triumphant success in spite of difficulties and opposition of every imaginable kind, and of every effort to which

jealousy and calumny could resort to cause its failure, has been an immense happiness to us both. But to me the glory of his dear name united with the glory of my dear country, which shone more than she has ever done on that great day, is a source of pride, happiness, and thankfulness which none but a wife's heart can comprehend."

During the afternoon, the Duke of Wellington who celebrated his eighty-second birthday on that date, called at the Palace to see his godson, and to present him with a golden cup; in return for which the little Prince gave him a nosegay. Then came a family dinner, after which the Queen and the Prince went to Covent Garden to hear *The Huguenots*. The success of the Exhibition was assured from the first. Crowds flocked to it not only from all parts of the kingdom, but from almost every spot on the globe. Frequently the number of daily visitors exceeded seventy-four thousand; over ten thousand pounds were taken weekly at the doors, while at its close in October it was found that five hundred thousand pounds had been received from all sources connected with it. To celebrate its success the Corporation of London gave a ball at the Guildhall. The Queen attended in state, arriving at ten and remaining until one in the morning. No expense had been spared to make the entertainment splendid. Lord Malmesbury mentions in his diary that he heard it "was extremely amusing.

People very ridiculous. The ladies passed her (the Queen) at a run, never curtsying, and then returning to stare at her. Some of the gentlemen passed with their arms round the ladies' waists, others holding them at arms' length as if they were going to dance a minuet. One man kissed his hand to the Queen as he went by, which set Her Majesty off in a fit of laughter."

The Exhibition was closed October 15, 1851, the twentieth anniversary of the Queen's betrothal to Prince Albert. After all expenses in connection with it had been defrayed, a sum of over one hundred and fifty thousand pounds remained. It was urged by many that part of this amount should be spent in purchasing the building and retaining it in Hyde Park as a winter garden, museum for antiquities, or covered ride. Those who had been most violently opposed to its erection were now strong in opposition to its removal. But again they were disappointed, for it was eventually taken down and re-erected at Sydenham. At the suggestion of the sagacious and far-seeing Prince the profits of the Exhibition together with a sum advanced by Government were devoted to the purchase of about ninety acres at South Kensington—costing nearly four thousand pounds an acre—on which permanent buildings devoted to educational purposes in their widest sense should be erected; and in which we now have the South Kensington National Museum of Science, Art, and Natural History.

CHAPTER XIV

Lord Palmerston and the Queen—Her memorandum of instructions—Interview with the Prince—Palmerston intends to receive the leader of the Hungarian Revolution—Letter of Lord John Russell—Summoning of the Cabinet—Presented with an address by the Radicals—His reply creates a sensation—A Cabinet is again summoned—The Queen's patience is taxed—Napoleon's *coup d'état*—England preserves strict neutrality—Her Majesty is astonished by reading of Palmerston's expression of approval—She writes to Lord John—Who writes to the Foreign Secretary—Foreign affairs can no longer be left in Palmerston's hands—Offer of the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland—Dismissed by the Cabinet—Satisfaction of the Court—"The man who has embittered their whole life"—Praises the Queen's sagacity—Willing to instruct his successor—Lord John resigns—Lord Derby's appearance and manner—Forms his Administration—It falls after ten months without a struggle—Lord Aberdeen forms a Government—Death of the Duke of Wellington—Public honours paid to his memory—Lying in state—Funeral at St. Paul's—Fears of France—Rumours of an attempt to carry off the Queen—Lord Hardinge wakes to certain deficiencies—Abuse of the English Press—Napoleon's desire for peace—Desires an alliance with a royal house—A wild search among the Princesses of Europe—Approaches the Queen's niece—Marriage with the Señora Eugenia Comtesse de Téba—Her Majesty gives birth to her fourth son—Second visit to Ireland—The Dublin Exhibition—William Dargan refuses a baronetcy—The Queen enjoys her stay—Departure

CHAPTER XIV

THE triumph and happiness felt by Her Majesty in the summer of 1851, were quickly followed by a series of vexations brought about by her Foreign Secretary. A great minister, the idol of the Liberals, the dread of reactionary foreign Governments, self-reliant and resolute, Lord Palmerston as already mentioned, had frequently acted in matters of policy, not only on his own responsibility and without consulting the Sovereign or his colleagues, but had occasionally ignored objections made by her or them to his despatches, and restored to them such sentences which she and they had altered or deleted. When this conduct, against which the Queen had protested through the head of the Government, became intolerable, she and the Prince drew up a memorandum of instructions for Palmerston March 1850, which was admirable for the clear statement of her wishes. This said : " First, the Queen requires that Lord Palmerston will distinctly state what he proposes in a given case, in order that the Queen may know as distinctly to what she is giving her royal sanction. Secondly, having once given her sanction to a measure, that it

be not arbitrarily altered or modified by the minister. Such an act she must consider as failing in sincerity towards the Crown, and justly to be visited by the exercise of her constitutional right of dismissing that minister. She expects to be kept informed of what passes between him and the foreign ministers before important decisions are taken, based upon that intercourse ; to receive the foreign despatches in good time ; and to have the drafts for her approval sent to her in sufficient time to make herself acquainted with their contents, before they must be sent off."

Reluctant to give this severe rebuke, it was not sent to Palmerston until five months after it was written, and when fresh cause for complaint was given to Her Majesty. It was then forwarded to him through the Prime Minister. Instead of resigning office, as it was supposed any minister receiving it would do, Palmerston wrote to Lord John Russell that he had taken a copy of the memorandum and would "not fail to attend to the directions it contains." At the same time he requested an interview with Prince Albert to whom he said that some explanation was necessary. To differ from his policy he stated, was a matter of opinion upon which differences were to be expected, "but the accusation that he had been wanting in respect to the Queen, whom he had every reason to respect as his Sovereign, and as a woman whose virtues he admired, and to whom he was bound by every tie

of duty and gratitude, was an imputation on his honour as a gentleman, and if he could have made himself guilty of it, he was no longer fit to be tolerated in society."

Though his indiscretions were always dreaded by a Government which was not sufficiently strong to stand without his aid, Palmerston gave no fresh cause for complaint until October 1851. In the last week of that month Kossuth the leader of the Hungarian revolution, landed at Southampton on his way to America. On the failure of the revolution he had fled to Turkey where he was made a prisoner ; but though Austria and Russia demanded his extradition, it was refused by the Porte. The intervention of England and America gained him his liberty in September 1851. As one who had struggled for the independence of his country against the despotism of Austria, he was formally welcomed by Mayors and Town Councils of the towns through which he passed on travelling to London, and enthusiastically received by the people. In return he made speeches in excellent English, denouncing and exciting popular feeling against the rulers of Austria and Russia, with whom England desired to maintain peace.

Though the Government made no attempt to suppress such demonstrations, it was alarmed by the report that its Foreign Secretary was about to receive Kossuth on his arrival in London, an action

that might lead Austria to assume, that the Cabinet sympathised with Kossuth, and that it was threatened, would be followed by the withdrawal from the Court of St. James of the Austrian Minister. Lord John Russell personally urged Palmerston to forego his intention, but got no promise that his wishes would be acceded to. He then wrote to him three times on the subject without having his letters acknowledged. In a fourth letter sent by hand, he referred to his three previous communications, and repeated their statements that it "cannot be right that any member of the Administration should give an implied sanction to an agitation, commenced by a foreign refugee, against sovereigns in alliance with Her Majesty." He then positively requested that his colleague would not receive Kossuth, and that if he had already fixed on a meeting he would cancel it. To this Palmerston replied October 30, 1851, that "there are limits to all things; that I do not choose to be dictated to as to who I may or may not receive in my own house; and that I shall use my own discretion in this matter. You will, of course, use yours as to the composition of your Government. I have not detained your messenger five minutes." On receiving this note Lord John Russell summoned a Cabinet, all the members of which with one exception—Lord Lansdowne—were of opinion that Palmerston should not receive Kossuth. To this decision he was obliged to submit.

This correspondence caused no rupture between the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary, for a few days later, when Charles Greville attended a Council at Windsor, there he saw "Palmerston and Lord John mighty merry and cordial, talking and laughing together. These breezes leave nothing behind, particularly with Palmerston who never loses his temper, and treats everything with gaiety and levity." But the trouble regarding Kossuth had not yet ended. No sooner had he left this country than the Radicals of Finsbury and Islington, disappointed that he had not been received by Palmerston, presented the latter with an address thanking him for his efforts towards obtaining the liberation of their hero and referring to the Emperors of Austria and Russia as despots, merciless tyrants, and odious assassins. To them the Foreign Minister made a stirring speech in which he was reported to have said that though he could not be expected to concur in some of the expressions used in the address, yet his own strong sympathy with that of the British nation was with the cause of Hungary. Although, as he afterwards explained, this report was written by "a trading penny-a-liner" who knowing that "the price of his commodity would depend upon the number of lines it would contain, swelled it out into proportions incommensurate with the reality; and as he wrote from memory, not content with making me repeat the same things many times over, he put words

into my mouth about the nationality of countries which were nonsense." As it was it created a sensation not only in Great Britain but on the Continent, where it was generally regarded as expressing the opinions of the English Government.

Her Majesty was gravely displeased by this fresh instance of Palmerston's reckless indiscretion, and at once wrote to her Prime Minister concerning it. Later, at her command, a Cabinet Council was summoned to consider it. Charles Greville in writing of Palmerston's speech as "astonishing even in him who has done such things that nothing ought to astonish," wonders how it will be taken by the Queen and the foreign Courts, and adds, "But I have seen such repeated instances of lukewarmness and pusillanimous submission to Palmerston that I have little or no expectation of his colleagues taking it up seriously ; and if they do not stir in the matter Palmerston, with his usual mixture of effrontery and adroitness, will contrive to pacify them and get rid of the whole thing and then go on as before." In this he was not mistaken. In reporting the decision of the Cabinet meeting, Lord John told the Sovereign that its members regretted Lord Palmerston "had not taken the precaution of ascertaining the tenor of the addresses to be presented before he consented to receive them, and that he had admitted unfaithful reporters to his room in a case where misrepresentation might be

so mischievous. The Cabinet however declined to come to any formal resolution." However much the Queen might feel disappointed by the leniency of her ministers she was obliged to submit to Palmerston's retention of office. But her patience was not long taxed ; for a couple of weeks later the Foreign Secretary took a step which brought about his downfall.

On the flight of Louis Philippe March 1848, Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, nephew of the great Napoleon, who had lived in obscurity and poverty for some years in London, hastened to Paris. On becoming President of the French Republic in December of the same year, he gained the first step towards the Imperial throne which had been the dream of his life. The second step was taken December 2, 1851, when by a *coup d'état* the leaders of the Republican party opposed to his growing power, were suddenly seized and imprisoned ; an action followed by the slaughter in the streets of citizens hostile to his authority. About one o'clock on the morning of the 3rd, "the wonderful electric telegraph" brought word to London of the violent and successful *coup d'état* which caused a profound sensation. The news did not reach Her Majesty then at Osborne, until the morning of the 4th, when she immediately wrote to the Prime Minister saying she thought it of great importance that Lord Normanby, English Ambassador at Paris, "should be instructed to remain entirely

passive, and should take no part whatever in what is passing. Any word from him might be misconstrued at such a moment." This counsel—which agreed with the decision of the Cabinet—was received the same afternoon by Lord John. On the following day Palmerston wrote from the Foreign Office to Lord Normanby instructing him to make no change in his relations with the French Government, and stating it was Her Majesty's desire that nothing should be done by her Ambassador at Paris "which could wear the appearance of an interference of any kind in the internal affairs of France."

No sooner was he in possession of this despatch than the English Ambassador waited on the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, Monsieur Turgot, to assure him that the English Government would not alter its relations with his Government on account of what had happened. At the same time he apologised for the delay in his communication, when he received the astounding reply that it was not of importance as he had been assured by Count Walewski, the French Ambassador at London, that the Foreign Minister had expressed his "entire approbation of the act of the President, and the conviction that he could not have acted otherwise than he had done." On this despatch being sent to the Queen she at once wrote to Lord John that she could not believe its assertion ; for Lord Palmerston's approval would be in complete

contradiction to the line of strict neutrality and passiveness which she had desired, and that the Cabinet had approved of. She ended by asking "Does Lord John know anything about the alleged approval, which if true would again expose the honesty and dignity of the Queen's Government in the eyes of the world?"

Before receiving this the Prime Minister, who had seen Lord Normanby's letter, had written to Palmerston saying he assumed there was no truth in the French Minister's statement. In his next communication with his chief, Palmerston took no notice of this remark. Lord John wrote again to inquire if Palmerston had expressed his approval of the *coup d'état* to the French Ambassador. On the 16th Palmerston answered he was convinced, that Louis Napoleon's action was the best means of establishing a strong Government in France, and that such a blow as the *coup d'état* must eventually be serviceable to the interests not only of England but of Europe. His statements to that effect to the French Ambassador he added, were made as a private individual and not as a Cabinet Minister; and he pointed out that there was "a well-known and perfectly understood distinction in diplomatic intercourse between official conversations in which the opinions of Governments are expressed, and by which Governments are bound, and unofficial conversations which have not that character and effect." At the same time he enclosed

the draft of a despatch he had sent the previous day to the English Ambassador in France, without the concurrence of the Cabinet or the consent of the Queen, expressing his approval of the *coup d'état*.

In reply to this Lord John said that while he admired Palmerston's energy and ability, he could not help seeing that "misunderstandings perpetually renewed, violations of prudence and decorum too frequently repeated, have marred the effects which ought to have followed from a sound policy and able administration"; and that the conduct of foreign affairs could no longer be left in his hands. If instead of retiring from office he would accept the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, Lord John would willingly recommend him to the Queen for that high position. Palmerston answered that he could not allow their correspondence to close without saying he did not admit the charges of violation of prudence and decorum; a charge that was refuted by the offer of the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland; "because I apprehend that to be an office for the due performances of the duties of which prudence and decorum are qualities which cannot well be dispensed with." Lord John forwarded this correspondence to Her Majesty, asking her at the same time to appoint a successor to Palmerston. The Sovereign was gratified by this request but was also surprised, as she was wont to see such differences between the Cabinet and the Foreign Minister "termi-



From an engraving.

HENRY JOHN TEMPLE, THIRD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, K.G.

nate in his carrying his points, and leaving the defence of them to his colleagues, and the discredit to the Queen."

A Cabinet meeting to consider Palmerston's action was held December 22, 1851. Even after what had passed, Palmerston did not believe he would be dismissed, nor did his friends consider his services could be dispensed with. He and they were mistaken, for without exception every member of the Government condemned his conduct and demanded his resignation. "I nearly dropped off my chair," writes Charles Greville, "when at five o'clock, a few minutes after the Cabinet had broken up, Granville rushed into my room and said, 'Palm is out.'"

The satisfaction felt by the Court at his removal from office is expressed in a letter of Prince Albert's to his brother the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, in whose *Memoirs* it is published. In this Prince Albert speaks of the happy circumstance of the fall of the minister, "who embittered our whole life, by continually placing before us the shameful alternative of either sanctioning his misdeeds throughout Europe and rearing up the Radical party here to a power under his leadership, or of bringing about an open conflict with the Crown and thus plunging the only country where liberty, order, and lawfulness exist together into general chaos." Palmerston was too good-natured and wide-minded a man to harbour animosity towards his late colleagues; and on his

successor in office calling on him he received him with great cordiality, saying "Ah, how are you Granville? Well you have got a very interesting office, but you will find it very laborious ; seven or eight hours' work every day will be necessary for the current business, besides the extraordinary and parliamentary, and with less than that you will fall into arrears." He then gave him valuable information and advice, "spoke of the Court without bitterness, and in strong terms of the Queen's 'sagacity' ; and ended by desiring Granville would apply to him when he pleased for any information or assistance he could give him. This" continues Greville, "is very creditable, and whatever may come after it, very wise, gentleman-like, becoming and dignified."

But Palmerston's freedom from animosity was not so superhuman as to check his triumph when, February 16, 1852, he moved and carried by a majority of nine, an amendment against a Militia Bill brought in by the Prime Minister ; when the latter resigned. "I have had my tit-for-tat with John Russell and I turned him out" ; wrote Palmerston to his brother ; adding a mention of "the almost insulting manner towards him in which the House by its cheers went with me in the debate." The Queen then commissioned the leader of the Conservatives, Lord Derby to form an Administration. The new Prime Minister's dignity of bearing, his graciousness of manner, his handsome appearance—

aquiline nose and clear-cut mouth and chin—combined to make him an ideal type of an English aristocrat. So also did a certain condescending suavity which he affected toward all those in his immediate circle ; which at the same time militated against his popularity with his political colleagues. His great gift was his polished and stately oratory, which showed no trace of an internal nervousness that was so great as to make his throat and lips parched as those of a man about to be hanged. In forming his Cabinet he invited Palmerston to join it as Chancellor of the Exchequer ; but this was declined on the ground that he could not join a Government which favoured Protection. The new Administration on being completed had the singular distinction of numbering but two members who previously had held office ; its Prime Minister Lord Derby, and its Lord President Lord Lonsdale. It was also memorable for having Benjamin Disraeli, as Leader of the House of Commons. His delight at holding office for the first time after many disappointments was unbounded ; and he felt, as he told Lord Malmesbury, the new Foreign Secretary “just like a young girl going to her first ball.” The Derby Administration was not a success. Weak from the first, it tottered for ten months, and fell without a struggle December 17, 1852.

Her Majesty then sent for her old friend George Hamilton Gordon, fourth Earl of Aberdeen, a man of

formal yet simple manner, serious, refined, who though he had neither great talents nor high ambitions was recognised as an honourable and conscientious politician. It was the Sovereign's opinion that the Government best suited to the times should be composed of Liberals and Conservatives; and this at her command Lord Aberdeen undertook to form. When completed, December 28, 1852, it included Lord John Russell as Foreign Secretary; Lord Palmerston as Home Secretary; and Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lord Aberdeen's Ministry lasted two years which covered a period of gravity and anxiety to the Sovereign and her people.

While these political changes occupied the Queen she experienced a personal grief in the death of the Duke of Wellington. On the afternoon of September 13, 1852, he had ridden from his residence Walmer Castle to Dover. On returning he had eaten heartily and retired in apparent good health. During the night he had a fit, and without suffering died the following day. To the Queen he had not only been, as she said, a true friend and valuable adviser, the most loyal and devoted of subjects, the staunchest supporter the Crown ever had, but he was also the last link connecting her with the previous century. For these reasons as well as for his military services he had been treated with greater respect by the whole of the royal family than any individual not of royal birth, and admitted to

an intimate intercourse with them. Though he accepted this as due to himself, at the same time he never presumed upon it, but was deferential and respectful to one and all of its members. This attitude did not prevent him from giving his opinion and counsel with frankness and sincerity, and without modification to their prejudices or wishes, when they consulted him, as they did upon every occasion of public or private matters. It was said that had he written his memoirs he might have given the world the most curious history of his own times that ever was published.

These memoirs were sought to be supplied by an immense number of biographical notices, which taken from the pigeon-holes of editors' desks where they had long lain, were published in the Press all over the country. While admitting that many of them were able and elaborate, Charles Greville who had long known him says they failed to give minute traits of character and peculiarities which it was impossible for public writers personally unacquainted with him to seize ; but the knowledge and appreciation of which were necessary to form a just and complete conception of the man. Continuing, Greville says that in spite of some foibles and faults, Wellington was beyond all doubt the only great man of his time, and comparable in point of greatness to the most eminent of those who had lived before him. This greatness he attributed to a few

striking qualities : "Perfect simplicity of character without a particle of vanity or conceit, but with a thorough and strenuous self-reliance, a severe truthfulness, never misled by fancy or exaggeration, and an ever-abiding sense of duty and obligation which made him the humblest of citizens and most obedient of subjects. . . . Passing almost his whole life in command and authority, and regarded with universal deference and submission, his head was never turned by the exalted position he occupied, and there was no duty however humble, he would not have been ready to undertake at the bidding of his lawful superiors, whose behests he would not have hesitated to obey. . . ."

Greville adds that "The Duke was a good-natured but not an amiable man ; he had no tenderness in his disposition, and never evinced much affection for any of his relations. His nature was hard, and he does not appear to have had any real affection for anybody, man or woman, during the latter years of his life since the death of Mrs. Arbuthnot to whom he probably was attached, and in whom he certainly confided. Domestic enjoyment he never possessed, and as his wife was intolerable to him, though he always kept on decent terms with her at least ostensibly, he sought the pleasure of women's society in a variety of capricious liaisons from which his age took off all scandal ; these he took up or

laid aside and changed as fancy and inclination prompted him. His intimate friends and adherents used to smile at these senile *engouements*, but sometimes had to regret the ridicule to which they would have exposed him if a general reverence and regard had not made him a privileged person, and permitted him to do what no other man could have done with impunity. In his younger days he was extremely addicted to gallantry, and had great success with women, of whom one in Spain gained great influence over him, and his passion for whom very nearly involved him in serious difficulties. His other ladies did little more than amuse his idle hours and subserve his social habits, and with most of them his liaisons were certainly very innocent. These habits of female intimacy and gossip led him to take a great interest in a thousand petty affairs, in which he delighted to be mixed up and consulted. He was always ready to enter into any personal matters, intrigues or quarrels, political or social difficulties, and to give his advice which generally (though not invariably) was very sound and good ; but latterly he became morose and inaccessible, and cursed and swore at people who sought to approach him even on the most serious and necessary occasions. . . . One of his peculiarities was never to tell anybody where he was going, and when my brother or his own sons wished to be acquainted with his intentions, they were obliged to apply to the house-

keeper, to whom he was in the habit of making them known, and nobody ever dared to ask him questions on the subject."

Honour to the dead hero was shown by the Sovereign who put her servants into mourning for him ; by the Government which decreed that his funeral should be conducted with all possible solemnity for which eighty thousand pounds was voted ; that his body should be taken on the night previous to the funeral to the Horse Guards ; and that finally he should be interred in St. Paul's Cathedral. The body lay in state from the 10th to the 17th in a chamber hung with black velvet and cloth of gold, lighted by gigantic tapers, and lined with a guard of honour. Preparations for the final ceremony had already been made in St. Paul's Cathedral which was draped with black and hung with flags. Charles Greville who went to see it lit up at night says the "effect was very good, but it was like a great rout ; all London was there strolling and staring about in the midst of a thousand workmen going on with their business all the same, and all the fine ladies scrambling over vast masses of timber, or ducking to avoid the great beams that were constantly sweeping along." The funeral took place November 18, a day kept as one of general mourning by order of the Earl Marshal. For weeks previously heavy incessant rain had fallen, deluging

the country, flooding the rivers, and inundating the banks of the Thames. This did not prevent thousands of people from every county in England from flocking to the capital to see the great man's body carried to its resting-place. The morning was as full of gloom, the rain fell as pitilessly as ever, but in spite of this and long before the minute-guns had begun to sound, the processional route was thronged by countless numbers soaked to the skin, while every window, balcony, and roof was thronged.

Then at nine o'clock a gleam of watery sun broke through heavy clouds and gradually the rain ceased. A little later and amid silence broken only by the heavy tramp of many feet, the firing of guns, and the solemn music of the Dead March, the cortège started from the Horse Guards. Troop after troop of horse, foot, and artillery, with reversed arms and drums muffled, preceded the splendid funeral car which was followed by the Duke's old charger, his companion in many campaigns, went slowly up the Mall and passed Buckingham Palace where the Queen and the Prince dressed in deep mourning, watched it from the balcony. Turning up Constitution Hill it entered Piccadilly and went down St. James's Street, where from St. James's Palace, Her Majesty again saw it; and then through Pall Mall and the Strand to St. Paul's. It was almost one o'clock when the Bishop

of London at the head of the clergy met the remains at the west door of the Cathedral. As they were carried into the building a chorus of two thousand voices sang the anthem, "His body is buried in Peace." Great church dignitaries, peers of the realm, foreign ministers, high officers of state, were there in numbers. These were little noticed in comparison with a few grey-haired old veterans, scarred by time and service, generals who had shared Wellington's perils and victories, Lords Anglesea, Napier, Hardinge, and Gough, who as the coffin was being lowered into the crypt stood around it, flags in their drooping hands, tears rolling down their rugged cheeks.

Above all others lovers of art have reason to bless the Duke of Wellington ; as the effort to perpetuate his memory led to the erection in St. Paul's of the noblest most beautiful monument a British sculptor ever produced. This was the work of Alfred Stevens, the son of a painter and glazier of Blandford in Dorset. Seeing the bent of his genius some wealthy neighbours subscribed sufficient to send him to study art in Italy. Though he had spent some nine years observing closely the monuments of that country, he had never spent a day in an English studio which he despised. In 1856 his design for the Duke of Wellington's monument gained sixth place, but it was afterwards seen that its simple grandeur placed it above all others. The judges were obliged to select his design but before

doing so they deducted from the twenty thousand pounds originally voted for the tomb, six thousand pounds which sum had to be laid out on commemorative work elsewhere. Up to the year 1875 when he died, Alfred Stevens was hampered by need of money for the continuation of his work, and thwarted by the misunderstanding of officials. It remained unfinished at his death.

Among the representatives of foreign Powers at the Duke of Wellington's funeral was the French Ambassador Count Walewski. Undecided as to whether or not he should attend the obsequies of the man who had overthrown the great Napoleon, he had appealed for instructions to the Prince President who had replied "that he wished to forget the past, that he had every reason to be grateful for the friendly terms in which the late Duke had spoken of him, and that he wished to continue on the best terms with England." Such an assurance of friendship for this country, failed to quiet the panic which had seized upon the public; who believed that if Napoleon mounted the throne of France, he would strive to win the approval of the people, and endear himself to the army by making war upon England. So general and so confirmed was this fear for which no word or act of Napoleon's was responsible, that the Foreign Minister received statements of secret plans for the invasion of England; the Admiralty was favoured

with details of a bold scheme to carry off the Queen from Osborne by a *coup de main* ; and Lord Mount Edgumbe in *The Times* made vehement and startling statements regarding the preparations carried on in the French dockyards for aggressive purposes. Both Her Majesty and Prince Albert shared the general scare, and became anxious about the national defences ; Lord Hardinge—who succeeded Wellington as Commander-in-Chief—awoke to certain deficiencies in the equipment of his troops, the artillery gun-carriages among other things being the same as those used forty years before at Waterloo ; while questions regarding the protection of the coast etc. were brought before Parliament.

This false alarm was chiefly due to Leopold, King of the Belgians, who hated the man who was about to succeed Louis Philippe¹ on the throne of France, and who feared that his own throne would be attacked by Napoleon. The alarm was kept alive and the hostility of the French nation excited by a section of the English Press which day after day bitterly attacked the leaders of the *coup d'état*, the man who had benefited by it, his Government, and the French nation to such an extent, that Napoleon, as he told Lord Malmesbury the Foreign Secretary, had in his endeavour to preserve peace, “risked his own popularity by enduring the abuse of the English Press for a year ; that this Press infuriated the officers of the army numbers of whom knew English per-

fectly; and that it required the whole power he possessed among the provincial masses to enable him to exercise his own judgment and not to be obliged to kick the newspaper correspondents out of Paris."

Napoleon's wise desire was, by a policy of peace to consolidate his position with the great Powers, but especially with England with which he desired to be on friendly terms. To gain this desire by a marriage was at one time his hope. In November 1852, the vote of the Senate that he should become Emperor, was confirmed by the votes of nearly eight millions of the French people. On December 2nd, the Empire was proclaimed in Paris and he assumed the title and dignity of Napoleon III. To strengthen the Empire he must beget an heir, and seeing, as he said, he "had no time to lose if he was to leave an heir grown up," he quickly sought a wife. He had before this time met the Spanish beauty, the Señora Eugenia, Comtesse de Téba, who interested in his career, offered him her considerable fortune as a means towards gaining the position which it was plain he must eventually obtain. At a time when he had no intention of making her his wife, he declined this favour, although he accepted from his English mistress Miss Howard, some forty thousand pounds, the rich reward of vice, which he amply repaid by giving her—between 1853 and 1855—two hundred and seventeen thousand pounds, and conferring upon her the

title of Comtesse de Beauregard. Desiring an alliance with a royal house he had sought it among the Spanish Bourbons and been indignantly rejected. His invitation to the Princess Wasa to share the throne of France was favourably regarded by that lady but forbidden by the Czar. Portugal had no marriageable princesses at its disposal and though Austria had many, to ask for one of them would have been to court insult.

There yet remained the Princess Adelaide of Hohenlohe, a granddaughter of the Duchess of Kent by her first marriage, and a niece of the English Sovereign, whom by such an alliance Napoleon might claim as a kinswoman and probably as an ally. Count Walewski was instructed to approach the English Government on the subject and communications were opened with the Princess's father. In turn he consulted the Queen stating that his principal objections were "that he was not sure of the settlement being satisfactory and that there were objections of religion and morality." When December 22 1852 the Foreign Minister went down to Windsor, Her Majesty and Prince Albert talked to him of the projected marriage "reasonably and weighed the pros and cons." The Queen alluded to the fate that had befallen the wives of all the rulers of France since the tragedy of Marie Antoinette, but did not positively object to the marriage. Prince Hohenlohe did, and

it never took place. The civil marriage of the Emperor with the Señora Eugenia Comtesse de Téba was celebrated January 29, 1853 ; and the religious service on the following day.

Within a few months after this event, April 7, 1853, the Queen gave birth at Buckingham Palace to her fourth son who "as a mark of love and affection" to her uncle was called Leopold, "a name which is the dearest to me after Albert's, and one which recalls the almost only happy days of my sad childhood," as Her Majesty wrote. As additional names he was given Albert after his father, Duncan as "a compliment to dear Scotland," and George after the blind King of Hanover, son and successor of Her Majesty's uncle who had died November 18, 1851.

In the summer of 1853, the Queen and Prince Albert paid their second visit to Ireland. On May 12 in that year the Exhibition of Irish Industries had been opened. Originally it had been Her Majesty's intention to be present at the opening ceremony, but the condition of her health following on the birth of Prince Leopold had made that impossible. The postponed visit was now made. The Dublin Exhibition, founded on the model of the Hyde Park Exhibition, owed its erection to the patriotic spirit and generous liberality of a private citizen William Dargan, surveyor and railway constructor, who had advanced upwards of one hundred

thousand pounds for the purpose. His enterprise was ill rewarded, for it brought him a loss of twenty thousand pounds, and prepared the way for the bankruptcy which overtook him in his old age, and for the poverty of his widow which made a Civil List Pension of a hundred a year welcome to her. At eight o'clock on the morning of August 29, 1853, the royal yacht steamed into Kingstown harbour. It had been detained for two days at Holyhead by a storm, but now the sea was comparatively calm and tranquil : transitory bursts of sunshine lit up the scene. Thousands of excited people waited to greet the Sovereign and the Prince, and to conduct them to the railway station whence they journeyed to Dublin. The remainder of the day was spent by them at the Viceregal Lodge in the Phoenix Park and next day a state visit was paid to the Exhibition.

The usual ceremonies of the reception and the presentation of addresses having been gone through, William Dargan, a man of modest and simple manner, was presented to the Queen and her Consort. With him as one of the procession they made a tour of the building, admiring its exhibits and recognising many pictures and objects of art they had lent. To honour the man to whom the enterprise was due, the Queen and the Prince drove through torrents of rain the same afternoon to his home at Mount Annville, where they spent some time with him and

his wife. Before leaving Her Majesty expressed her desire to make William Dargan a baronet, but this he immediately declined. Every morning during their stay in Dublin, the Queen and the Prince visited the Exhibition; the latter being especially interested in a process for hatching salmon shown there for the first time; while Her Majesty admired the specimens of lace and poplins for which the country was famed. The afternoons were given to visits to national institutions, with the exception of one which was spent in watching drenched troops going through manœuvres.

Though the days had been miserably wet and chill until the morning of her departure, September 3, when skies of dreamy blue and gleams of sunshine favoured her, the Queen as she states in her Journal, found her stay gay and interesting, so that she felt sorry to leave. As she drove from the Viceregal Lodge to the station at a foot's pace, no soldiers lining the streets, wild bursts of cheering greeted her all the way, above which she caught now and then homely words blessing her, complimenting her, begging her to come back soon again. At Kingstown she was met by immense numbers who had come to bid her farewell. As if to compensate for its recent bad behaviour, the weather was delightful. The harbour was gay with flags flying from ships and boats; its pier was thronged by enthusiastic

people, and no sooner had the Queen reached the royal yacht, than a rainbow lit up the sky. When the sun went down fireworks were let off and bands played. "It was a gay fine evening" wrote the Queen "and the hum and singing and noise made by the people made one fancy oneself in a foreign port in the South." From Kingstown the royal party went to Balmoral, where they remained until the middle of October.

CHAPTER XV

A time of vexation for Her Majesty—Nicholas of Russia and designs upon Turkey—Lord Palmerston's resignation—Its causes, and resignation withdrawn—The Press is hostile to Prince Albert—His letter to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg—His real worth—Crowds walking round the Tower to see him made state prisoner—The Queen resents the abuse of her Consort—Opening of Parliament—The Prince is vindicated—Proposal to marry the Princess Mary of Cambridge to Prince Jerome Napoleon—Preparing for war—Her Majesty goes to Spithead to see the Navy depart—Opposed to a day of fast and humiliation—Bitter hardships of the Army—The sympathy of the public—The Government shrinks from inquiry—Betrayed by Lord John Russell—The result of the motion—Lord Aberdeen resigns—The Queen sends for Lord Derby—Who is unable to form a Ministry—Summons Lord John Russell who is unable to get an Administration—Her Majesty's sense of duty overcomes her personal feelings—Palmerston is commanded to fill the breach—Strange interview with the Duke of Newcastle—Malignant charge against Prince Albert—Roebuck's motion on the war—The Duke of Saxe-Coburg visits the Court of France—Flattering reception—The Empress's inquiries concerning the Queen—The Duke prepares the way for friendly feelings—Prince Albert accepts an invitation to the manoeuvres at Boulogne—Napoleon's impression of the Prince—"A man of varied and profound knowledge"—The Emperor wishes to set out for the Crimea—The Emperor and Empress in England—Time's changes—The Queen and Her Consort in Paris—The Prince of Wales in love with Paris—Victor Emanuel in London—Frightful in person—Birth of Princess Beatrice—"Prettier than babies usually are"—Engagement of the Princess Royal—*The Times* on the marriage—Prince Albert is made Prince Consort—Lord Clarendon speaks of his important services—Princess Frederick leaves England.

CHAPTER XV

WE have now reached a period which above all others in the reign was fraught with vexation personally and politically for Her Majesty and Prince Albert. In the autumn of 1853, the peace of Europe which had lasted forty years was threatened, not by a war between France and England as had recently been predicted, but by complications in the East. To simplify an intricate chapter in history, it may be stated that the Emperor Nicholas I., of Russia, who for some time had looked with longing eyes on Turkey, claimed to be the protector of the members of the Greek Church in that country. This chivalrous action when viewed in a mundane light, meant that fourteen millions of Turkish subjects would if his claim were recognised, regard the Czar as their supreme protector, and the Sultan as a cypher of whom they were more or less independent. If this demand were refused, it would mean war by Russia on a country unable to protect itself, and the annexation of part of its territories by the Czar. It was not in the interests of other European powers that this should be permitted. Napoleon who had received slights from Nicholas

which he was not unwilling to repay, and who desired a friendly alliance with England, promptly offered to join her in protecting Turkey.

The Cabinet to which this proposal was made had in its Prime Minister Lord Aberdeen, a weak and trusting man who wished to think well of all the world including Nicholas ; and had for its members men of varied convictions who were not in agreement with him either in home or foreign politics. Austria held aloof, and Prussia refused to join England or France, much to the displeasure of Her Majesty, who believed that if the European Powers joined in bringing pressure to bear on Russia, its Emperor would yield and war be averted. But if the English Government was vacillating, the English public was unanimous in its cry for war. Hatred of Russia and sympathy with Turkey were almost universal. Mass meetings were held all over the country to denounce the Czar and to demand protection for the Sultan ; while petitions for the same purpose were signed by thousands not only in the capital but all over the country. Both the Queen and Prince Albert dreaded a European war, shrank from the cruelty and slaughter which it must entail, and clung to the hope that the impending danger might be avoided. Time has proved that in this they were right. Had the English Government refused to back Turkey, the Sultan would have made terms with Russia ; or had the Czar been firmly assured—as

Palmerston advised—that in case he made war on Turkey, England would at once protect her, there is little doubt that peace would have been preserved. Instead a vacillating policy was taken. The English Ambassador at Constantinople was instructed to employ the English fleet in company with the French, to guard Turkish territory in case of Russian aggression. A formal declaration of war was made by Russia, October 18, 1853. On November 30, the Russian fleet attacked the Turkish squadron in the harbour of Sinope and utterly destroyed it. At that outrage the British and French fleets entered and occupied the Black Sea, when the Russian fleet retreated into the harbour of Sebastopol.

That no further action was taken by the English Government, increased public indignation against it; an indignation which rose to frenzy December 16 when it was suddenly announced that Palmerston had left the Government. Though this was stated to be due to his dissent to an Electoral Reform Bill framed by John Russell, it was generally attributed to his disgust at the pusillanimity of his colleagues regarding the war. All denials to the contrary by the friends of the Government were not believed; especially as *The Morning Post*, Palmerston's organ, published a violent article confidently declaring that his disagreement over the Eastern Question with the Cabinet was the sole cause of his quitting it. This step on his part

caused a sensation not merely throughout England but all over Europe. In this country especially both Press and people were furious, and denounced the Government in virulent language. Two actions followed. The Government accepted a proposal made by France that the fleets of both countries should enter and occupy the Black Sea. Immediately after this step had been taken Palmerston, whose resignation had not been formally accepted by the Sovereign, rejoined the Ministry December 23. His actual motives for leaving the Cabinet were never made known publicly ; for on the assembling of Parliament the Prime Minister denied the right of the Opposition to demand any explanation of the subject. The duties of the office of Home Secretary, he said had never been interrupted. He would have been bound to offer an explanation to Parliament had Lord Palmerston left office ; but where a mere misunderstanding took place, whether in the Cabinet or elsewhere which was reconcileable, he maintained that no explanation was necessary. What was left in obscurity to the public, may be gauged from a private letter addressed by Palmerston to his brother-in-law, the Right Hon. Laurence Sullivan, to whom he wrote on the 25th : "I was prevented from calling on you to tell you that I remain in the Government. I was much and strongly pressed to do so for several days by many members of the Government. Their representations

and the knowledge that the Cabinet had on Thursday taken a decision on Turkish affairs in entire accordance with opinions I had long unsuccessfully pressed upon them, decided me to withdraw my resignation."

Unfortunately the clamour regarding his resignation did not end with his resumption of office. Instigated by a large section of the Press, Radical and Tory, especially *The Daily News*, *The Morning Advertiser*, *The Standard*, and *The Morning Herald*, the general public attacked the Court. Its most hostile abuse was directed against Her Majesty's Consort, day after day and week after week, in letters, articles, and in speeches. The accusations consisted of a long list. He was charged among other things of being German in principle and in sentiment ; of interfering unconstitutionally in political affairs ; of promoting the interests of the Saxe-Coburg family against the welfare of England ; of corresponding with foreign Courts on matters of State without the knowledge of the Government, and with the intention of defeating its policy if it did not agree with his opinions ; of showing a bias in favour of Russia which was allied by family ties to Germany ; of using his personal influence to prevent the Government from taking the course desired by the country ; of demanding that all correspondence of the Cabinet should pass through his hands before reaching the Sovereign ; of meddling with all the departments of the Government especially with the Army ; and of

intriguing with the Queen to oust Palmerston from office over the *coup d'état* business. No abuse was too bitter, no calumny too gross, for the purpose of maligning and wounding the Prince. In a letter dated January 7, 1854, written to his brother the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and published in his *Memoirs*, Prince Albert says: "The rage for war has risen here to a pitch, such as I should hardly have considered possible. The public has graciously selected me as its scape-goat, to answer for its not yet having come to war, and says 'logically' the interests of the Coburg family which is Russian, Belgian, Orleanist, Fusion-istic, is preferred to the alliance with Louis Napoleon. The Emperor of Russia now governs England. He telegraphs to Gotha, you to Brussels, Uncle Leopold to me, I whisper in Victoria's ear, she gets round old Aberdeen, and the voice of the only English minister, Palmerston, is not listened to, ay, he is always intrigued against at Court and by the Court."

Though in writing to his brother he might jest of the unscrupulous falsehoods which incessantly hammered into the heads of the public were accepted as truths, Prince Albert could not but have suffered from such attacks. They were indeed poor payment to one who by his devotion to public business, his keen insight, moderation, knowledge of Continental affairs, and great abilities had again and again been of incomparable service to the Government, Whig or

Tory. That from the first he had been regarded with unworthy suspicion, with insular prejudice ; that his influence invariably exercised for the nation's welfare had never been publicly acknowledged ; were facts which evidently were uppermost in his mind when writing, January 1854, to his friend and confidant Baron Stockmar. In this letter quoted in Sir Theodore Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort*, he says that the nation never gave itself the trouble to consider the position of the Queen's Consort. "When I first came over here, I was met by this want of knowledge and unwillingness to give a thought to the position of this luckless personage. Peel cut down my income, Wellington refused me my rank, the Royal Family cried out against the foreign interloper, the Whigs in office were only inclined to concede to me just as much space as I could stand upon. . . . As I have kept quiet and caused no scandal, and all went well, no one has troubled himself about me and my doings ; and any one who wished to pay me a compliment at a public dinner or meeting, extolled my 'wise abstinence from interfering in political matters.' Now when the present journalistic controversies have brought to light the fact that I have for years taken an active interest in all political matters, the public instead of feeling surprised at my reserve, and the tact with which I have avoided thrusting myself forward, fancied itself betrayed, because it had been

self-deceived. . . . As for the calumnies themselves, I look upon them as a fiery ordeal that will serve to purge away impurities. All the gossip and idle talk of the last fourteen years have been swept away by what has occurred. Every one who has been able to say or surmise any ill of me has conscientiously contributed his faggot to the burning of the heretic, and I may say with pride that not the veriest tittle of a reproach can be brought against me with truth. I have myself sometimes felt uneasy under attacks prompted by fiendish wickedness, that I might here or there have unconsciously made mistakes. But nothing has been brought against me which is not absolutely untrue."

By steady persistence, the Press wrought the people to believe that the Prince had been guilty of high treason. An enterprising Scotch paper assured its readers that he would be sent to the Tower. This was but a statement in print of a rumour which was received in the capital and the provinces with the ready credence given to possibilities desired. Incredible as it may seem it is perfectly true that thousands gathered round the Tower to see his entry into the state prison. When after hours of patient waiting in the freezing air of a January day, they were deprived of the satisfaction they had promised themselves, their disappointment was tempered by the sensational news that at the last moment he was saved from



From a photograph by O. G. Rejlander.

H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT.

imprisonment by the Queen who declared if he went to the Tower she would go with him.

Her Majesty keenly felt the affronts offered to her Consort. In writing to the Prime Minister, January 4, 1854, she said that in attacking the Prince "who is one and the same with the Queen herself, the throne is assailed ; and she must say she little expected that any portion of her subjects would thus requite the unceasing labours of the Prince." Many letters appeared in the Press exposing the lies plainly told of him, but it was considered by the Ministry that neither he nor they should take notice of the attacks until the opening of Parliament when the slanders would be officially refuted in both Houses. January 31, 1854, was the day fixed for that ceremony. Serious apprehensions were felt lest Her Majesty and the Prince should be insulted on their way from Buckingham Palace to Westminster. These proved groundless, but the enthusiasm which usually greeted the Sovereign on such occasions was on this reserved for the Turkish Ambassador. Lord Aberdeen and Lord Derby in the Upper House, and Lord John Russell and Mr. Walpole—a former Home Secretary—in the Lower, denied the accusations made against the Prince and fully vindicated him ; when the whole mist of misrepresentation and venom was cleared for ever. The Queen was grateful to his defenders and delighted with the result of their efforts. "The position of

my beloved lord and master has been defined for once and all and his merits have been acknowledged on all sides most duly" she wrote to Stockmar. "We are both well, and I am sure will now recover our necessary strength and equanimity to meet the great difficulties and trials which are before us."

These referred to the increasing possibilities of war, to avert which efforts were still being used. Meantime the French Emperor made another effort towards gaining a family alliance with England. For this purpose he proposed a marriage between the Princess Mary of Cambridge, afterwards Duchess of Teck, and his cousin Prince Jerome Napoleon. This individual who facially more strongly resembled his uncle the great Napoleon than any other member of his family, had also inherited a greater share of his talents. But his morals were notoriously evil, his manners brutal, his temper was unbearably despotic, and his person repulsive. The Emperor having vainly striven to gain the assistance of Leopold of Belgium towards bringing about the marriage, next sought that of Palmerston. The latter strongly urged its advisability on the Queen who was not in favour of it; but so persistent was Palmerston and the French Ambassador, Count Walewski, that Her Majesty thought herself obliged to consult the Princess Mary on the subject. She refused to listen to the proposal, and no more was heard of it. Greville

says that the project being made by Palmerston did not make it more palatable to the Queen ; nor did he "recommend himself the more by suggesting that such a match was very preferable to any little German prince."

All efforts to secure peace having failed owing to the Czar's "confidence in God and in my right," a treaty of alliance was entered into between England, France, and Turkey, March 12, 1854, and on the 27th war on Russia was declared by the two first named countries, as "essential to the peace of Europe." The declaration was received with enthusiasm by the English public, excitement was everywhere felt, recruits for the navy offered themselves in numbers, and when a battalion of the Guards left London for Southampton, the people cheered them wildly, and buying up all the oranges on the stalls along the line of march, gave them to the soldiers. Though the people were wild for war, they knew nothing of the country against which it was to be waged nor of the resources of its enemy. This ignorance was not limited to the populace ; for Greville writes that "It is very curious that neither the Government nor the commanders have the slightest information as to the Russian force in the Crimea or the strength of Sebastopol." Once her ministers had declared hostilities the Queen took an active interest in all that concerned "my dear army and navy"; and

went with Prince Albert on the royal yacht, the *Fairy*, to Spithead where the first division of the squadron had mustered preparatory to starting for the Baltic. In her enthusiasm the Sovereign desired to lead the way, and for several miles preceded the stately line of battle-ships ; which when the *Fairy* halted, defiled past and saluted her, the men wildly cheering, Her Majesty waving her handkerchief ; and then many misgivings at heart, watching them with dim eyes as they slowly dwindled to black specks upon a boundless sea and were lost to sight.

The Prime Minister whose lack of firmness had allowed England to drift into war, now became anxious that a day of fast and humiliation should be kept by the nation by way of securing on its behalf the interference of Providence. To this the Queen was opposed. "To say," as she wisely wrote, "that the great sinfulness of the nation has brought about this war, when it is the selfishness and ambition and want of honesty of one man and his servants which have done it, while our conduct throughout has been actuated by unselfishness and honesty, would be too manifestly repulsive to the feelings of every one, and would be a mere bit of hypocrisy." Instead, she wished that a day of prayer and supplication should be observed, that no Jewish imprecations should be used against the enemy on the occasion ; "but an earnest expression of thankfulness to the Almighty

for the immense blessings we have enjoyed, as well as of entreaty for protection of our forces by land and sea, and to ourselves in the coming struggle." This desire was obeyed.

A time of terrible heart-trying anxiety and suspense followed for the nation. Few families high or low all over the land but had sent those near and dear to them to a country of which they knew little but where it was certain suffering or death awaited them. News for which one and all were impatient came from Russia slowly and with uncertainty. It was known that troops had been allowed to land in the Crimea without opposition ; then suddenly the country was thrilled by news which if true would have ensured the conquest of the Crimea and have brought the war to a premature close. "The whole of last week the newspapers without exception" Greville writes in his *Diary* dated October 8, 1854, "with *The Times* at their head, proclaimed the fall of Sebastopol in flaming and triumphant articles and with colossal type, together with divers victories and all sorts of details, all of which were trumpeted over the town and circulated through the country. I never believed one word of it, and entreated Delane to be less positive and more cautious, but he would not hear of it, and the whole world swallowed the news and believed it. Very soon came the truth, and it was shown that the reports were false. Anybody who was not

run away with by an exaggerated enthusiasm might have seen the probability that reports resting on no good authority would probably turn out untrue. When the bubble burst, the rage and fury of the deluded and deluding journals knew no bounds, and *The Times* was especially sulky and spiteful. In consequence of a trifling error in a telegraphic despatch they fell on the Foreign Office and its clerks with the coarsest abuse."

More reliable was news of the victory of Alma, September 20; of Inkermann, October 25; and of Balaclava, November 5; but it was not until nearly twelve months later that after an endurance of incredible hardships by the attacking armies, Sebastopol was taken; and it was not until March 30, 1856, that a treaty of peace was signed between humiliated Russia and her triumphant opponents. This happy result was in some part due to the death of that man of imperious will who had an unshaken faith in the invincible power of his army, and had boasted that Sebastopol would never be taken. On March 2, 1855, the Czar Nicholas I. died "from pulmonic apoplexy" as officially stated. The general belief was that his death was due to a broken heart.

During the war nothing could exceed the heroism of the soldiers save the cruel sufferings endured by them. These were caused by inexcusable ignorance, want of organisation, mismanagement, and heartless

fraud. Want of beds for our men who were obliged to lie on the frozen ground while the better-managed troops of the French and Turks had their tents; a scanty supply of rations from which all but the famished revolted; wretched clothing which was soon reduced to rags, left the British army hungry and shivering as they watched in the muddy trenches before Sebastopol; insufficiency of water to wash with, led to uncleanness that covered all from highest to lowest with vermin; and finally an outbreak of cholera which at one time caused a third of our troops to lie up in hospital, were among the horrors they had to endure while enacting the bravest deeds in history. As to the fraud by which bad food and miserable clothes were supplied to them it will be sufficient to quote a statement in *The Annual Register* for 1854, which says that one English firm "profited so immensely by the prevalent ignorance and disorder, as to have made by our army in less than six months, the sum of eighty thousand pounds."

The sympathy of the public for the suffering was proved by subscriptions amounting to over twenty-five thousand pounds for the benefit of the sick and wounded in the war; while more than half a million was subscribed to a fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of the soldiers and sailors killed in the war. In almost every home all over the land, from the palace to the hut, women busied themselves in

knitting stockings and mufflers, caps and mittens for the heroes ; while bands of English women, leaving the refinements and comforts of their homes and the love of their kinsfolk, braving the hardships of an arctic winter in a distant country, placed themselves under the superintendence of Florence Nightingale, and went to the Crimea to nurse the sick and wounded.

News of the terrible privations endured by the English troops which foresight and care could have prevented, intensified the indignation which the British public already felt against the weakness of ministers and the assumed incapacity and ignorance of generals. This indignation expressed in newspapers and pamphlets, at meetings and in daily conversations, made it inevitable that the subject should be brought before Parliament. On its opening January 23, 1855, at a date when it was estimated that fourteen thousand English soldiers had lost their lives in engagements or from illness, and twenty-two thousand were sick, Mr. John Arthur Roebuck a notorious Radical moved for the appointment of a select committee to "inquire into the condition of our army before Sebastopol, and into the conduct of those departments of the Government whose duty it has been to minister to the wants of that army." This was an inquiry which the Ministry dreaded. To grant it in the present state of the country was impolitic ; to oppose it was to court

defeat. That the Government—ineffectual as it was—should at all hazards keep together and avoid the scandal of a rupture at such a trying time, was essential to the credit and welfare of the nation. All hope of maintaining an outward show of firmness or unity received a sudden blow from Lord John Russell, who having previously embarrassed his colleagues almost past endurance now refused to share their responsibility and deserted them in their hour of peril. On the day when Roebuck put his motion, Lord John without previously giving the slightest hint of his intention, wrote to the Prime Minister resigning office, as he could not face the motion. Lord Aberdeen considering as inevitable the defeat of a Cabinet betrayed by one of its members, at once placed his resignation in the hands of the Sovereign.

Shrinking from an exposure of the weakness and division of her ministers over the policy of the war, and dreading lest it should entail serious dangers, the Queen begged Lord Aberdeen to remain in power. To this he agreed, promising to await the result of Roebuck's motion. When this was put to the House, January 29, it was carried by a majority of one hundred and fifty-seven, in a House of four hundred and fifty-three members. Next day the Prime Minister went down to Windsor and once more offered his resignation to the Queen. Her Majesty having already examined the division list,

and seen that the majority which had turned out her Government was composed chiefly of the followers of Lord Derby, sent for him. He finding himself unable though willing to accept her commission to form an Administration, she next sent for Lord Lansdowne. Having consulted various politicians, he was obliged to report to Her Majesty his inability to accept office as Prime Minister. The result was that the sorely perplexed Sovereign summoned Lord John Russell whose adherents—after those of Lord Derby—had been numerically strongest in defeating the late Government.

With characteristic confidence he immediately undertook to form a Cabinet but met with unexpected disappointments; for such important men as Lord Clarendon, Gladstone, Sir James Graham, and Sidney Herbert, promptly refused to serve under him; while Palmerston whom he also invited to join him, would give him no decided answer. Somewhat crestfallen the little man was obliged to confess to Her Majesty that he could not secure sufficient reliable followers to form an Administration. At this the Queen's sense of duty overcame her personal feelings. She immediately sent for Palmerston and commissioned him to form a Government; a task he accepted. While these events were happening the country was in a state of excitement, unrest, confusion, and uncertainty; every day sensational rumours appearing in the Press

every hour the nation losing prestige with foreign Powers. With Palmerston, the one strong and popular politician of the time at the helm of State, the whole country felt a sense of satisfaction and relief. And in no way did Her Majesty show a memory of past unpleasantnesses to her Prime Minister, who as he wrote to his brother was not only backed by public opinion, but who had "no reason to complain of the least want of cordiality or confidence on the part of the Court." Lord John Russell, who at its formation was not a member of the Palmerston Ministry, assured Lord Clarendon who was, that it should have his support. "Well, at what do you think I value your support? Not one sixpence," was his answer.

The new Government having appointed a Committee of Inquiry into the management of the Crimean war, that body of which Roebuck was chairman, began its work in March and ended it the following June. While it sat an amazing revelation was made; that it was neither ministers nor generals so much as one nearer the throne, whom it had hoped to find guilty and drag forward for public censure. This instance of the suspicion and malignity that continued to pursue an upright and blameless man, was disclosed in an interview which the Duke of Newcastle late Secretary of War, gave to Roebuck. In the course of a conversation printed in Sir Theodore Martin's

Life of the Prince Consort, the Radical member said that the key to many mysteries regarding the war could only be found at headquarters, where there had been a determination that England should not succeed. On the Duke taking this to refer to himself, he was undeceived by Roebuck who said "Oh no," adding, "I mean a much higher personage than you ; I mean Prince Albert." When the Duke had recovered from his astonishment, he told Roebuck that he had in the very room in which they were, a press full of letters from the Prince expressing his intense anxiety for our success in the expedition ; and that if during his time of office he had received any suggestions which were more valuable than others, these had come from Her Majesty's Consort. When the Prince heard of this latest and foulest slander, he bore it with the dignity and restraint he had always shown when assailed ; and philosophically remarked that as anything he could say would be unable to make people either virtuous or wise, he could only regret the monstrous degree to which their aberrations extended. As for himself he must rest "mainly upon a good conscience, and the belief that during the fifteen years of my connection with this country, I had not given a human soul the means of imputing to me the want of sincerity or patriotism."

Intense excitement was felt in Parliament July 17, 1855, when Roebuck, short and square in figure,

formidable and militant in aspect stood up, and in breathless silence moved "that this House deeply lamenting the sufferings of our army during the winter campaign in the Crimea, and coinciding with the resolution of their Committee that the conduct of the Administration was the first and chief cause of the calamities which befell that army, do hereby visit with severe reprehension every member of that Cabinet whose counsels led to such disastrous results." A heated discussion occupying two days followed. On the second of these largely signed petitions from Birmingham and Bradford were presented to the Commons praying that the ministers might be impeached. Eventually Roebuck's motion of censure was negatived.

An unexpected result of the conclusion of the war was a signal honour paid by the Sovereign to her Prime Minister. From the time Lord Palmerston had accepted that office he had shown a deference and attention to Her Majesty such as he had not previously paid her ; when in return she treated him with entire confidence and friendliness. No sooner had the Treaty of Peace been signed than the Queen wrote to him saying she no longer wished to delay "the expression of her satisfaction as to the manner in which both the war has been brought to a conclusion, and the honour and interests of this country have been maintained by that Treaty under the

zealous and able guidance of Lord Palmerston," and desired as a token of her approval to bestow upon him the Order of the Garter. This public mark of his Sovereign's approbation was received with pride and gratification by Palmerston, who in acknowledging it said, that the gracious communication in which it was announced was even more valuable in his eyes than the high honour which it was Her Majesty's wish to bestow.

Though England had fought side by side with France, the respective Sovereigns of these countries had remained for a time strangers, socially. The moral character of Napoleon had not won him the respect of Prince Albert; who had also depreciated the means by which the Emperor had gained power. That he had succeeded to the throne of Louis Philippe, who was connected by family ties and warm friendship with the Prince, had not made the latter more favourably disposed to France's new ruler. But such feelings as he, may have had for Napoleon and which the Queen naturally shared were never allowed to interfere with political affairs. That cordial relations should be established between Her Majesty and the Emperor, had long been the ardent desire of Napoleon; a desire that was now shared by that astute politician King Leopold. To effect this his nephew the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, Prince Albert's brother, visited the Emperor. As the latter stood as a stranger among

the rulers of Europe, an intimation of this visit, the first to be made him by any royal personage, was received by him with delight, and he determined to receive the Duke with all the ceremonies due to a Sovereign. These began at the frontier where he was met by representatives of his imperial host, and where a special train awaited to carry him to Paris. There he was greeted by Marshal Vaillant, and accompanied by a battalion of infantry and a squadron of Chasseurs was driven to the Tuileries, at the entrance to which he found the Emperor surrounded by the officers of the household.

The Duke was not a stranger either to the Emperor or the Empress; for he had become acquainted with the former in London, and had met the latter before her marriage at a ball at Buckingham Palace. On this account he was received without restraint, but with overwhelming attentions. To one who had known the Court of Louis Philippe it was startling to find the servants, the furniture, appointments, and pictures of the deposed King were the same as those surrounding his successor on the throne, and to see that the plate and napkins bore his monograph. The political conversations which passed between host and guest—concerning which he had been warned by Leopold to use extreme caution—were less embarrassing than those which passed between him and his hostess regarding the English royal family; for the mere

mention of his brother's name brought perspiration to his forehead, as he relates, while at the same time a vision of Prince Albert rose before his mind's eye "with his most forbidding look and in the act as it were of strictly weighing every word I uttered."

With delicate tact the Empress expressed sentiments most likely to win the acquaintance of the English Sovereign, and her questions concerning the domestic life of the Queen, the Prince, and their children were set in phrases of ardent admiration. And probably her anxiety for the welfare of the nations of the earth, was responsible for the sigh which accompanied the exclamation, "Ah, if only all queens had been as excellent and virtuous as Queen Victoria." But though he might parry the queries addressed to him by the Empress, he found it impossible to fence in the same way with the Emperor. "Being only too well aware of the obstinate prejudice that still existed against him in London, he urgently requested me to suggest him some means of winning over the English royal family" writes the Duke. The latter kept nothing from him that might secure Napoleon what he desired and giving "him various explanations and hints, drew his attention to the peculiarities of the Queen and the Prince."

The Duke's report of the warm appreciation expressed for the Queen and her Consort by their Imperial Majesties, as well as his account of Napoleon whom

he thought "far above the common run of men," prepared the way for more friendly feelings between the Emperor and Prince Albert. During the following summer Napoleon established a camp near Boulogne, when he inquired in a friendly way of the English Ambassador, if he thought Prince Albert would accept an invitation to see the manœuvres. As the English Government considered that advantages must result from such a visit, it was made known to the Emperor that his invitation would be accepted. This invitation was sent July 3, 1854 to the Prince who in return and with the approval of the Prime Minister and the Secretary of War, addressed the Emperor as "Sire et cher Frère" and expressed the pleasure it would give him to visit the camp in September. The Prince was received with graciousness and delight by his imperial host, and during his stay of four days they spoke openly, unreservedly on political affairs, and arrived at an amicable understanding that resulted in mutual esteem. Prince Albert found the Emperor quiet and indolent from constitution; deficient in education even in points that concerned him such as political science and modern history, save in all that related to Napoleonic history which he had at his finger-ends. He had made a study of military affairs, was benevolent, anxious for the welfare of his subjects, and was remarkably modest. The Emperor's impression of the Prince, as expressed to Count Walewski,

was that he had never met with a man "of such varied and profound knowledge or who communicated it with such frankness. Prince Albert on taking leave of his host assured him that the Queen would be delighted to see him in England and to make acquaintance with the Empress ; to which Napoleon made no direct answer but hoped that both the English Sovereign and her Consort would visit Paris in the following year for the Exhibition to be held there.

A few months later Napoleon expressed a wish to set out for the Crimea, that he might personally conduct the war. For political reasons this was objected to by his ally. Believing that the subject could best be discussed, between himself, the English Sovereign, and her ministers, he proposed to visit the Queen. On the morning of April 16, 1855, when he was expected at Dover, nothing could be seen of the yacht sent to convey him and the Empress, nor of the French squadron which it was known would accompany them, a dense grey fog covering land and sea. It partially lifted by midday and allowed the imperial couple to land. The choking mist had no effect on the voices or the enthusiasm of shivering crowds that for hours had waited to welcome them. Crowds still greater, more demonstrative, greeted the Emperor as he passed in an open carriage drawn by six horses and escorted by a squadron of Life Guards

from Paddington station through the streets of London, where but a few years before he had gone to and fro without notice.

Preparations were made for him at Windsor where he was to occupy the bedroom in which Louis Philippe had slept. Only three days before the Emperor's arrival the widowed Queen Marie Amélie had driven away from the Castle "in a plain coach with miserable post-horses," as the English Sovereign wrote, adding "and to think that this was the Queen of the French, and that six years ago her husband was surrounded by the same pomp and grandeur which three days hence will surround his successor!" The contrast was painful in the extreme. Another of Time's marvellous changes struck Her Majesty who while dancing with the Emperor at a ball in the Waterloo room—from the walls of which portraits of the distinguished soldiers and statesmen who conquered Napoleon looked down on them—thought it strange indeed that the nephew of her country's old enemy was now her guest, her most intimate ally and her friend. To the Sovereigns and the people of England and France this visit was entirely satisfactory. Even more so was the return visit paid in August (1855) by the Queen who was the first English Sovereign to enter Paris since Henry VI. (1422) had passed through its streets in triumph to be crowned. It is probable that her ancestor was

less enthusiastically received than was Her Majesty, who seated beside the Emperor and surrounded by princes, marshals, generals, and statesmen, she drove about half-past eight on this summer evening through thoroughfares blazing with lights, decorated with arches, flags, and flowers, lined with troops, and deafening with the cheers of thousands. Marshal Magnan told Lord Clarendon that he had known Paris for fifty years but had never witnessed such a scene, not even when the great Napoleon returned flushed with victory from Austerlitz.

The Queen who was accompanied by her Consort and their two eldest children, was enchanted by the beauty and novelty of the city and its surroundings. Reviews, receptions, concerts ; visits to the Exhibition, to the opera, to churches, palaces, and historic sights ; balls, and dinners, rapidly succeeded each other. If on becoming acquainted with the Emperor and Empress, the Queen had found the former gracious, full of tact, and dignified "as if he had been born a king's son, and brought up for the place," and the latter gentle, graceful, kind, and modest ; her good opinion of them increased while she was their guest. The Emperor, whose knowledge of women was wide, had taken the surest way of ingratiating himself with the Queen as may be gathered from her comment on his manners. Speaking to Lord Clarendon she said, It is very odd ; but the Emperor knows everything,

I have done and where I have been ever since I was twelve years old ; he even recollects how I was dressed, and a thousand little details it is extraordinary he should be acquainted with." The Prince, though was also greatly interested in all he saw, and much cheered by the visit. Both regretted it ended so soon ; a feeling shared by his present Majesty, who apparently had fallen in love with Paris at first sight. When, as Lord Clarendon related to Charles Greville the time for departure drew near, the Prince of Wales, then in his thirteenth year, told the Empress that he and his sisters were both sorry to leave and asked her if she could not get permission for them to stay a little longer. The Empress was afraid that would be impossible, as the Queen and Prince Albert would be unable to do without them ; to which he answered, "Not do without us? Don't fancy that, for there are six more of us at home, and they don't want us."

Before the year ended another foreign Sovereign also an ally of England, visited Her Majesty. This was Victor Emmanuel, then King of Sardinia. Arriving in London November 30 (1855) he was driven through the gloomy muddy streets on his way to Windsor. Though the Queen was not favourably impressed by his person or by the reputation which had preceded him, she received him with the honours due to a Sovereign, and during his stay invested him

with the Order of the Garter. A man who felt out of place in Courts, his stay of five days was devoted chiefly to visits to arsenals, dockyards, and factories, to seeing military manœuvres and the fleet at Spithead. At the end of his visit, the Queen got up at four in the morning to see him depart, while the Prince accompanied him to Folkestone. An excellent vignette of the monarch to whom such attentions were paid is given by Greville who says : " His Majesty appears to be frightful in person, but a great, strong, burly, athletic man, brusque in his manners, unrefined in his conversation, very loose in his conduct, and very eccentric in his habits. When he was at Paris his talk in society amused or terrified everybody, but here he seems to have been more guarded. It was amusing to see all the religious societies hastening with their addresses to him, totally forgetting that he is the most debauched and dissolute fellow in the world ; but the fact of his being excommunicated by the Pope and his waging war with the ecclesiastical power in his own country covers every sin against morality, and he is great here with the Low Church people and Exeter Hall. My brother-in-law said that he looked at Windsor more like a chief of the Heruli or Longobardi than a modern Italian Prince ; and the Duchess of Sutherland declared that of all the Knights of the Garter she had seen, he was the only one who seemed as if he would have the best of it with the dragon."

Events of the greatest interest in the domestic life of the Queen and Prince Albert were now about to take place, and to compensate in some measure for the care and anxiety which political affairs had recently caused them. One of these was the birth of Her Majesty's ninth and last child, which took place at Buckingham Palace April 14, 1857. This Princess whom her father thought "prettier than babies usually are," at baptism received "the historical, romantic, euphonious, melodious name of Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodora." In the following month an announcement was publicly made of an event which for some time previously had filled the thoughts of the Queen and the Prince with tenderest concern. This was the engagement of the Princess Royal to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, afterwards the Emperor Frederick. Prince Fritz having reached his twenty-fourth year, his parents desired that he should marry. Their choice of a bride for their heir, fell on the young Princess Royal, with whom they had been most favourably impressed during their visit to England. The youth had also seen her, but that he might judge for himself if their temperaments were likely to harmonise, he arrived at Balmoral, where the Court was then staying, September 14, 1855. The fact that he was favourably regarded as a suitor for their eldest child by the Queen and Prince Albert, was due to the belief that he would ensure her future happiness, rather than

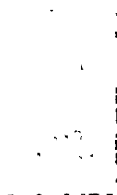
from political considerations. That her happiness should be compatible with filling a great position, was the heart's desire of her father. The Princess who was his favourite child showed from her earliest years that she had inherited his mental abilities. To train these had been his special care. Speaking of her when in her fifteenth year, her uncle the Duke of Saxe-Coburg said that she was almost too advanced in knowledge and skill. "In her the pedagogic and ethic ideals were in a measure fulfilled, and in the setting up of which my brother had from the earliest times shown a positively inventive skill. In this respect the Princess was entirely the pupil of Prince Albert, and she not only always remained the favourite, but in many things also the image of her father. What peculiarly distinguished her in early youth from those of her own age, was her strict adherence to fixed principles, a peculiarity which my brother himself possessed, and which he succeeded in conferring upon his favourite daughter."

On his part Prince Frederick William was tall and handsome, well set in figure, well disciplined mentally, with a frank and winning manner. In the familiar intercourse which the royal family enjoyed in their Highland home, he had full opportunity of seeing and talking to the Princess with whom he soon fell in love. Six days after his arrival he asked for her parents' assent to his proposal which they freely gave.



From an engraving by D. J. Pound, after a photograph by Mayall.

**H.R.H. PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA,
Afterwards the Emperor Frederick III.**



At first it was thought best on account of the youth of the Princess Royal—who had not then reached her fifteenth birthday—that the Prince's proposal should be withheld from her until the following spring ; but later permission was given him to ask her to become his wife, before he left Balmoral. He availed himself of this in a charming manner : for as the young couple climbed the rugged side of Craig-na-Ban one breezy afternoon, he found among the blaze of purple heather a sprig of white which he plucked and presented to her. Reminding the Princess that it was an emblem of good luck, he asked her to ensure its promise by becoming his wife ; when he received the answer he desired.

Though Lord Clarendon and Lord Palmerston were told of the engagement and approved of it, it was decided that it should not be officially announced until the following spring. It is probable that the Queen and her Consort foresaw that such an alliance would be unpopular between England and a country which, by refusing to join her before the outbreak of the war, had helped to bring about that calamity ; a country that owing to the weakness of its King, Frederick William IV., and his reactionary principles, had reduced its prestige in the eyes of Europe. But rumour of the engagement spread outside the royal circle, and to its surprise was made known by *The Times*, October 3, 1855, in a leading article which

roundly expressed its contempt for a marriage between the Princess Royal of England with the heir to a "paltry German dynasty." In the light of modern events it is amusing to read among other sentences in this leader of the humiliation which would have to be endured by the Princess, whose future husband was destined to enter the service of Russia, "and to pass these years which flattering anticipation now destines to a crown, in ignominious attendance as a general officer on the *levée* of his imperial master, having lost even the privilege of his birth, which is conceded to no German in Russia." This article which could not but be offensive to Her Majesty and Prince Albert, was described by the latter as "at once truly scandalous in itself and degrading to the country, with a view to provoke hostile public opinion, but happily it has excited universal disgust by its extravagance and discourtesy." Though the marriage was favoured by the German Court it did not receive equal favour from the German Ministry; Bismarck especially being against it. The engagement was announced May 18, 1857, in Parliament which five days later received a message from Her Majesty requesting that provision should be made for the Princess Royal suitable to the dignity of the Crown and the honour of the country. In response the Government granted the bride-elect a dowry of forty thousand pounds, and an annuity of four thousand a year. The marriage was fixed for

January 1858, when the Princess would have passed her seventeenth birthday.

Before that event took place, the Queen by royal letters patent June 25, 1857, gave her husband the title of Prince-Consort. This distinction had become necessary as his sons grew up, all sorts of confusion having arisen, especially as the names of the three eldest began with the same initial as his own, as he said in a letter given in his Life by Sir Theodore Martin, in which he added he was certain to appear to them in the long run "like a stranger in the land, as they alone were English Princes, and I merely a Coburg prince. Now I have a legal status in the English hierarchy." This official recognition of his position came rather late to one who for upwards of eighteen years had virtually shared the responsibilities of the Sovereign ; a position to which he had claim not only as the husband of Her Majesty, but because of his general ability and his rare wisdom. None who came into contact with him whether English Ministers or foreign Ambassadors, and no matter what their prejudices against him might be, but were impressed as their correspondence and memoirs show—with the wide range of his intelligence, the clearness of his mind, his admirable discretion, and his self-effacement. Among them Lord Clarendon who as Lord Privy Seal, President of the Board of Trade, and Foreign Secretary, was constantly in communication with him, paid him a

tribute. Speaking to Greville of the masterly manner with which the Queen exercised her functions by holding each minister to the discharge of his duty and his responsibility to her, by constantly demanding to be furnished with accurate and detailed information on all important matters, by keeping records of all reports made to her, by desiring to have everything explained and accounted for, throughout every department of the State—said it was a practice with which her predecessors had never troubled themselves—and it is in fact the act of Prince Albert, who is to all intents and purposes King, only acting entirely in her name. All his views and notions are those of a constitutional Sovereign, and he fulfils the duties of one, and at the same time makes the Crown an entity, and discharges the functions which properly belong to the Sovereign. “I told Clarendon” adds Greville, “that I had been told the Prince had upon many occasions rendered the most important services to the Government, and had repeatedly prevented their getting into scrapes of various sorts. He said it was perfectly true, and that he had written some of the ablest papers he had ever read.”

The comment of *The Times* on the Prince's title, was made in what he described as a “sneeringly approving article.” The truth of this description can best be judged by the quotation from it of a single sentence. “In spite of the poet there is much in a name, and if

there be increased homage rendered to the new title on the banks of the Spree or the Danube, the English people will be happy to sanction and adopt it." Though there was no "increased homage," there was an admitted deference paid to the title of Prince-Consort. This was shown for the first time when he went to Brussels July 1857 to attend the ill-fated marriage of the Princess Charlotte, daughter of King Leopold, to the Archduke Maximilian of Austria, afterwards Emperor of Mexico, who was shot June 19, 1867. While at the Belgian Court the Prince-Consort was given precedence of the Austrian Archdukes present, and in signing the marriage contract his name followed that of Louis Philippe's widow Maria Amélie.

About this time—July 26, 1857—Her Majesty distributed to the brave officers who had distinguished themselves in the Crimean War the Victoria Cross. After long consultation with her ministers she had decided that this form of recognition should be conferred on them. Immense crowds gathered in Hyde Park, not only in the open spaces but in the stand erected for the purpose, to witness the scene. Mounted on a horse, wearing a red tunic, a purple petticoat, and a hat with scarlet and white plumes, the Queen was received with enthusiastic cheers. Surrounded by a brilliant gathering of Field-Mmarshals and Generals, she gave the badge to each person in turn, saying a word or two of congratulation. The day was

intensely hot, owing to which the ceremony was somewhat shortened.

Early in January 1858, elaborate and splendid preparations were made for the marriage of the Princess Royal. By the 19th of the month Buckingham Palace was crowded with guests which included the King of the Belgians and his sons, the Prince and Princess of Prussia and their suites, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and a score of German Princes and Princesses. Incessant bustle and joyous confusion filled the Palace from morning till daybreak. Between eighty and ninety sat down to dinner daily with Her Majesty, after which meal there were visits to theatres and operas, dances, receptions, and a ball at which over a thousand guests were present. The tall and handsome bridegroom did not arrive until the 23rd, when he looked pale and nervous. He was met in the great hall by the Queen and the whole Court, and at the top of the stairs by his bride-elect and the Princess Alice. Then came the wedding day, January 25, which Her Majesty spoke of as "the second most eventful day in my life as regards feelings. I felt as if I were being married over again myself only much more nervous, for I had not that blessed feeling which I had then, which raises and supports one, of giving myself up for life to him whom I loved and worshipped—then and for ever."

The morning was clear and bright, and as the

procession of state carriages attended by glittering escorts left Buckingham Palace for the Chapel Royal, St. James's, bells rang, thousands cheered, and the flourish of trumpets electrified the air. Uniforms with decorations, toilettes, jewels, and masses of flowers gave brilliant colour to the chapel. The young bride walked to the altar between her father and King Leopold, followed by eight bride's-maids, by her grandmother the Duchess of Kent, by Lord Palmerston bearing the sword of state, by the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred, and by the Queen and her younger sons in Highland dress. The Archbishop of Canterbury who was nervous in performing the ceremony left out some of its passages ; the bridegroom was agitated, and the bride looked "innocent, confident and serious." After the wedding breakfast the young couple started for Windsor where two days later they were joined by the Court. With heavy regret Her Majesty and the Prince-Consort parted from their eldest daughter, whose prayer as she was clasped in her mother's arms was, "I hope to be worthy to be your child." Worshipping her father, she laid her head on his breast to give vent to the tears that blinded her in leaving him. The whole scene at Buckingham Palace was melancholy, for not only the Queen and the Prince were overcome, but the whole household were in tears. The departure of the bride and bridegroom, February 2, 1858, took place in a blinding snow-storm. Taking their way

through the city to Gravesend they were met on their way by great crowds whom the bitter cold did not prevent from speeding the Princess Royal. With enthusiastic shouts they bade her good-bye and God speed.

Twelve months later January 27, 1859, the young wife gave birth to a son, the present German Emperor. Her sufferings were great and for a time it was thought impossible that her son could be born alive. The joy not alone of her relatives, but of the English and Prussian people was all the greater when the infant Prince promised to be a robust and manly little fellow. The Queen and the Prince-Consort were now grandparents, a dignity which the latter said "sits very well upon us."

CHAPTER XVI

Sunday in London—Sir Benjamin Hall relieves its dullness by placing bands in the parks—Outcry of the Puritans—Government is threatened—Archbishop of Canterbury writes—Government gives in—Cobden's motion over Canton—Palmerston refuses to resign—Completely reconciled to the Queen—Horrors of the Indian Mutiny—Bravery of the English soldier—Attempt to assassinate the Emperor and Empress of the French—Letters referring to the English people—Palmerston gives notice to amend the laws of murder and conspiracy—Is suddenly defeated—The most unpopular man—Twenty thousand in Hyde Park cry "Down with the French!"—The new Cabinet—The Queen goes to Cherbourg—Splendid reception—One hundred years since England bombarded Cherbourg—The Queen goes to Germany—First sight of the German Emperor—The Prince of Wales attains his majority—Lord John Russell gives trouble—Comes to an agreement with Palmerston—Lord Derby's Cabinet is out—The Queen sends for Lord Granville—Unable to form an Administration owing to Lord John—Palmerston is commanded to form a Government—The Queen again in Germany—Accident to the Prince Consort—Despondent and low—Baron Stockmar's remark—Departing from Coburg—Presentiment of never seeing it again—Death of the King of Prussia—The Duchess of Kent's death—The Prince expresses the wish that he might follow her—Engagement of the Prince of Wales—The Queen's visit to Ireland—Death of Pedro King of Portugal—The Prince-Consort nervous and overworked—The Trent affair—The Prince drafts a memorandum—Is ill—Guests at Windsor put off—The Prince of Wales sent for—The Queen's grief and desolation—The End.

CHAPTER XVI

IN the days of which we write, no drearier, no sadder day, could be well imagined than an English Sunday. To dine abroad was impossible ; to read a novel was scandalous ; to indulge in games or play music other than sacred was infamous. Dressed in sombre garments and with solemn faces people went and returned from church or chapel, gravely and decorously. Taking pity on their depression, Sir Benjamin Hall came to their relief. In July 1855 he had become Chief Commissioner of Works, and introduced a Bill for the better management of the metropolis. From this sprang the Metropolitan Board of Works, of which he was Chief Commissioner. A wide-minded man it seemed to him that some relaxation from the extreme tension of the Sabbath weariness, could be gained by listening to the harmless music of bands stationed in Kensington Gardens and in the various parks. For this it was necessary to obtain permission of the Government, which was readily granted. A variety so novel, an outrage so daring, made them extremely popular with the lighter spirits

of the age. Their gratification lasted but for a few Sundays. The Puritans who looked on all such diversions on the Lord's Day as snares of the devil, assembled their forces, held meetings, cried out against such wickedness, and cheerfully predicted the damnation of those who listened to the temptations of hell. So formidable did they become, that a motion in Parliament was threatened to insist on the discontinuance of music in the public parks. No Government could stand against it ; and those who opposed it, were certain to lose their seats at the next election.

As Palmerston was in favour of the amusement of the people and had expressed himself as such, it was difficult to submit quietly to the Puritans. To oppose them, so united and numerous were they, so completely were they organised all over the country, was to court defeat. In this dilemma it was considered that the Archbishop of Canterbury should write a letter to Palmerston representing the feeling of the people and begging that the bands which gave such offence, might be silenced. Palmerston replied that, though he was in favour of public music on Sundays, he would in deference to public opinion, withdraw the permission granted by the Government to permit their playing in Kensington Gardens or the parks.

Palmerston remained in power undisturbed until by a motion of Cobden condemning the Government's action in Canton he was defeated by sixteen votes.

Refusing to resign he boldly appealed to the public which he knew would support him. The whole country was then in an uproar. The fight began by Lord John Russell standing for the City "in very good spirits though his chances of success do not look bright," says Greville who adds "But he is a gallant little fellow, likes to face danger, and comes out well in times of difficulty." Palmerston, who at a dinner at the Mansion House to the ministers "made a very bad speech but which did very well for such an audience," was rapturously received. As a result of the election, April 1857, Palmerston was reinstated in his old place as Prime Minister. He had trusted to his popularity, and had also gained considerably in the good graces of Her Majesty : for Charles Greville quoting Lord Clarendon says "He talked of Palmerston his position and his health and his *rappports* with the Queen who is now entirely reconciled to him. She treats him with unreserved confidence, and he treats her with a deference and attention which have produced a very favourable change in her sentiments towards him." Her Majesty expressed much concern regarding his health, which was then indifferent and asked what could be done in the case of it breaking down. "It is a curious change from what we saw a few years ago that she is become almost affectionately anxious about the health of Palmerston, whose death might then have been an event to be hailed with

satisfaction. Clarendon said she might well be solicitous about it, for if anything happened to Palmerston she would be placed in the greatest difficulty."

In the meantime the Indian Mutiny at Meerut broke out on May 10, 1857. Details of the disastrous event did not reach England until some weeks had passed. Then it was heard that native regiments had risen and massacred English officers, women, and children. At home the news brought terror and dismay. Bad might follow worse. The assurance that the empire was based on a solid foundation beyond the reach of danger, received a shock. Rumours of the dreadful occurrences spread abroad which there were no means of verifying, as letters arrived but once a fortnight. Cabinet Councils were held; the Queen was in continual communication with her ministers; the country was roused. On news that the Commander-in-Chief for India, General Anson, had died of cholera on June 27, Sir Colin Campbell undertook to start for India at a day's notice. On July 1 troops were despatched, this being the first consignment of thirty thousand men sent, the last of which left in September.

Before that time the Queen was extremely anxious that every effort should be made by the Government towards quelling the mutiny, and had written to Lord Palmerston to that effect. In replying to Her Majesty, July 18 1857, he said as quoted in the *Life and Correspondence* of Lord Palmerston, by the Hon. Evelyn

Ashley : "Viscount Palmerston presents his humble duty to your Majesty, and has had the honour to receive your Majesty's communication of yesterday, stating what your Majesty would have said if your Majesty had been in the House of Commons. Viscount Palmerston may perhaps be permitted to take the liberty of saying that it is fortunate for those from whose opinions your Majesty differs that your Majesty is not in the House of Commons, for they would have had to encounter a formidable antagonist in argument ; although on the other hand, those whose opinions your Majesty approves would have had the support of a powerful ally in debate. But with regard to the arrangements in connection with the state of affairs in India, Viscount Palmerston can assure your Majesty that the Government are taking, and will not fail to continue to take, every measure which may appear well adapted to the emergency ; but measures are sometimes best calculated to succeed which follow each other step by step."

By the end of June native troops had mutinied at twenty-two stations throughout the Bengal presidency. It would be impossible to conceive the suspense and terror that filled the public mind. Later came news of the three centres round which the mutiny gathered ; Delhi, Cawnpore, and Lucknow. The appalling barbarities practised not only on men, but on helpless women, and children, are enough to make the blood run

cold when read in these days. This was especially the case in Cawnpore, taken July 17, only to show a spectacle of sickening horror from which the sturdiest revolted. With the capture of Delhi, September 30, and the relief of Lucknow, November 17, the cloud which hung heavily over England was relieved. Throughout never was an instance of such bravery, of self-reliance, of intrepidity, and resource as that shown not only by the officers but by the men.

While the mutiny still depressed the people they were startled by an occurrence nearer home. This was an attempt in a specially daring manner to assassinate the Emperor and Empress of the French, January 14, 1858. On that evening it was their Majesties' intention to attend the opera. Secret warnings reached them to which the Emperor listened, but the Empress was determined to be present, and with her stronger will prevailed. Fortunately they drove in a carriage of wrought iron which had been made for Louis Philippe. As they reached the Rue Lepelletier—where the opera-house then stood—the loyal cheer which greeted them was suddenly lost in sounds of the explosion of a bomb, the screaming of women, the crash of glass, the stamping of horses, and the groans of the dying. At the same time the extinction of gas left the place in darkness. A moment of horror filled all; none knew what they might see when lights were brought. What they did see was the Emperor, his

forehead lightly scratched by a projectile that had pierced his hat ; beside him the Empress her eyes wild with terror, her white satin covered with blood. Near them lay two of their escort lifeless and shattered, with a number of wounded. The carriage was a wreck, one horse lay dead the other was dying of his wounds.

With a view to reassuring the people the Emperor and Empress restrained their feelings and went to the Imperial Box from which they bowed repeatedly to a stormy house hysterical in its sobs and its cheers. Three men were arrested Antonio Gomez, Carlo Rudio in whose possession two hundred English sovereigns were found, and Felice Orsini. A slight inquiry proved that they had set out from London prepared to commit murder. France could not quietly submit to this without a protest. A despatch was written by Count Walewski, the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Paris, to Count Persigny, the French Ambassador in London, in which he asked if the English legislature intended to contribute to the designs and shelter Orsini, who was not merely a fugitive but an assassin placed beyond the ban of humanity. "Her Britannic Majesty's Government can assist us in averting a repetition of such guilty enterprise by affording us a guarantee of security which no State can refuse to a neighbouring State, and which we are authorised to expect from an ally. Fully relying, moreover, on

the high sense of the English Cabinet we refrain from indicating in any way the measures which it may see fit to take in order to comply with this wish. We rest entirely upon it for estimating the decisions which it shall deem best calculated to obtain the object." Persigny who was alarmed at the state of public feeling with respect to the refugees, told Lord Malmesbury that if England did not make some concession there would be war; adding "The Emperor will do all he can to keep peace, but fears he will be unable to do so should we remain obstinate." England who was not prepared to stand dictation from France, was still more exasperated by one of the addresses congratulating the Emperor on having escaped the "odious and cowardly attempt" to take his life. This was one from the 82nd Regiment which said, "These wild beasts who at periodical epochs quit a foreign soil to inundate the streets of your capital with blood, inspire us with no other feeling than that of disgust; and if your Majesty wants soldiers to get at these men, even in the recesses of their dens, we humbly beseech you to choose the 82nd Regiment as part of the advance guard of that army." Seeing the offence which this address gave to England, Count Walewski directed the French Ambassador to say its appearance in print was the result of inadvertence, and that the Emperor much regretted it.

On February 4th, 1858, Lord Palmerston in the

House of Commons, gave notice of introducing a Bill to amend the laws of murder and conspiracy. At the first reading it passed with a majority of two hundred. Meantime the various addresses to the Emperor especially that of the 82nd Regiment appeared in the *Moniteur*. A feeling of resentment gradually rose in the minds of the English people against France. The Conspiracy Bill which had been so favourably received began to assume the appearance of an apology. Seeing how the public mind lay, the Press took up the subject, and with might and main inveighed against the Government. Palmerston treated their anger lightly; the whippers-in made no exertions and allowed some of the supporters of the Government to leave town unpaired, telling them they were quite safe and their presence was not a necessity; while Charles Greville meeting Sir Edward Lytton at the Athenæum, treated "Palmerston's position as impregnable and said they would have a very large majority that evening.

At the second reading of the Bill, January 20, 1858, Lord Palmerston declared it would be unworthy of the nation to be turned from its course by the idle vapourings of irresponsible swashbucklers, and "upon any paltry feelings of offended dignity or of irritation at the expressions of three or four colonels of French regiments to act the childish part of refusing an important measure on grounds so insignificant and trumpery." He was soon to learn that he had to

face a hostile House. In the debate which followed, Mr. Horsman, a Radical, was of opinion that "persons who wade through blood to a throne have no right to ask their neighbours to watch over their safety." Mr. Roebuck hoped that "for the sake of mankind we should do nothing to circumscribe the liberties of Europe." Charles Kinglake said he was sufficiently old-fashioned to decline to alter the laws of England at the suggestion of a foreign potentate ; while Lord John Russell declared "Let those who will support the Bill of 'the Government. In that shame and humiliation I am determined not to share." An amendment moved by Milner Gibson resulted in the Government being in a minority of nineteen.

None could be more surprised than Palmerston at his defeat. A Cabinet Council was held that afternoon when it was hastily assumed that Palmerston should wait on the Queen to tender his resignation. Her Majesty no less astonished, at first refused to accept it. At this Palmerston returned to the Cabinet and reported Her Majesty's wishes, but his colleagues were resolved to resign. This he accordingly did when the Queen sent for Lord Derby who accepted office as Prime Minister. In the meantime Palmerston's old worshippers turning against him, he became the most unpopular of men. At a meeting held in Hyde Park no man was better abused for having, as it was said, pandered to the French Emperor. Twenty thousand

voices at this gathering rang as one in shouting "Down with the French." The clubs buzzed with gossip as to the new Cabinet, which when formed consisted besides lesser known men of Lord Derby as Prime Minister, Mr. Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer ; the Earl of Malmesbury, as Foreign Secretary ; the Marquis of Salisbury, as Lord President ; while Lord John Manners accepted the Woods and Forests. In the new Parliament Lord Derby made a statement that the Conspiracy Bill was to be dropped. Though this was a great disappointment to the Emperor at first, yet the diplomatic communications that passed between him and Lord Cowley, the English Ambassador, and the gradual cooling of the hostile feelings between the two countries, effected a friendly reconciliation. Persigny the French Ambassador was exchanged for Marshal Pélissier Duc de Malakhoff whom Charles Greville described as "a military ruffian who knows no more of diplomacy than he does of astronomy."

So anxious was the Emperor to maintain peace with England, and so solicitous was the Queen to preserve a friendly feeling towards him, that she accepted an invitation to visit Cherbourg. The Emperor and Empress would be there during the fêtes to celebrate the opening of a great arsenal, which had been in progress since Louis XIV. and was just completed. Though Her Majesty was to visit Cherbourg it was made plain to the Emperor she would do so before

the festivities began. For though no suspicion of Napoleon's intentions were visible, it was remembered that the arsenal had been built as a threat towards England. The Queen had been pressed to accept the invitation so cordially given; Lord Marlborough assuring her that nothing had so favourable an influence on the Emperor's mind as these personal interviews with her; while Lord Cowley told her that in France her visit would be of great use in calming irritation. The Court was staying at Osborne whence the Queen with the Prince-Consort and the Prince of Wales set out in the *Victoria and Albert* August 4, 1858 for Cherbourg. She was accompanied by a squadron of six gunboats and five yachts. Though it blew very hard in the night Her Majesty was not ill. They arrived at seven o'clock in a grey dull evening and were greeted by a salute that thundered, volley upon volley, until the sea was a mass of flame and smoke, and the land was shaken as by an earthquake. Seldom if ever had such a welcome been given to a Sovereign.

The *Victoria and Albert* was soon anchored in the midst of her ships. Shortly before eight o'clock bands played, yards were manned, and cheers arose, when in a splendid barge of white with a green velvet canopy surmounted by a golden eagle, came the Emperor and Empress. The Prince-Consort received them at the foot of the ladder, the Queen at the top. They were

embraced, and after a few words had been spoken were taken for a private talk into the cabin. "Nobody was admitted," says Lord Malmesbury who had crossed on the royal yacht, "Marshal Pélissier, who went in without invitation, was immediately turned out by the Emperor." According to the diary of the Queen given in Sir Theodore Martin's biography of the Prince, Her Majesty thought the Emperor was much embarrassed, and asked anxiously if the feeling was still bad against France in England. "We smiled and said that the feeling was much better, but that this very place caused alarm; and that those unhappy addresses of the colonels had done incalculable mischief. The Emperor replied he knew and felt this, that all had been done without his knowledge, and that they had been published to his great distress." Soon after the interview ended and their Imperial Majesties left, all the English ships illuminating with blue lights in the most brilliant manner, while one of them threw an electric light on the Emperor's barge, following it all the way to the harbour.

After a night of storm and rain the sky cleared up, and the scene around was splendid, all the ships decked out, and countless boats moving to and fro. Upwards of a hundred members of the House of Commons had chartered a ship to bring them over. At twelve o'clock the Queen, the Prince-Consort, and the Prince of Wales embarked to a salute of three

thousand guns and were met by the Emperor and Empress, who drove with them to the Préfecture where they breakfasted. After this they went up to La Roule, the fort close by the town, the winding road to which was lined all the way by some of the eighty thousand soldiers then in Cherbourg. From here the view of the town and harbour was magnificent, and that of the hills and valleys not less so. That evening there was a dinner-party on board the *Bretagne*, for which their Imperial Majesties left the Préfecture at seven o'clock amidst a deafening salute. Soon after the Queen, the Prince-Consort, and the Prince of Wales followed, and were received by the Emperor at the foot of the ladder and by the Empress at the top. A canvas tent was handsomely arranged on deck and the suites of both royalties sat down to dinner. Afterwards there was a display of fireworks and the Queen with her host and hostess was rowed to the royal yacht, while a dazzling display of rockets cleft the darkness, ships fired a thundering salute, and the men cheered. The Emperor and Empress boarded the *Victoria and Albert* to bid good-night, after which they were conveyed to land.

Speaking of this time Lord Malmesbury who was an old friend of the Emperor says, that he was friendly in his manner, "but both he and the Empress could not digest some articles in *The Times* which had been offensive, especially against her, and it was in

vain that I tried to make them understand what freedom the Press had in England, and how independent it was of all private and most public men." The Prince-Consort was of the same opinion regarding the Emperor and was certain he was still sore of what had been said of him by the English Press. On the day when he came to say good-bye to his guests, Friday August 6, he had apparently forgotten his vexation. He recalled to the Queen that it was one hundred years ago on that date the English bombarded Cherbourg. This prepared the way for hopes that the two countries might ever remain at peace which was the Queen's desire as it was his. She hoped she might see the Empress and himself soon again, it was useful, "*de se voir*," she added. They expressed themselves delighted at the prospect and grateful for the invitation. They then took a tender farewell, and Her Majesty got under way without delay. And so ended a memorable visit. It is worth mentioning that the Queen received news on this day of the Atlantic cable being successfully laid. Great rejoicings were felt at this first submarine cable which united America and England, and, seizing advantage of it, Her Majesty sent a message to President Buchanan congratulating him on the fresh bond uniting the two countries in common friendship. For some reason the cable was not continued, and it was not until 1861 that it became a permanent institution.

From France the Queen left for Osborne where the stay was short, for she left Gravesend on August 10 on her way to Germany. Calling at Antwerp she was met at Malines by the King of the Belgians who accompanied her to Verviers ; and at Aix-la-Chapelle by the Prince of Prussia, who was to remain her travelling companion for the remainder of the journey. This took them through Düsseldorf, Hanover, Brunswick, and Babelsberg at whose beautiful palace, four miles from Potsdam, her eldest daughter the Princess Frederick was then staying. The Queen paid a visit to the Palace of Sans Souci where Frederick the Great died, with its low, dark, damp, and cheerless rooms, and its terraces with four hundred orange-trees and magnificent views, to the Potsdam Palace where were his hat, his flute, his book, just as he had left them ; and to his tomb on the seventy-second anniversary of his death. All was peaceful, the weather almost unbearably hot, numerous kinsmen around her, until the time of parting came, August 28, which was very bitter to the Queen whose one thought was "that I cannot be with her at the very critical moment when every other mother goes to her child." Passing through Deutz and Cologne she reached Dover on August 31, and on September 1 was at Osborne.

Soon after her return she received a petition from Canada, begging that she would visit that portion of her dominions and open the Crystal Palace at Toronto.

If she conveniently could not do so, the prayer continued that she might send some member of the royal family to represent her.

Two months later an important event occurred in the royal circle when the Prince of Wales reached his eighteenth birthday and attained his majority. On that date Her Majesty, as Charles Greville mentions, wrote to the Prince "announcing to him his emancipation from paternal authority and control, one of the most admirable letters that ever were penned. She tells him that he may have thought the rule they adopted for his education a severe one, but that his welfare was their only object, and well knowing to what seductions of flattery he would be eventually exposed, they wished to prepare and strengthen his mind against them, that he was now to consider himself his own master, and that they would never intrude any advice upon him, although always ready to give it him whenever he thought fit to seek it. It was a very long letter all in that tone, and it seems to have made a profound impression on the Prince, and to have touched his feelings to the quick. He brought it to Gerald Wellesley in floods of tears, and the effect it produced is a proof of the wisdom which dictated its composition."

For some time it was felt that the Government of Lord Derby could not last. Seeing this the Liberals desired that Lord John Russell would make an effort

to oust Lord Derby and make friends with Lord Palmerston with whom he had been chilly since helping to overthrow his Administration.

As early as March 1858, the Duke of Bedford, Lord John's brother, had been striving to bring about a reconciliation between him and Palmerston but without success or the chance of it. This did not prevent them meeting ostensibly as friends and occasionally dining at each other's house; but an amicable understanding on political affairs was out of the question. This continued until May 1859 when Lord John taking the initiative wrote to Palmerston who went to him. In view of the coming struggle of the Government, they arrived at a complete agreement, so that the old rupture between them was regarded as ended. What was the surprise of their colleagues to hear within a few days that they were as far as ever from coming to harmony, as Lord John absolutely refused to say, whether or not he would take office under Palmerston. The Queen sent for him. "The Duke of Bedford is to go down to him and tell him the plain truth, which no one else would venture to do, pointing out to him the effect of his conduct on the sentiments of the Liberal party and on his position, with regard to which his conduct is indefensible and suicidal. It remains to be seen whether any effect will be produced on his mind, but in any case nothing can look more hopeless than it

does, or promise worse for the future," says Greville. At a meeting of the Opposition at Willis's Rooms Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell came to a final arrangement, that whichever of the two was called on to form a Government, each would serve under the other. It was also settled that Lord Hartington should move an address implying want of confidence in Her Majesty's ministers.

On June 11, 1859, Lord Derby's Government was beaten by a majority of thirteen. He then waited on the Queen to resign. Immediately after she wrote to express her grief at his being defeated and said she would not part from him a second time without conferring on him a mark of her favour. She therefore forwarded him the Garter in an autograph letter. While Palmerston and Lord John waited to be sent for, news reached them that Lord Granville had been summoned by Her Majesty and entrusted to form an Administration. The surprise was great not only to the Prime Minister but to the older statesmen, who were well aware that the Queen knew of the agreement they had come to. To be invited to serve as they undoubtedly would, under a man young enough to be their son (Lord Granville being forty-five), and whom both had raised from the ranks, was a humiliation. It was not lessened from the fact that they had publicly consented to serve under whichever of them had been selected ; thus avowing their belief that it must

be one or other. The Queen aware of the delicate task of selecting either, evaded the difficult point by asking them to serve under another. This she thought would please them, feeling as she said in an autograph letter addressed to each, "that to make so marked a distinction as is implied in the choice of one or other as Prime Minister of the two statesmen so full of years and honours as Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, would be a very invidious and unwelcome task."

Lord Palmerston in replying to the Queen presented his compliments and assured Her Majesty that he would deem it his duty to afford Lord Granville his assistance in forming an Administration in obedience to Her Majesty's commands. "Viscount Palmerston" he continued, "considered himself to be promoting the public interest by taking an active part in the late proceedings in the House of Commons tending to the removal of Lord Derby's Administration ; but he feels that it would have been inexcusable in him to have encouraged and organised these proceedings with a view to any personal objects or interests of his own. Those who unite to turn out an existing Government ought to be prepared to unite to form a stronger Government than that which is to be overthrown ; and it was in this spirit, and with a deep sense of what is due by public men to Your Majesty and to the country, that Viscount Palmerston and Lord John Russell, before they called the meeting

at Willis rooms, came to an agreement to co-operate with each other in the formation of a new administration, whichever of the two might be called upon by Your Majesty to reconstruct Your Majesty's Government. That agreement did not extend to the case of any third person ; but Viscount Palmerston conceives that the same sense of public duty which had led him to enter into that engagement with Lord John Russell, should also lead him to give assistance to Lord Granville towards the execution of Your Majesty's commands." Lord John refused to take office under Lord Granville, which did not serve to ingratiate him with Her Majesty who had already regarded him with want of favour.

Lord Granville believing he could not form a Government without Lord John, waited on the Queen to resign the commission which she had so unexpectedly imposed on him. Hesitating for the moment as to whether she should send for Palmerston or Lord John, she asked Lord Granville's opinion, but he declaring it was disagreeable to him to advise her, she did not press the matter. His request that he might speak to his colleagues of the interview was accorded him ; but the next morning the Queen was astonished to read in *The Times* what had actually passed between them. Talking to Lord Clarendon of this, which she considered a breach of honour, she asked with much indignation " Whom am I to trust ? These were my

own very words." Clarendon strove to convince both her and the Prince that the article did away with any suspicion of intrigue or underhand dealing, which some quarters might be inclined to credit her with, and that her own conduct in its straightforwardness, would excite universal approbation. In the new Parliament Lord Derby attacked Lord Granville for having repeated what had passed between the Queen, the Prince and himself. Lord Granville confessed, said Lord Malmesbury "he had been indiscreet and had repeated his conversation with Her Majesty to his political friends and as Mr. Delane dined with him that day, there is little doubt how the statement got into *The Times*."

Lord Palmerston, then at the age of seventy-five, was summoned by the Queen and entrusted with forming a new Government. This included among others Lord Granville as Lord President; the Duke of Argyll as Lord Privy Seal; Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer; and Lord John Russell who seized the Foreign Office and would take nothing else. This Administration though its opponents expressed the opinion that it would not last until the end of the year, remained in spite of Lord John's crankiness until the death of Lord Palmerston on October 18, 1865.

In September 1860 the Queen and the Prince-Consort paid their second visit to Coburg. There

among other friends they were met and warmly welcomed by the Prince and Princess Frederick of Prussia. And before long Her Majesty, in her apartments in the Castle of Coburg, made the acquaintance of the present German Emperor ; described in her diary as "such a dear little love. He came walking in with his nurse, Mrs. Hobbs, in a little white dress with black bows, and was so good. He is a fine fat child, with a beautiful white soft skin, very fine shoulders and limbs, a very dear face, like Vicky and Fritz. He has Fritz's eyes and Vicky's mouth, and very fair curly hair. We felt so happy to see him at last." Already they heard the news of the death of the Dowager-Duchess of Coburg, step-mother of Prince Albert at Coburg. They were happy at seeing once more their friend, constant correspondent, and adviser "dear old Stockmar" who was peacefully spending the end of his days here. From there they went to Rosenau, in the vicinity of which Prince Albert met with an accident which might have proved serious.

Whilst driving to Coburg, alone in a carriage drawn by four horses, the animals took fright and dashed forward. The Prince remained quiet until, they sighted a level crossing the gates of which were closed as a train was expected. Seeing that a collision was inevitable, he jumped out. Unfortunately in doing so he fell, when he was cut about the face, knees, and hands, though not actually stunned. The driver remaining

on the carriage until it collided and was smashed, was seriously injured. To his aid the Prince went. One of the horses was killed, the three others rushed towards Rosenau, where they were seen by Colonel Ponsonby the Prince's equerry. Knowing the Prince had started with them and fearing the worst, he quickly got another carriage, and with Dr. Baily and Herr Florischülz—the Prince's old tutor—drove to the scene of the accident. Here the Prince assuring them that he was safe, begged them to attend to the coachman ; while he sent Colonel Ponsonby to tell the Queen of his safety before other news might reach her. Her Majesty driving to him at once found him lying on a bed, lint compressed over his face, but cheerfully talking to Baron Stockmar of his escape.

His seeming cheerfulness in the presence of the Queen but screened his deep despondency and melancholy ; seeing which Stockmar in leaving the palace said to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, "God have mercy on us. If anything serious should ever happen to him, he will die." In a few days he was up and about, but his low spirits still continued. As the time came for his departure from the scenes of his happy boyhood, his depression increased. "On the 10th of October," writes his brother, "on which day the departure of the royal party was to take place at ten o'clock, my brother fetched me without previous appointment for a walk in the Castle. At one of the most beautiful spots, Albert stood still,

and suddenly felt for his pocket-handkerchief. I thought his wound had begun to bleed afresh. I went up to him and saw that the tears were trickling down his cheeks. He had become so absorbed in the thought that he would never see all this again, that his emotion got the better of him. When I tried to soothe him, he persisted in declaring that he was well aware that he had been here for the last time in his life. We turned back and went home in silence. Since our first parting I had never seen him give way to such outward emotion. I was of course far from thinking at the time that this unhappy presentiment could contain a prophetic truth." The Queen who "feels most deeply when she always appears calmest," as she afterwards said, established a Victorian Foundation in Coburg, in which one thousand pounds were set aside, the interest of which was distributed to young men and women of good character setting out in life. In this way she recorded her gratitude for the Prince's preservation.

Back again in England after this brief holiday, the Queen and the Prince-Consort had much to occupy them. Frederick William IV. of Prussia, died after long suffering. He was succeeded by his brother William, who afterwards became first German Emperor. Her Majesty's son-in-law and daughter, became Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia. On the 4th February Her Majesty opened Parliament in person; and on the 10th she celebrated the date when her marriage "comes

of age according to law" as the Prince-Consort wrote to the Duchess of Kent. "You have, I trust, found good and loving children in us, and we have experienced nothing but love and kindness from you." Within a few weeks from the time this letter was written, the Duchess of Kent was dead. At the age of seventy-five, she had undergone an operation in the arm for the relief of an abscess. The doctors' reports were favourable until the day previous to her death ; when the Queen and the Prince-Consort were summoned to Frogmore where she lived, to find her unconscious.

The Queen overcome with sorrow at the thought of parting, watched by her side, but eventually lay down in her own room on a sofa, at the foot of her bed. At four o'clock she went down once more. "All still" she writes "nothing to be heard but the heavy breathing, and the striking at every quarter of the old repeater, a large watch in a tortoise-shell case, which had belonged to my poor father ; the sound of which brought back all the recollections of my childhood, for I always used to hear it at night, but had not heard it now for twenty-three years." At half-past seven the Duchess died without recovering consciousness, March 16, 1861. Her remains were laid to rest on the 25th in St. George's Chapel Windsor ; until such time as a mausoleum for them should be built at Frogmore. In that they were laid on the 17th of the following August. Her loss to the Queen was scarcely more than to the Prince-Consort ;

whom she regarded with a motherly feeling. Hence, says the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, "he looked upon the death of our aunt as isolating him in England ; and when in a melancholy mood, he expressed the wish that he might soon follow her."

In the meantime the Princess Alice, second daughter of the Queen, had been betrothed to Prince Louis of Hesse. The announcement was made to the Privy Council on April 30, 1861, and was received with general satisfaction. In Parliament the marriage was equally popular ; and without a dissenting voice a dowry of thirty thousand, and an annuity of six thousand was granted. Even at this time the Prince-Consort was looking forward to the marriage of another member of his family, with whom the hopes of the entire nation were concerned. To quote the Duke of Saxe-Coburg once more : " Indeed as if he had a presentiment of how short a thread of life had been meted out to him, he was continually engrossed with the desire of securing a home for his eldest son, the foundation of which he would gladly have laid himself. Pains were taken to select a suitable wife for the Prince of Wales, and one day I received the news that the choice had fallen upon Princess Alexandra of Denmark, the daughter of the subsequent King Christian IX. The Princess of Denmark was one of the greatest beauties of the young world of Europe, and her personal qualities were of an eminent kind." But this was only after the Prince of

Wales on visiting Germany had met the Princess Alexandra at Spire and Heidelberg in September. At the moment His Royal Highness was with his regiment at the Curragh of Kildare. To see him, Her Majesty, the Prince-Consort, the Princesses Alice and Helena, with Prince Alfred—fresh from a cruise to the West Indies—set out for Ireland. The yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*, reached Kingstown Harbour on August 22, 1861. Residing in the Viceregal Lodge, they drove into Dublin, met the Prince of Wales who came in from the Curragh for a few hours, and received the Lord Mayor. On the 24th Her Majesty went to the Curragh and reviewed ten thousand troops whose general loyalty was undamped by heavy showers of rain amidst crowds of people on foot, on horseback, and jaunting-cars. From the Viceregal Lodge she went to Killarney, staying at Kenmare House and at Muckross and Muckross Abbey. The people everywhere greeted her enthusiastically. She was struck by the beauty of the scene, the mountains covered with trees rising from the lakes three or four thousand feet, the lakes themselves studded with islands, and reflecting the wistful skies in their depths. During Her Majesty's stay she drove out, sketched, followed a stag-hunt and went on the water attended by one hundred and fifty boats. A few days more and she was at Osborne, surrounded by most of her children. In October the Court returned to Windsor. While here news arrived of the deaths by

typhoid fever of Prince Ferdinand (November 6) and his brother Pedro V., King of Portugal (November 11) which caused deep grief to the Queen and to the Prince-Consort. As early as May 1858 the Prince had arranged the marriage of Pedro to the Princess Stephanie of Hohenzollern. She died from diphtheria October 1859. Dom Pedro who was sensitive, retired, serious, melancholy and kind, had while in London made himself beloved by the Queen and the Prince. Deeply attached as Pedro was to his wife, at her death Prince Albert had said that if he lived "which I doubt his doing" he would altogether be a wretched man. His death at the age of twenty-five, threw a gloom over the royal household.

At this time though he allowed few to suspect it, the Prince-Consort was suffering from nervousness and overwork. Every morning he rose at seven and began with his private correspondence, his despatches and official documents, which he prepared for Her Majesty, the whole transaction of state affairs passing through his hands. Nothing was neglected, nothing overlooked. At breakfast he read the chief morning newspapers and commented on them. At times when he did not shoot he walked out with the Queen. The rest of the day was devoted to business; occasionally there were ministers to see; schemes for the country's welfare were brought before him; foreign politicians continually sought his sage advice

and wise counsels ; domestic calls claimed him ; innumerable committees had to be attended ; to all of which he was ready to give his attention with cheerfulness, without complaint. In the previous winter he had suffered tortures from exhausted nerves, the lowering of vitality, which found vent in toothache and sleepless nights. It was only when his sufferings became acute that he allowed them to be suspected. Apparently he recovered, but in the year want of sleep preyed upon a constitution never strong. With a philosophic mind, while satisfied with existence, he was prepared to lay it down without fear, without regret. Sir Theodore Martin, tells us that shortly before his death in speaking to the Queen, the Prince-Consort said, " I do not cling to life. You do ; but I set no store by it. If I knew that those I love were well cared for, I should be quite ready to die to-morrow. I am sure if I had a severe illness, I should give up at once, I should not struggle for life. I have no tenacity of life."

Though weak and weary, suffering from insomnia and rheumatic pains, instead of resting he continued up and about. At a time when quiet was essential to him, his interests were roused by the possibility of England making war with America. At this time civil strife was raging in the latter country between the North and the South. In England a large section including many members of the Ministry were in favour

of the South ; while a great number including the Queen and the Prince-Consort were in favour of the North. The British Government had proclaimed a neutrality. In the meantime in November 1861, two envoys Messrs. Mason and Slidell, with their secretaries, had been sent from the Southern States to Europe, that they might plead its cause before the English and French Governments. While sailing on an English steamer the *Trent* in the Atlantic they were boarded by a ship belonging to the North, called the *San Jacinto* and seized. A great outcry rose up from the majority of the English people, who considered their rights were violated ; and the Cabinet met on the 29th of the month with the result that Lord Palmerston, who favoured the South, wrote to the Queen that Her Majesty should be advised to demand reparation and redress. The Cabinet he continued would meet to-morrow, when Lord Russell would have prepared an instruction for the Ambassador at Washington, Lord Lyons, and for submission to Her Majesty. This draft when it arrived at Windsor Castle the next evening, told the Washington Government that the seizure was a violation of international law, and the English Government hoped it would be disavowed and the prisoners set free. If the demands were not granted, Lord Lyons should be instructed to retire from the United States.

The Prince-Consort foreseeing the horrors of war that would possibly follow if this peremptory demand

were sent, thought long and seriously of the matter, and ill as he was rose at his usual hour of seven and wrote an amended draft for submission to the Queen. He was so weak he could scarce hold the pen. It was the last despatch he was destined to write. As modified and copied in accordance with his suggestions, it declared as is stated in the *Life of Lord John Russell*, — that the British Government “was willing to believe that the United States officer who committed the aggression was not acting in compliance with any authority from his Government ; or that if he considered himself so authorised, he greatly misunderstood the instructions which he had received.” A claim was inserted for the liberation of those who had been seized ; and a suitable apology for the aggression committed. The amended despatch was sent and had the desired effect, of which the Prince was never to learn.

While the *Trent* affair was proceeding, the Prince-Consort resolutely strove to take his place in the family circle as usual ; going to chapel, attending luncheon and dinner at which though unable to eat he talked and told stories, unwilling to give in to illness. He retired to bed at half-past ten to spend a night shivering with cold and sleeplessness. But on December 2 he rose at his usual hour : then lay upon the sofa, or sat in an armchair. Her Majesty was distressed and sent for Sir James Clark, who failed to see symptoms of low fever from which the patient suffered. At

night he was unable to attend the family dinner. By this time Lord Palmerston growing alarmed, suggested that another doctor should be summoned ; but the Queen frightened at this, consulted Sir James Clark, who soothed her fears by telling Her Majesty "there was no cause for alarm." Days passed, the Prince unable to take food, and looking wretched, still Sir James believed "there would be no fever." Dr. Jenner and Mr. Brown of Windsor, were sent for and the former sat up with the patient on December 4. At eight next morning when the Queen visited the Prince he "did not smile, or take much notice of me, but complained of his wretched condition, and asked what it could be, and how long this state of things might last. His manner all along was so unlike himself, and he had sometimes such a strange wild look."

Towards December 6, the physicians discovered that the Prince was attacked by gastric fever ; when the news was broken to the Queen Dr. Thomas Watson and Sir Henry Holland were summoned, and several commands to Windsor sent to guests were revoked. The remainder of the sad scene, from which this account is condensed, is given in full in Sir Theodore Martin's invaluable *Life of the Prince-Consort*, and from the *Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville* selected by the Countess of Strafford. For days the condition of the patient fluctuated. Once he desired that a fine chorale should be played to him at a distance ; and occasionally he fixed his eyes on a copy of

Raphael's "Madonna and Child," saying it helped him through half the day ; but again he was confused, listless, wandered ; and the breathing became more difficult. The doctors sat up with him through the night, the Queen who was still hopeful, unwilling to let dark thoughts near her, was with him through the day reading to him, watching him, with the eyes of love. While all waited in suspense, he suddenly asked the Princess Alice if the Queen was in the room. Hearing she was not he requested her to write to the Princess Frederick that he was dying. Choked with tears she left to obey him and presently returned. He asked if she had done what he desired, she answered she had told her sister he was very ill. Turning to her he said, "You have done wrong. You should have told her I am dying—yes I am dying."

At three o'clock on Saturday morning, the Prince of Wales, who had been summoned from Maddingley, Cambridge, arrived at Windsor, and was made aware of the Prince's condition. Her Majesty seeing him in the Prince-Consort's bedroom, and fearing his condition was worse, became alarmed ; but Sir James Clark and Dr. Jenner assured her the patient had made a decided rally, the pulse kept up, he was no worse. She noticed a dusky hue had spread over his face, at which her grief was heart-breaking, but still the doctors spoke hopeful words. He kissed her as if he felt he were leaving her. As the day passed he again kissed her, and turning round dozed, quite calmly, as if wishing

to be left undisturbed. He died that evening, Her Majesty holding his left hand while she knelt by his side, the Prince of Wales and Princess Helena kneeling at the foot of the bed, the Princess Alice at the side opposite the Queen. His death took place on December 14, 1861, in his forty-third year.

Her Majesty spent the night in the room with all that was left of him. Overcome by her sorrow and by her loneliness she fell asleep for two hours, then woke and remembering her loss she had a violent fit of grief. When calmer the following day she saw her old friend the Duchess of Sutherland, who was made a widow in the previous March, and told her, says Henry Greville, the object of her future life would be to carry out all the Prince's views and wishes, and that she was determined to exert herself and to fulfil the duties of her position. She desired the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge should undertake the duties of the funeral of which she could not bear to think. King Leopold telegraphed to recommend her to leave Windsor Castle, that she might avoid the atmosphere of fever and the final preparations. This she was at first reluctant to do but finally resolved on going to Osborne. The Prince of Wales who had shown great feeling, remarks Henry Greville, "threw himself into the Queen's arms, and said she might depend upon his doing all in his power to console and assist her.

Granville saw him yesterday and says nothing can be more perfect than his behaviour."

It is needless to speak of the desolation which Her Majesty felt. The husband in whom her life was centred, who had guided her career, who had made existence beautiful, had passed away, and she was destined to face the future in lonely, in despairing sorrow. A wave of keen regret, not unaccompanied by remorse passed over the land for one whom until then had never been understood, never appreciated. On the morning of December 23 his remains were laid in the Royal Vault of St. George's Chapel with all solemnity. Here they remained until December 18, 1862, when they were removed to the Mausoleum at Frogmore which had in the meantime been built.

A general impression which existed in the public mind regarding the Prince-Consort, was that he amassed a large sum out of his income which he left to his family. This amount it was said was invested in property at South Kensington, and the will was never allowed to be seen. And for the best of reasons that having nothing to leave, no will was made. His income barely allowing him to defray the expenses of officials and servants, to subscribe to charities, and to purchase a limited number of works of art, the Prince-Consort died almost penniless.

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